20 December 1980 US $2.25 (by air) 50p

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

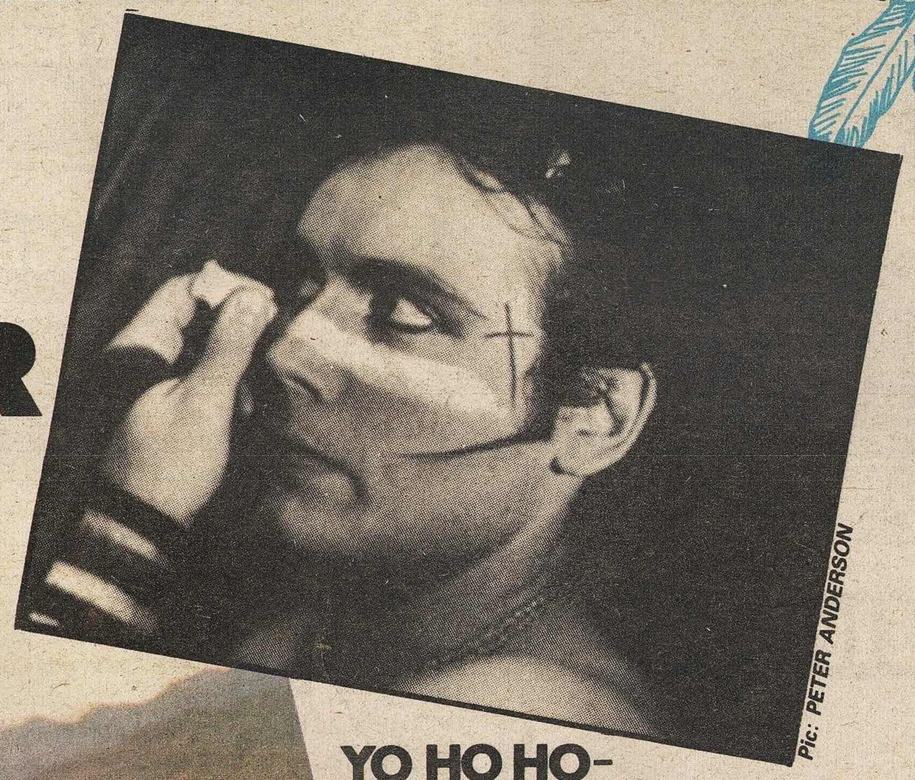
NME

ISSN 0028 6362

GIANT SIZED DOUBLE VALUE XMAS THING

TRIBAL RIVALS COME TOGETHER

WE CALL A CHRISTMAS TRUCE



Pic: PETER ANDERSON

YO HO HO— A SKINFUL OF ANTS

Pic: ANTON CORBIJN

SLITS—HEAP BIG FUN WITH RESERVATIONS

ROY ORBISON

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY

LENNON OBITUARY

UFOs

VINYL FINALS

ABC
ESSENTIAL BOP
RESTRICTED CODE

COOPER CLARKE POEMS

WOODY ALLEN IN COLOUR

EIGHT PAGE 1980 (RE)ACTION REPLAY

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
December 20th, 1980

Pic: Pennie Smith

You probably think that Au Pairs Jane and Lesley are laughing to celebrate the fact that their single 'Diet'/'It's Obvious' is now enthroned at the top of the indies chart. But think again, dear reader, for the real source of their mirth is you . . . your flies are undone.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(6)	**Stop The Cavalry**	Jona Lewie (Stiff)	2	1
2	(1)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	6	1
3	(12)	**There's No One Quite Like Grandma**	St Winifred's School Choir (MFP)	2	3
4	(10)	**Starting Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	6	4
5	(3)	**Embarrassment**	Madness (Stiff)	4	3
6	(20)	**De Do Do Do**	Police (A&M)	2	6
7	(16)	**Runaway Boys**	Stray Cats (Arista)	3	7
8	(2)	**Banana Republic**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	2
9	(7)	**To Cut A Long Story Short**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	5	7
10	(8)	**Do You Feel My Love?**	Eddie Grant (Ensign)	5	8
11	(15)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers (UA)	5	11
12	(4)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	1
13	(17)	**Lies**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	13
14	(18)	**Flash**	Queen (EMI)	2	14
15	(—)	**Antmusic**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	15
16	(9)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	7	5
17	(28)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	3	17
18	(5)	**I Could Be So Good For You**	Dennis Waterman (EMI)	6	2
19	(29)	**Rabbit**	Chas & Dave (Rockney)	3	19
20	(19)	**Rock'n'Roll Ain't Noise Pollution**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	18
21	(—)	**Lonely Together**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	21
22	(13)	**Never Knew Love Like This Before**	Stephanie Mills (20th Century)	8	3
23	(14)	**I'm Coming Out**	Diana Ross (Motown)	5	14
24	(23)	**Don't Walk Away**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	18
25	(—)	**December Will Be Magic**	Kate Bush (EMI)	1	25
26	(—)	**Too Nice To Talk To**	The Beat (Go-Feet)	1	26
27	(11)	**Earth Dies Screaming/Dream A Lie**	UB40 (Graduate)	7	11
28	(21)	**Fashion**	David Bowie (RCA)	7	5
29	(—)	**Heartbreak Hotel**	The Jacksons (Epic)	1	29
30	(—)	**My Girl**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Guilty — Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb (RSO)
Lorraine — Bad Manners (Magnet)
Do Nothing — Specials (2-Tone)
Blue Moon — Showaddywaddy (Arista)
Never Mind — Barron Knights (Epic)
Wish You A Merry Christmas — Korgis (Rialto)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**Lady**	Kenny Rogers
2	(1)	**Master Blaster**	Stevie Wonder
3	(3)	**More Than I Can Say**	Leo Sayer
4	(6)	**Starting Over**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
5	(4)	**Another One Bites The Dust**	Queen
6	(5)	**The Wanderer**	Donna Summer
7	(8)	**Love On The Rocks**	Neil Diamond
8	(9)	**Hit Me With Your Best Shot**	Pat Benatar
9	(11)	**Hungry Heart**	Bruce Springsteen
10	(12)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand/Barry Gibb
11	(7)	**Woman In Love**	Barbra Streisand
12	(14)	**Every Woman In The World**	Air Supply
13	(15)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie
14	(13)	**You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
15	(16)	**De Do Do Do De Da Da Da**	The Police
16	(18)	**Passion**	Rod Stewart
17	(10)	**I'm Coming Out**	Diana Ross
18	(20)	**Tell It Like It Is**	Heart
19	(17)	**Whip It**	Devo
20	(22)	**Suddenly**	Olivia Newton-John/Cliff Richard
21	(25)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang
22	(23)	**Theme From The Dukes Of Hazzard**	Waylon Jennings
23	(24)	**Everybody's Got To Learn Sometime**	The Korgis
24	(26)	**It's My Turn**	Diana Ross
25	(—)	**I Made It Through The Rain**	Barry Manilow
26	(30)	**Hey Nineteen**	Steely Dan
27	(29)	**I Believe In You**	Don Williams
28	(—)	**One Step Closer**	The Doobie Brothers
29	(19)	**Never Be The Same**	Christopher Cross
30	(—)	**This Is Time**	Andy Gibb

Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
2	(1)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder
3	(3)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
4	(6)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
5	(5)	**Eagles Live**	The Eagles
6	(4)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
7	(7)	**The Game**	Queen
8	(13)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
9	(10)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
10	(8)	**One Step Closer**	Doobie Brothers
11	(21)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan
12	(12)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
13	(16)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon & Yoko Ono
14	(14)	**Triumph**	The Jacksons
15	(27)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
16	(15)	**Anne Murray's Greatest Hits**	Anne Murray
17	(19)	**Greatest Hits/Live**	Heart
18	(29)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart
19	(17)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
20	(9)	**Faces**	Earth, Wind & Fire
21	(18)	**Greatest Hits Vol Two**	Linda Ronstadt
22	(42)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow
23	(11)	**The Wanderer**	Donna Summer
24	(24)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
25	(20)	**Diana**	Diana Ross
26	(28)	**The Turn Of A Friendly Card**	The Alan Parsons Project
27	(22)	**TP**	Teddy Pendergrass
28	(23)	**Alive**	Kenny Loggins
29	(31)	**Hawks & Doves**	Neil Young
30	(30)	**Making Movies**	Dire Straits

Courtesy 'CASH BOX'

Pic: Santo Basone

"Where did I go wrong?" ponders a perplexed Stevie Winwood, staring in disbelief at the appearance of his new album on this very page. "That's years of cult obscurity ruined overnight." Maybe, but if you call the thing 'Arc Of A Diver', where else d'you expect it to show up but 'Bubbling Under'?

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Super Trouper**	Abba (Epic)	5	1
2	(2)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	10	2
3	(6)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	3
3	(7)	**Sound Affects**	Jam (Polydor)	2	3
5	(17)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon (Warner Bros/Geffen)	4	5
6	(9)	**Inspirations**	Elvis Presley (K-Tel)	5	6
7	(10)	**Dr Hook's Greatest Hits**	Dr Hook (Capitol)	2	7
8	(5)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	Police (A&M)	13	1
8	(14)	**Chart Explosion**	Various (K-Tel)	3	7
10	(3)	**Not The Nine O'Clock News**	Cast (BBC)	6	3
11	(23)	**Classics For Dreaming**	James Last (Polydor)	2	11
12	(12)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	4	8
13	(4)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	4
14	(—)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	19	5
15	(—)	**Best Of Barry Manilow**	Barry Manilow (Polydor)	1	15
16	(11)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	5	7
17	(8)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart (Riva)	4	3
18	(18)	**Making Waves**	The Nolans (Epic)	6	12
19	(22)	**Little Miss Dynamite**	Brenda Lee (Warwick)	5	6
20	(—)	**Sings 20 No. 1 Hits**	Brotherhood Of Man (Warwick)	1	20
21	(15)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	12	2
22	(—)	**Live**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1	22
22	(20)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)	11	1
24	(13)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	7	1
25	(—)	**Sandinista**	The Clash (CBS)	1	25
26	(28)	**Ace Of Spades**	Motorhead (Bronze)	6	5
27	(—)	**20 Golden Greats Of Ken Dodd**	Ken Dodd (Warwick)	1	27
28	(—)	**Play**	Magazine (Virgin)	1	28
28	(29)	**Radio Active**	Various (Ronco)	5	13
30	(—)	**Laughter**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Live — Eagles (Asylum)
Gaucho — Steely Dan (MCA)
Slade Smashes — Slade (Polydor)
Jest A Giggle — Barron Knights (Epic)
Elvis Christmas Album — Elvis Presley (RCA)
Arc Of A Diver — Steve Winwood (Island)

INDIES 33s

1. **Grotesque** — The Fall (Rough Trade)
2. **Are You Glad To Be In America?** — James Blood Ullmer (Rough Trade)
3. **Christmas Album** — The Yobs (Safari)
4. **Miniatures** — Various (Pipe)
5. **Personal Troubles And Public Issues** — The Wall (Fresh)
6. **Colossal Youth** — Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
7. **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
8. **Toyah Toyah Toyah** — Toyah (Safari)
9. **Closer** — Joy Division (Factory)
10. **Return Of The Durutti Column** — Durutti Column (Factory)

INDIES 45s

1. **It's Obvious/Diet** — Au Pairs (Human)
2. **Simply Thrilled Honey** — Orange Juice (Postcard)
3. **At Last I'm Free** — Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
4. **Animal Space** — Slits (Human)
5. **Flight** — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
6. **7 Minutes To Midnight** — Wah! Heat (Inevitable)
7. **Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic?** — Pope Paul And The Romans (Glasgow Celtic)
8. **Adrenalin** — Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)
9. **Are You Glad To Be In America?** — James Blood Ulmer (Rough Trade)
10. **Love Will Tear Us Apart** — Joy Division (Factory)

Chart by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

REGGAE

1. **Peace Of Love** — Barry Brown/Ranking Toyan (Daddy Kool)
2. **If You See My Mary** — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
3. **Youthman** — Noel Phillips (Jammies)
4. **Little Cover** — Johnny Osborne (Starlight)
5. **False Sentance** — Hopeton Lindo (Rockers Plantation)
6. **Hold On** — Sugar Minott (Love and Love)
7. **Paradise** — Jean Adebambo (Santa)
8. **Go Deh Right** — Desi Roots (Hawkeye)
9. **Herbalist** — Roman Stewart (Pirate)
10. **Penitentiary** — Nigger Kojak (Moa Ambassa)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

DISCO

1. **Do Your Feel My Love?** — Eddie Grant (Ensign)
2. **Celebration** — Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)
3. **Inherit The Wind** — Wilton Felder (MCA)
4. **I'm Coming OUt** — Diana Ross (Motown)
5. **Never Knew Love Like This** — Stephanie Mills (20th Century)
6. **I Wanna Be With You** — Coffee (De-Lite)
7. **Thighs High** — Tom Browne (Arista)
8. **Bourgie Bourgie** — Gladys Knight & The Pips (CBS)
9. **Feels Like The Right Time** — Shakatak (Polydor)
10. **Goove On** — Willie Beaver Hale (TK)

Chart by: Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368 9852

5 YEARS AGO

1. **Bohemian Rhapsody** — Queen (EMI)
2. **I Believe In Father Christmas** — Greg Lake (Manticore)
3. **The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine** — Laurel & Hardy (United Artists)
4. **Let's Twist Again/The Twist** — Chubby Checker (London)
5. **Happy To Be On An Island In The Sun** — Demis Roussos (Philips)
6. **It's Gonna Be A Cold Cold Christmas** — Dana (GTO)
7. **You Sexy Thing** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
8. **Na Na Is The Saddest Word** — Stylistics (Avco)
9. **Golden Years** — David Bowie (RCA)
10. **Show Me You're A Woman** — Mud (Private Stock)

Week ending December 23, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1. **When I'm Dead And Gone** — McGuiness Flint (Capitol)
2. **I Hear You Knocking** — Dave Edmunds (MAM)
3. **Grandad** — Clive Dunn (Columbia)
4. **It's Only Make Believe** — Glen Campbell (Capitol)
5. **Cracklin' Rosie** — Neil Diamond (UNI)
6. **Home Loving Man** — Andy Williams (CBS)
7. **Ride A White Swan** — T. Rex (Fly)
8. **Nothing Rhymed** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
9. **I'll Be There** — Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
10. **Blame It On The Pony Express** — Johnny Johnson & The Bandwagon (Bell)

Week ending December 23, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1. **Day Tripper/We Can Work It Out** — Beatles (Parlophone)
2. **The Carnival Is Over** — The Seekers (Columbia)
3. **The River** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
4. **Wind Me Up** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5. **1-2-3** — Len Barry (Brunswick)
6. **Tears** — Ken Dodd (Columbia)
7. **My Ship Is Coming In** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
8. **Keep On Running** — Spencer Davis (Fontana)
9. **Merry Gentle Pop** — Barron Knights (Columbia)
10. **Rescue Me** — Fontella Bass (Chess)

Week ending December 24, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1. **It's Now Or Never** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
2. **Save The Last Dance For Me** — Drifters (London)
3. **I Love You** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4. **Lonely Pup** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
5. **Poetry In Motion** — Johnny Tillotson (London)
6. **Strawberry Fair** — Anthony Newley (Decca)
7. **Little Donkey** — Nina & Frederick (Columbia)
8. **Goodness Gracious Me** — Peter Sellers/Sophia Loren (Parlophone)
9. **Rocking Goose** — Johnny & The Hurricanes (London)
10. **Man Of Mystery** — Shadows (Columbia)

Week ending December 23, 1960

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHRISTMAS ISSUE CONTENTS

4-5 **JOHN LENNON**
Obituary by Neil Spencer

6-7 **JOHN LENNON**
The Aftermath

8 **NEWS**
Springsteen comes to town. Stranglers tour. Who dates.

11-18 **ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY**
Seven photographers, eight pages, nine pix of the best.

21-22 **THE SLITS**
Another Christmas tree from a different desert.

24-25 **DANGEROUS VISIONS**
Julie Burchill dishes the dirt on the soaps.

26-28 **THREE FOR '81?**
Paul Morley snaps, crackles and pops to ABC, Restricted Code & Essential Bop.

29 **T-ZERS**
What's a column like you doing on a page like this?

30-31 **THRILLS**
John Cooper Clarke writes for you.
Viv Stanshall kindly offers you his beard.

32-33 **ADAM AND THE ANTS**
Tribalism on the rampage.

34-41 **1980 REWIND / REPLAY**
The year in unflinching focus.

42-44 **1980 VINYL FINALS**
Record of the year — we think!

47-50 **ROY ORBISON**
25 years of rock behind a single pair of shades.

51-54 **DATA CONTROL**
Your weekly guide to who, when, where, and maybe why.

56-59 **UFOs**
Still obstinately refusing to go away.

60-62 **SILVER SCREEN**
The only place you're gonna see a black & white Woody Allen film in colour.

63-64 **ON THE BOX**
Uncle Monty's guide to how to survive the seasonal sludge.

65 **PRINT**
How to spend that booktoken from Aunt Emma.

66-67 **QUIZ**
Pit your wits, prove you're a blockhead.

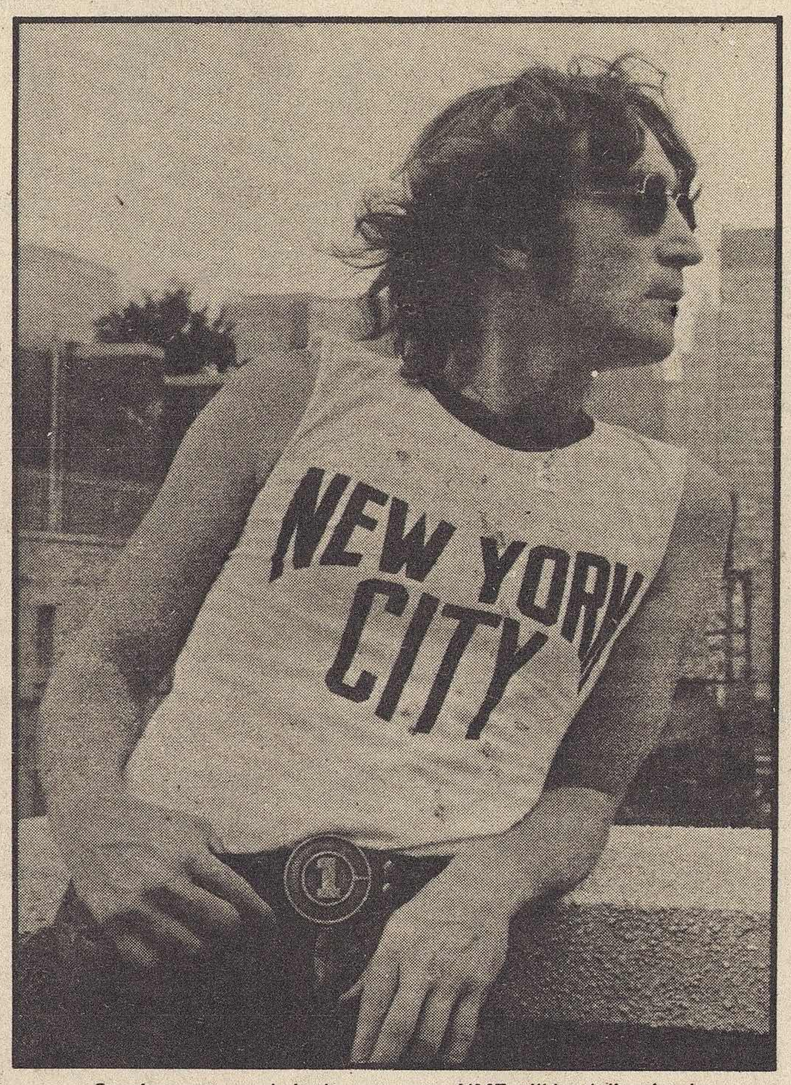
68 **X-MAS X-WORD**
Very very big and hard.

69-72 **LIVE!**
Burning with the Spear, Echoing with the Bunnymen, Flying with the Lizards.

78 **BAG OF THE YEAR**
Your greatest missives.

79 **JOHN LENNON**
The tributes pour in.

80 **OVER & OUT!**

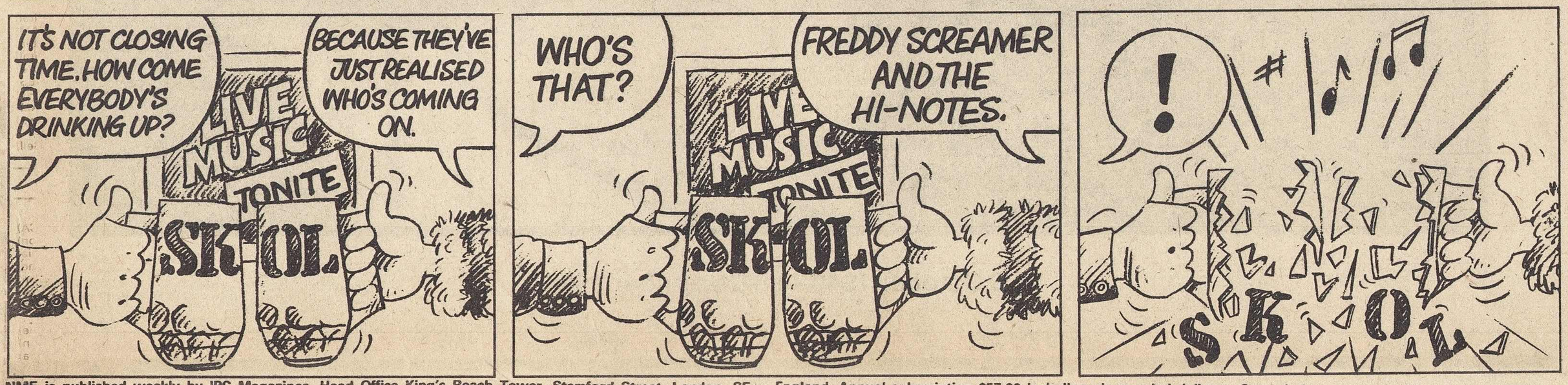


*Coming soon, early in the new year, NME will be delivering its own tribute to **John Lennon** in a special issue presenting a full picture of the man and his legacy — in a way that we hope will do justice to both. Right through his career, Lennon gave us his best. We intend to do the same for him. A considered appreciation is the least he deserves.*

The NME collective whoop it up after putting the final touches to the bumper bundle you now hold in your hands. Can you spot your favourite writer?

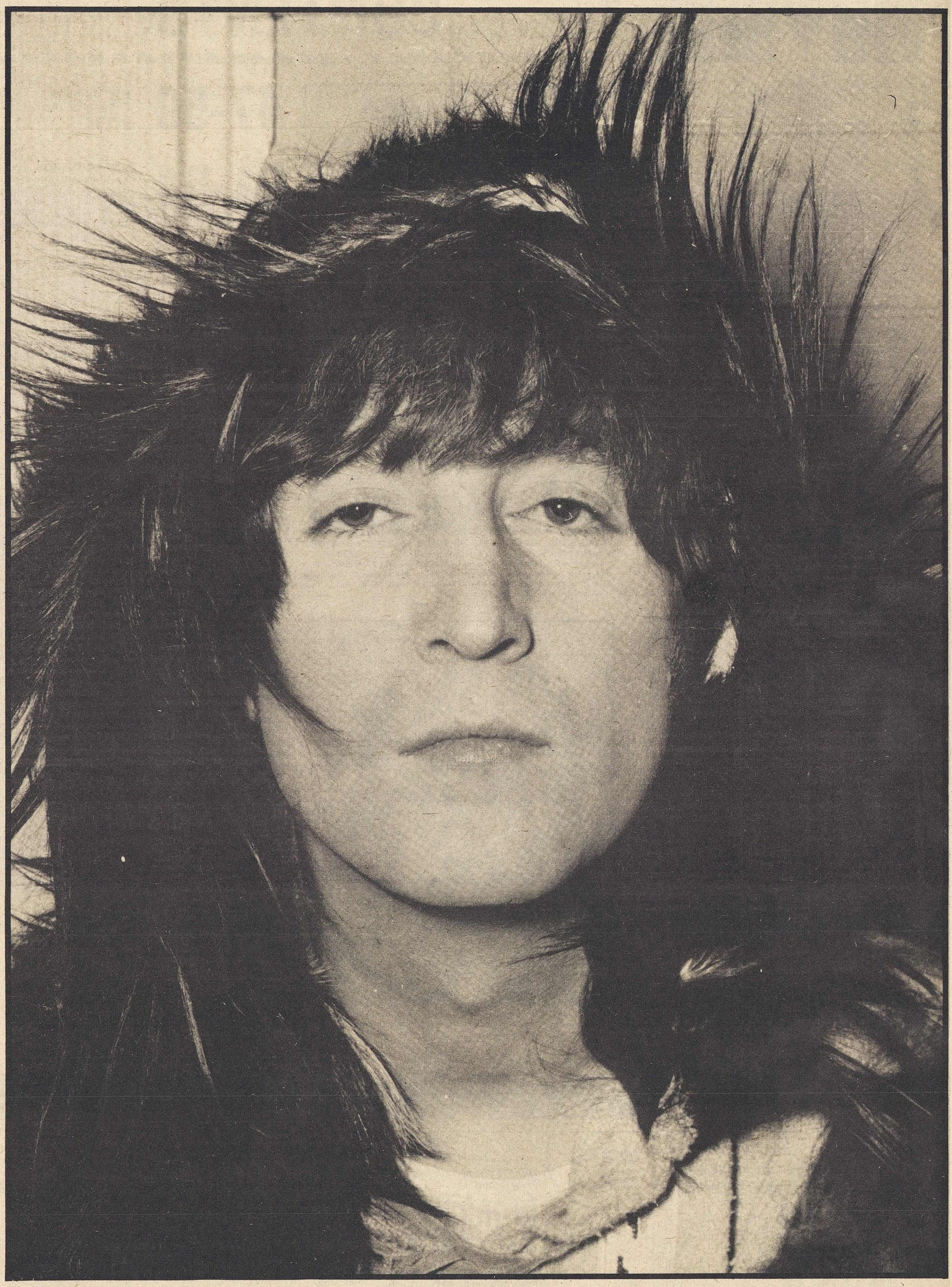
THE SKOLARS

ADVERTISEMENT



NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $57,00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

JOHN ONO LENNON



9 October 1940 — 8 December 1980

LENNON

Elegy for Winston O' Boogie

"The world revolves, not around the creators of new noises, but the creators of new values." — *Frederic Nietzsche*
"And so, dear friends, you'll just have to carry on" — *John Lennon*

PEACE AND LOVE. If we are to take anything from the tragic death of John Lennon — and God knows the senselessness of his murder defies meaning — then it must, paradoxically, be these values we take away from the slaughter on New York's 72nd street last week.

It would be comforting to say that John Lennon died for peace and love, but his death was not that of the martyr, even though this was a role he seemed to relish at some points of his life.

No, he died without reason at the hands of a madman in a city and country where psychosis, violence, and assassination are virtually a way of life. Another celebrity in his position would have had a bodyguard, but that was not John Lennon's way. His trust, his willingness to stand naked before the world — sometimes literally — probably cost him his life.

But if John Lennon did not die for peace and love, then those were certainly the value for which he lived, which underpinned his work and which, by the close of his forty years, he seemed to have finally realised in his personal life. He did not die a vexed and tortured genius, as the myth of the modern artist often seems to demand — it was a myth to which Lennon himself was totally opposed, "I worship the survivors," he said — but as a fulfilled and humble family man approaching middle age.

Many rock stars have striven to grow old gracefully, but John Lennon managed it better than any, and in the last in-depth interview he granted before his death — to *Playboy* magazine — he spoke with contempt of those of his peers like The Rolling Stones, who were still "surrounded by a gang . . . that means you're still 16 in your head."

Never mind that his last record, 'Double Fantasy', lacked the creative urgency and inspiration that characterised his best work — though it shared its scrupulous and sometimes embarrassing honesty — his life was in better shape than ever, and the impression given by the man's last flurry of public statements and appearances was that of a mind not out of touch, feeding on former glories and addled by bad living, but alert, hungry, ready to confront and embrace the world from which he had, for several years, consciously retreated in order to be with his son Sean and develop what he saw as the weaker side of his character. He was cut down in his prime.

IN TODAY'S growing climate of pessimism, disillusion, and a newly exalted brutalism — be it economic, physical or emotional and sprititual brutality — it is difficult to understand, or even to recall accurately, the optimism of the '60s and its massed calls for peace and love. Most of it was, in any case, wilful escapism or what now seems an almost pitiful naivety.

None of that negates the time's underlying idealism, the belief in a saner, more just, dignified and rewarding order of things — and the struggle for the realisation of these values was something Lennon maintained until the end of his life.

Over the last five years he had come to see the struggle in a more domestic setting, in the need to create a more equable and balanced relationship between the sexes, a relationship more suitable to the modern age. Ono and Lennon felt they were still, albeit in a more subtle and understated way, trailblazing a new set of values. Lennon became a 'househusband' while Yoko assumed the traditional male role of dealing with and manipulating the world of commerce and money.

It was this very fusion of the personal and the political, the religious and the artistic, that gave Lennon's work much of its resonance, and that set him aside from the many fellow travellers who turned out to be merely gifted artisans or self-destructive visionary obsessives. It was not merely that his songs provided the soundtrack for our lives that made Lennon the 'voice of his generation' of current media cliche, but that they so often seemed to crystalise the mood of the times, and to do so with an honesty that was apparent in the way the man lived out his life.

That is one reason why his loss has hit the world so hard. Like most of us he was often selfish and unpleasant, but he was never miserly with himself or his soul, at least not in the latter part of his life. He gave. He shared. And now he's gone we too seem diminished. The part of us that responded to the man's essential goodness, his dignity, his openness, and his optimism will be that much more difficult to locate without him around.

To say he is destined to be judged as one of the great men of his age is not mere emotionalism or fan adulation. Greater tributes have and will be heaped on the heads of 'great statesmen' who in reality are bitter and unrequited humans believing in little beyond their own powerlust and the expediency of single or mass murder. But John Lennon was more loved than any politician and was feared only by the hypocrites and false demagogues who frequently tried to belittle his life, his beliefs and his work and to whom he remained utterly opposed from first until last. There was never any real reconciliation between him and the establishment, no matter how rich or famous he may have become.

For though it would be unwise to be too cynical about the multitude of tributes that are now being tossed after him, few of John Lennon's fans will not taste the smack of hypocrisy in the media's gushing reaction to his passing.

Alive, he was all too often mercilessly ridiculed, sneered at, and, worst of all, smugly patronised. The world liked him most when he was buttoned up in the comparative safety of a Beatle suit, where his non-conformism, vitriol and disdain for straight society could be conveniently overlooked or passed off as a contemporary twist on the hallowed traditions of showbusiness. Once the initial outrage at the four rather effeminate, long-haired young men with raucous music, provincial accents and a disrespectful scouse wit had passed, it was welcome to the fab world of our loveable moptops, and no cause for concern. At least until acid.

But John Lennon often hated his Beatle suit, though he doubtless relished the fame and fortune that it brought him. Later he would say that he never wanted the group to wear suits, to be groomed; "It was all Paul and Brian's (Epstein's) idea." In any case, the image of The Beatles that was projected was largely phoney; "they never talked about the orgies," he told Jann Wenner, editor of *Rolling Stone* magazine in 1970. "The Beatles tours were like Fellini's *Satyricon*."

The conflict between Lennon and society that had been a major feature of his life up until Beatlemania was, however, temporarily muted, channeled into oblique lyrical statements in his songs, or, more obviously, given free reign in the collections of satirical cartoons, stories, and sick jokes that he released as two books, *In His Own Write* and *Spaniard In The Works*. Elsewhere his acid tongue and irreverent wit still made his elders and supposed wisers uneasy and occasionally landed him in trouble, as with his infamous claim that the group were "bigger than Jesus Christ." But basically, he was tamed.

"All that business was fucking awful," he said later. "It was fuckin' humiliation. One has to completely humiliate oneself to be what The Beatles were and that's what I resent; I didn't know, I didn't foresee. It happened bit by bit, gradually, until you're doing exactly what you don't want to do with the sort of people you can't stand — the sort of people you hate when you're ten."

BEFORE LENNON had donned Beatle garb he had been Lennon the art school tearaway, Lennon the gang leader, Lennon the rock and roll lout, Lennon the man who pissed on nuns from the balcony of his Hamburg digs. He was variously admired, feared, loved, loathed and tolerated. He never bothered about acceptance beyond his peer group and his standing as a musician.

He met Yoko during his acid-gobbling period, in 1966, and two years later the couple finally came together. His decision to abandon his marriage to his first wife Cynthia for Yoko seemed to signal the resumption of hostilities with society — or rather society's hostilities with Lennon. Yoko was certainly attacked and lampooned both among Lennon's inner circle and among fans and followers of the band. She was, after all, a 'foreigner', an avant-garde artist of the sort Britain has always been unable to accept, and what was more, she was a fiercely independent woman. Later she would be tarred as the "woman who broke up The Beatles" — this was probably true, but then, so what? Can the institution of a rock group really be so sacrosanct that it becomes more important than the welfare of its individuals?

When Lennon began to take the offensive, returning his MBE "in protest against Britain's involvement in the Nigeria Biafra war, against our support of America in Vietnam, and against 'Cold Turkey' slipping down the charts" and generally speaking out against the moral corruption and hypocrisy that surrounded him, the full force of British moral indignation was turned against the pair.

They were busted for cannabis. ("I said to Yoko, 'Quick call the police, someone's trying to get in'. Then I realised it *was* the police.") The full frontal shot of the pair on the cover of their 'Two Virgins' cover was held up for scorn and forced into brown paper bags for marketing. As for crawling around together in bags onstage, staging 'events', spending their honeymoon in bed to launch a campaign for world peace . . . it was worse even than The Beatles' dalliance with psychedelics, and the woolly eastern mysticism of The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (alias 'Sexy Sadie').

Lennon seemed able to soak up the pressure being brought on him from inside and outside The Beatles without trouble — he was, though extremely sensitive, also an extremely tough nut. "You have to be a bastard to make it," he said in 1970. "And The Beatles were the biggest bastards of all."

In fact, the drugs, the constant insatiable expectations of the fans, the need to preserve a unified Beatles front when the quartet were privately bickering, the demands of the newly emerged hippie movement for an impossible Peace and Love Apocalypse Now — perfectly expressed in the immature demands of Jim Morrison's 'The End' — the grisly spectacle of the Vietnam war and the collapse of a projected Peace Festival in Toronto, the whole psychic confusion of the times as our optimism foundered on the inhospitable reefs of reality; these amounted to a load that not even John and Yoko with their newly discovered love shield of invincibility could carry.

The result was a withdrawal from drugs and a course in Dr Arthur Janov's Primal Therapy that regrounded the duo in the here and now and possible. On 'Plastic Ono Band' Lennon owned up; he confronted and exorcised his personal past, quit kidding himself and others about the possibilities of the public present for the 'Alternative' / 'Underground' / 'Hippie' movement. The album — possibly the finest, most harrowing, most compulsive work of his career — ended with a mantra of defiance to the world: *"Don't believe in Krishna, don't believe in Jesus, don't believe in Beatles, I just believe in me. Yoko and me. That's reality. The dream is over."*

It was not a popular record — most people didn't want to wake up. But it was the watershed of John Lennon's career, as an artist, just as meeting Yoko had been the watershed of his life. In either case nothing would be the same again.

The hostility was not ill-judged. Lennon had an acute understanding of British society and its processes, and in particular the class system. He'd seen it from top to bottom. Though not particularly working class himself, unlike Ringo Starkey and George Harrison, he had always assumed the mantle of the underdog and the outsider. He came from a broken home, he had never known his father and had been handed by his mother Julia to an aunt for his upbringing, and had lost his mother while still a teenager. No wonder that, even at age forty, he would still say "there's part of me that thinks I'm a loser."

But there was another, equally strong and perhaps more indelible mark on the young Lennon than familial status, the mark of the artist, and if he didn't match that other great English visionary, William Blake, in seeing visions of Angels in trees, as a child, then by his own admission "There was something wrong with me, I thought, because I saw things other people didn't see. I would find myself seeing hallucinatory images of my face" or "It caused me to always be a rebel, but on the other hand I wanted to be loved and accepted."

If the dislocation of sensibility in the young John Lennon became one of the driving forces in his rebellion and search for identity, then childhood itself always occupied a special place for him. His work is full of references to childhood, its magic and innocence. *"When I was younger so much younger than today/I never needed anybody's help in any way,"* he sang in *Help* and the sentiment was to re-occur in many different forms.

"When I was a boy, everything was right." He wrote songs to his own children, even getting the eleven year old Julian to play drums with him on a version of Lee Dorsey's 'Ya Ya', and always seemed to have a natural correspondence with children — one of the most memorable photographs of him was, for me, with a kid on his knee in the *Magical Mystery Tour* film. Two innocents abroad.

Lennon never lost that innocence, never lost the vision of the child who saw right through the Emperor's new clothes, even if at times he seemed to be the emperor himself, leading his troops into cul-de-sacs, or merely marching up the hill and back down again.

At the height of his bed and peace antics he was dubbed a "Fool" and he seized upon the term with a fierce glee. *"Everybody had a good year, everybody put the fool down,"* he sang on 'Let It Be' with tongue firmly in cheek, and again, more pertinently, on 'Instant Karma': *"How on earth you gonna see? Laughing at fools like me? Who on earth do you think you are? A superstar? Well alright, you are."*

His fondness for looking back, for remembering, for re-evaluating the past, in his songs, his interviews, was part of his constant search for self-discovery, self-awareness, self control. He came to understand his own complex nature intimately, to recognise the fiercely competitive sides of his nature. "It is the most violent people who go for love and peace," he said in his *Playboy* interview. "I sincerely believe in love and peace. I am a violent man who has learned not to be violent and who regrets his violence."

The conflict between Lennon the fighter and Lennon the peacemaker was always apparent. Even his peace campaign gave way to a period of agitprop militancy when the Lennons appeared in Japanese riot gear to promote 'Power To The People' and walked the streets of New York with loud hailer and *Red Mole* posters on a demonstration in opposition to British policy in Northern Ireland. He engaged in a lengthy dialogue with Tariq Ali's left wing magazine *Black Dwarf* about the words to his song 'Revolution'. "The lyrics stand today," he said before his death. "Don't expect me to be on the barricades unless it is with flowers."

HE'S GONE now, anyway, that John Lennon. Gone, gone, gone. People will say his spirit and works live on, as indeed they do; somebody will start a 'Lennon Lives' campaign, but the brutal truth is that he's gone. Nothing could have emphasised it more than the sudden cremation of his body without ceremony or the grand slam funeral usually reserved for mortals as popular as he was.

In the last interview he gave before his death — to RKO Radio in New York City — Lennon confronted those who were angry at his having spent the last five years in seclusion:

"Why were people angry at me? For not working? You know, if I were dead they wouldn't be angry at me. If I'd conveniently died after 'Walls And Bridges' they'd be writing this worshipful stuff about what a great guy I was and all. But I didn't die and it just infuriated people that I would live and just do what I wanted to do."

So let's not allow our grief to turn into a misplaced despair. That was not what John Lennon's life was for; just the opposite. He said that if The Beatles had any message it was to learn to swim ... "Don't expect John Lennon or Yoko Ono or Bob Dylan or Jesus Christ to come and do it for you. You have to do it yourself."

If you really loved and believed in John Lennon, that's exactly what you'll do. He made something good and valuable and enduring from his life. We should all try and do the same. Goodbye Hello.

By Neil Spencer

LENNON

Lennon fans mourn in Liverpool on Sunday

Pic: Kevin Cummins

ONE WET NIGHT IN LIVERPOOL

MATHEW STREET, Liverpool, Tuesday December 9. Early evening and a half dozen or so kids stand around on the car park that buried the Cavern, opposite Bradys and the very unlovely Four Lads Who Shook The World wall sign — a scrap-iron Madonna and a bit of black and white paint. Nothing's going to happen at Bradys tonight. Couldn't they open for the people who want somewhere to go, to be together while they remember John Lennon? That's the drift but it comes out something like, "You're not open tonight? In view of what happened?"

"Naw, the Beatle type thing doesn't matter to the kids we get in here now, the 18-year-olds. A Beatle night wouldn't have meant a thing last week, a couple of weeks ago. A John Lennon night might have meant something. No, we're not going to cash in on the memory of the bloke after the charade that's gone on out there today."

The Beatle type thing? The punk type thing. The post-punk thingy.

A wider dimension is being missed, a dull and very insensitive lack of any kind of historical perspective. The Beatle type thing. The whole pop type thing, maybe. It's only a business type thing anyway. Outside, two or three bedraggled bunches of flowers are wilting under the Beatle type thing wall plaque.

Down the street, in The Grapes, a bloke of maybe thirty or so dashes his beer glass against the wall. "He only wanted peace!" As though most of us don't or something. He's looking round for some opposition to rub his John Lennon worldview against. No takers.

"This man made two hundred and fifty million records!" Still no takers. "Mumble, bloody punks, mumble, sick society." "It's a sick society!" "Isn't it, mate?" — to a fireman (he hadn't rushed in and it wasn't pouring rain) who'd agreed with him about something a minute ago. The distraught one crashes out into the night still looking for takers.

The fireman's drinking companion argues with a youngish, grey-suited, flash, estate agents assistant type. They both have 'Rubber Soul' period Beatle hairstyles. After ritual hustling and a ritual backdown the room sinks back into apathy. After a while the fireman shouts "A Bad Night!" apropos his own Lennon musings. Someone rings the public phone a couple of times and asks for John Lennon. This caller is told to fuck off.

Outside, a sheepskin coated newsman and his matching camera-pointer step out of a taxi and walk up Mathew Street looking for a story. They walk by Bradys, the car park and the Beatle plaque without stopping or seeming to register them. Groups and clumps of people stroll up and down Mathew Street all evening, sheepishly looking for something happening. Nothing's happening down here tonight.

Another moment's been lost. Another chance to aspire to something has come to nothing at the end. The John Lennons of this world are so awesome, so superior when they're young and brilliant, that we all stand around helpless and perplexed while they burn themselves up. On Tuesday night in Mathew Street we were still standing around doing nothing. I went home and got near to a TV.

— RAY LOWRY

Last rites for a working class hero

A WEEK of public and private grief swept the world in the wake of John Lennon's death.

The emotional outbursts, the rage and the inevitable exaggerated displays of hysteria were off-set by Yoko Ono's dignified request that mourners observe a ten-minute vigil for Lennon on Sunday at 2 pm New York time (7 pm English time) to "pray for John's soul".

As a result of her request, a crowd of 100,000 people gathered in Central Park and approximately 20,000 in Liverpool's city centre, where a few bands played mediocre versions of old Beatles songs

One news week
By MAX BELL

(one band even sang in Welsh!) in between embarrassing taped tributes from such luminaries as John Conteh, Sir Harold Wilson, Gerry Marsen, Bill Shankly et al, most of them personal reminiscences of the most inappropriate sort.

The Archbishop Of Canterbury, Robert Runcie, a native Liverpudlian, announced that he was holding a private vigil. Religious leaders were anxious to remind people of the need for a world peace that went beyond the moment, one that would be enforced after the tragedy of Lennon's death had subsided in the public imagination.

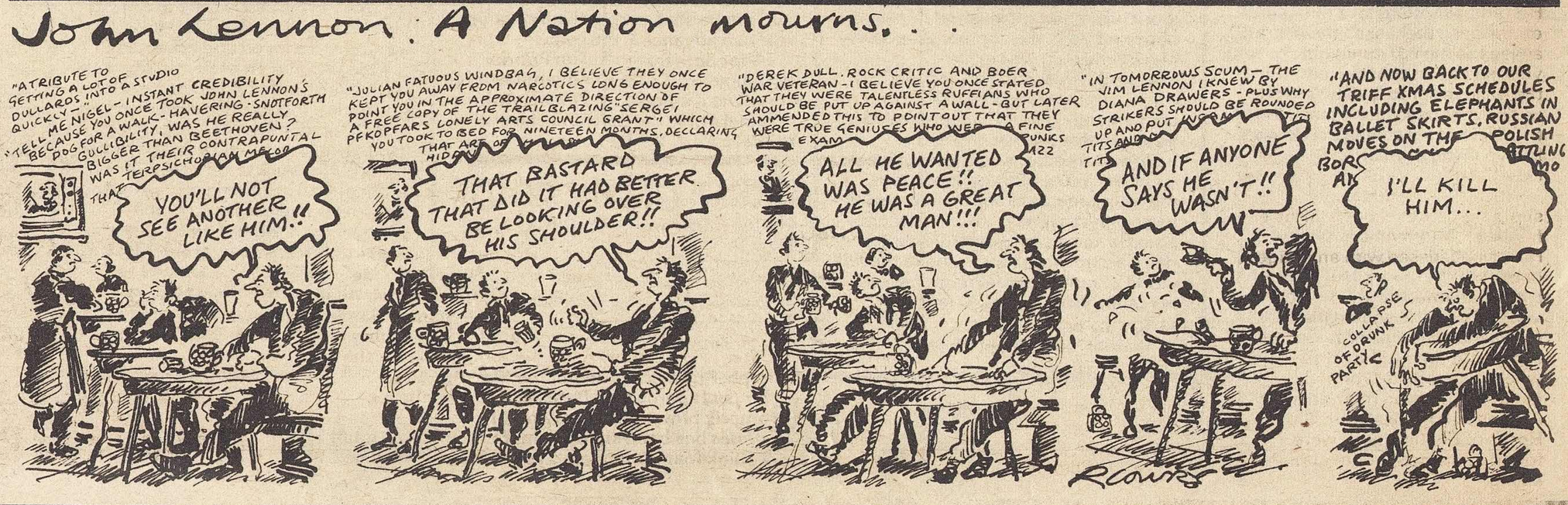
And that was the point that Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, strove to make all week. She repeated that it was not the end of an era, as so many New Yorkers indicated with lapel badges and scenes of sorrow not matched since the deaths of President John Kennedy and Rudolph Valentino.

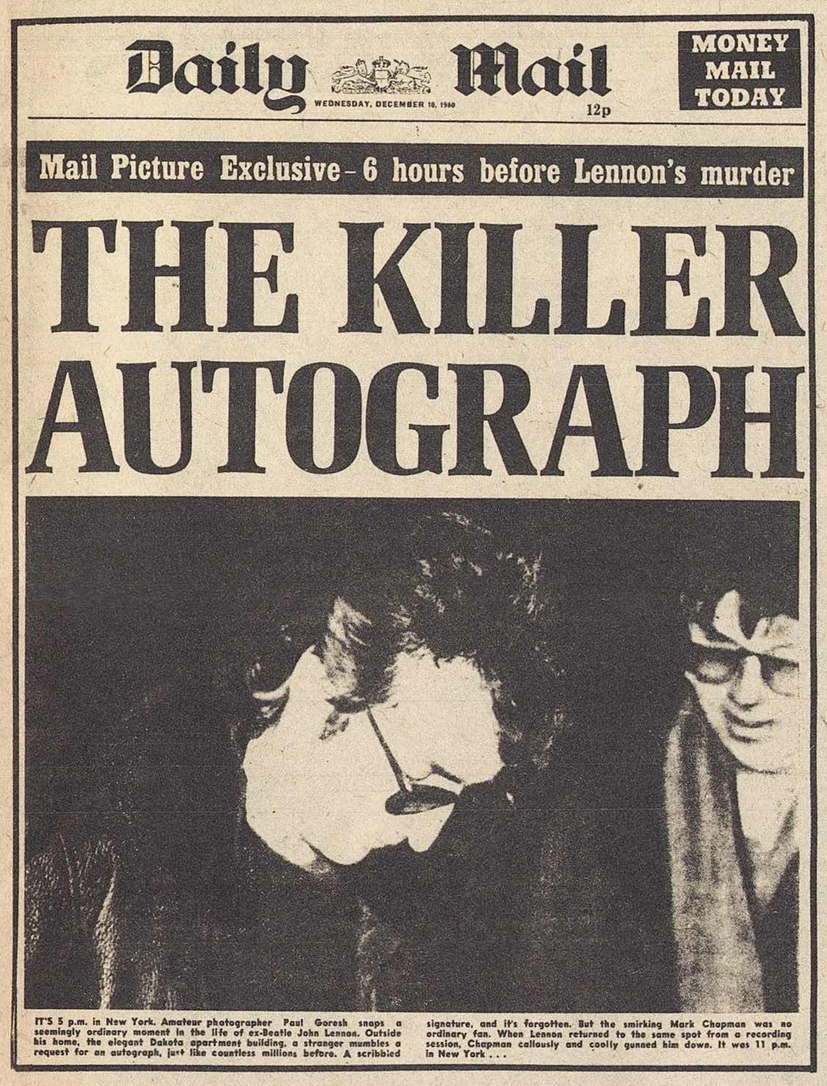
Yoko spoke to Robert Hilburn, a New York rock writer, as hundreds of mourners continued to gather outside the Dakota building where Lennon met his death.

"The future is still ours to make," she said. "It would just add to the tragedy if people turned away from the message in John's music. The '80s *will* blossom . . . if only people accept peace and love in their hearts."

Yoko said that she felt no bitterness towards Lennon's

LOWRY





Daily Mail — WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1980 — 12p — MONEY MAIL TODAY

Mail Picture Exclusive – 6 hours before Lennon's murder

THE KILLER AUTOGRAPH

IT'S 5 p.m. in New York. Amateur photographer Paul Goresh snaps a seemingly ordinary moment in the life of ex-Beatle John Lennon. Outside his home, the elegant Dakota apartment building, a stranger mumbles a request for an autograph, just like countless millions before. A scribbled signature, and it's forgotten. But the smirking Mark Chapman was no ordinary fan. When Lennon returned to the same spot from a recording session, Chapman callously and coolly gunned him down. It was 11 p.m. in New York . . .

The man who scooped the world

Scoop of the week was the picture of John Lennon signing the "Killer Autograph", which appeared on the front of Wednesday's Daily Mail and newspapers around the world. The shot was taken by amateur photographer Paul Goresh, who lived near the Dakota apartments and happened to be waiting for an autograph himself last Monday. As he killed time, he struck up an acquaintance with his fellow autograph hunter, Mark Chapman, a man with more than killing time on his mind . . .

"THIS TALL husky guy with a Southern accent asked me outside the Dakotas if I was waiting for John Lennon. "Yeah," I said. "How about you?".

"Yeah", he said. "I'm gonna try and get my album signed."

At that moment Lennon appeared from the Dakotas and asked the doorman where his limousine was. He came out with the people from the RKO radio network (they'd just conducted the last interview with Lennon) and they offered to give him a lift to the studio.

The husky guy timidly approached Lennon with the album. Lennon signed it 'John Lennon 1980' and took off.

Goresh hit the shutter on his instamatic.

Afterwards Mark David Chapman said to me: "John Lennon signed my autograph! No one in Hawaii's gonna believe me."

We stayed two more hours. Chapman kept to himself. I said I was leaving. He said, "Why don't you wait till they come home? They should be back soon and you can get *your* album signed." I explained I can come back another day.

He said: "I'd wait. You never know if you're gonna see him again."

I said: "What do you mean? I see him a lot."

Chapman said: "It's possible he could go to Spain or somewhere tonight and you'll never get your album signed."

I left shortly after that and Mark stayed. "

New York interviews by JOE STEVENS

"Man Shot One West 72nd..."

Jim Moran was in the 4th Precinct squad car that arrived at the Dakotas shortly after Lennon's shooting

JIM MORAN was on the night shift when they got the call off the squad car radio.

When Moran became a cop in '64 he'd been assigned to guard the hotel where The Beatles stayed in NYC. The whole deal was great, those screaming broads storming the barricades were reminiscent of stories his dad told him about Frank Sinatra when he played the Paramount. Moran got to see a couple of the mop-tops and was actually asked for an autograph by two girls from Poughkeepsie.

He became a fan after that and bought several Beatles albums and he kept track of their exploits. He used to tell his kids how he'd worked for The Beatles, which immediately made him more than just a cop to people on his block.

Now after slogging it out on the Fourth Precinct for all of his adult life those stories were a distant but fond memory, as the car with him and his partner made a left at 72nd off Central Park West. At the Dakotas a cop-car had already arrived, and a guy was getting handcuffed at the building's entrance.

Two cops were running from the gate carrying a guy wearing a red shirt and jeans. The guy had blood pouring from his chest.

The cops dumped the guy into the back seat of Jim Moran's vehicle with instructions to get him to hospital right away. Someone yelled: "Take the woman!" A shaking woman got in with the guy and cradled his head in her lap. She said nothing.

A kid shouted: "That's John Lennon in there." Moran turned to look and asked, "Are you John Lennon?" The guy nodded and groaned. Lennon it was — and in rough shape. Moran floored the accelerator and cut through the thirteen blocks to Roosevelt Hospital within minutes.

Tears streaming down his 45-year-old Irish face, Moran muttered to no one special, "Jeezus, I've got fucking John Lennon in the car and he's not gonna make it. Those fucking animals have done it again."

Sirens blaring, he pulled the car into the Emergency Wing Tunnel where para-medics awaited with the cart. "John Lennon?" one asked. Moran shouted, "Yeah! Move it!"

Lennon was wheeled through the entrance. Nurses cut the shirt off, swabbed the gaping wounds, all the time running with the cart." Too fucking late," Bill Gamble, Moran's partner, said.

"Yeah, and some sonafabitch will get a book deal out of it."

It occurred to him that the woman in the car was Lennon's wife. She appeared to be in shock.

Lennon was put on a table and his chest opened, his heart was massaged and he was given a blood transfusion. All to no avail. Moran tried what he could to comfort Yoko but what do you say to a guy's wife after he's been blown away?

Lennon had become New York City's 701st victim of armed assault this year and to Moran the situation had become just a part of the job after 16 years on the force. Only this time, he wasn't looking forward to telling his kids about it.

murderer, Mark Chapman. She described him to her five-year-old son Sean as "a confused person". She also refused to blame New York for the killing. "People say there is something wrong with New York, but John loved New York. He would be the first to say that it wasn't New York's fault. There can be one crank anywhere."

Lennon was cremated on Thursday at Campbell's Funeral Parlor on the outskirts of the city — there was no formal funeral service.

HIS MURDERER, 25-year-old Mark Chapman, spent a week in which he was charged with Lennon's death, had his lawyer Herbert Adlerberg take himself off the case (because "there's always some nut out to get you") and was transferred from the Bellevue Hospital, where he underwent psychiatric tests, to the high security wing of Riker's Island, eight miles from the city. He will be tried on January 6.

The aftermath of Lennon's shooting revealed many bizarre facets of Chapman's character. He was obsessed with an image of the man he shot to the extent that he seemed to believe he *was* Lennon. He copied his mannerisms, signed the register at the security firm where he worked "John Lennon", he even married a Japanese-American girl, Gloria. Hours of Beatles tapes were found in his hotel room after the killing.

But Chapman was also a manic depressive with a record of attempted suicide. His new lawyer Jonathan Marks is trying to enlist the assistance of psychiatrist Daniel Schwartz, the man who convinced a jury that David Berkowitz — the 'Son of Sam' — was not responsible for his actions. Marks' client said that he had a "good side and a bad side . . . the bad side torments me. It forces me to do bad things."

Chapman, who recently purchased a print of Salvador Dali's *Lincoln In Dali Vision* (Dali's version of Pres Linc's assassination), was a self-confessed Jesus freak who spent hours listening to a tape of gunfire in the Lebanon.

Meanwhile the media blitz raged on, a printed accompaniment to the public's mass hysteria. The dailies were generally restrained in tone but all hell was let loose by Sunday with garbage like "My Love Affair With Lennon" and "Beatle's Weird Obsession With Death" *(Sunday Mirror)* and simpler doses of tedious nostalgia like "What He Meant To Girls Like Me" *(Sunday People).*

John Lennon's estate was divided equally between Yoko Ono and a trust fund set up when he made his will on November 12, 1979. Initial estimates put Lennon's fortune at 30 million dollars but the eventual amount is likely to be nearer to 100 million pounds.

EMI: "We won't cash in"

EMI RECORDS have no plans as yet to release some kind of John Lennon memorial album although publicity director Brian Southall told *NME* that "we are discussing the possibilities for such a record. Of course it would only be considered as a tribute to his talent. It would be tasteful. There's no need to rush anything out and if a record did appear then the wishes of those close to Lennon would be taken into account."

At present all Beatles material is still available and demand for it is phenomenal. Southall says there has also been "a very heavy emphasis on the solo catalogue. We'd had advance orders of 300,000 for both the 'Imagine' and 'Happy Christmas, War Is Over' singles last Friday and orders of 100,000 each for 'Ballad Of John And Yoko' and 'Give Peace A Chance'. The factories are all working on overtime to meet demand and we're using outside printing facilities."

No advertising campaigns have been planned by EMI, but Music for Pleasure, who have cheap versions of 'Mind Games' and the '62-'66 and '67-'70 collections (repackaged as 'Rock 'n' Roll Vols 1 & 2') still have adverts to run.

In America of course Lennon mania has only just started. *Billboard,* the trade journal, greeted the news of the death with the immortal headline: "Lennon's Death Galvanizes Trade — Orders For Discs Given Top Priority". Inside, various nonentities like Ann and Nancy Wilson took out space to publicise their sorrow.

...And one grisly coincidence

TALK ABOUT life imitating art, or vice versa . . .

The latest Woody Allen film, *Stardust Memories,* revolves around the tortured public and private life of a Manhattan Me Generation media celebrity — someone not dissimilar to Mr Allen, in fact. Near the beginning of the film this celeb — named Sandy Bates — is stopped by a gawky kid, who mumbles something to the effect that Bates is his real top notch hero, and asks for the requisite autograph. Right at the end of the film, the same autograph hunter *(sic)* approaches Bates again, draws out a revolver and promptly blows him away, kaput.

***Stardust Memories* has been showing in New York for a good few months. We think Mark Chapman's psychiatrist should be told.**

Tickets available from: CYCLOPS SOUNDS, BIRMINGHAM; VIRGIN RECORDS, BIRMINGHAM; MIKE LLOYD, HANLEY and WOLVERHAMPTON; PICCADILLY RECORDS, MANCHESTER; PAPERCHASE, MANCHESTER; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS; FOURWINDS TRAVEL, OSWESTRY, SHROPSHIRE; CAVENDISH TRAVEL, LEEDS.

Play lead Guitar within hours The 1980 easy way to learn modern music, is specially recorded lessons that will save you years of frustrated struggling on your own.

- You learn enjoyably and easily in your own home at your own speed.
- No need to read music. You can have the lesson again and again.
- Hundreds of satisfied students.

Lead Guitar Course

Solos and modern lead runs are played for you on 60-minute cassettes with back-up teaching books. The guitar course is personally prepared by Jack Wilcock who has 19 years experience of teaching and playing for BBC and EMI record sessions, TV and films.

Modern Drumming

All the solos and modern drum breaks are played for you on cassette to practice with. You can actually hear how a drum break sounds.

Please fill in the coupon and tick the box for FREE details of the course you require. NO OBLIGATION

POST NOW TO:

Jack Wilcock LISTEN & PLAY Teaching Tapes

JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES
7 Heaton Close, Newark, Notts NG24 2LE

Name .....
Address .....
.....
NME 64
..... Guitar Course ☐ Drum Course ☐

The New Musical Express Advertisement and Production Departments

Wish all their clients and friends

A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

WITH GUESTS
Blurt

DOORS OPEN 7.00
SHOW OVER BY 11.00
TRANSPORT NORMAL
SUNDAY SERVICE

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W1
WEDNESDAY 24th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £4·50, £3·50, £2·50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 580 9562,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

MADNESS

DOORS OPEN 7.00
SHOW OVER BY 9.30
TRANSPORT NORMAL
SUNDAY SERVICE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST, W6
WEDNESDAY 24th DECEMBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50 (inc VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371,
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

The big new 1981 Lamb's calendar is here. Packed with excitement and adventure. With page after page of sundrenched Lamb's girls seen through the experienced eyes of top glamour photographer, Leslie Turtle.

It's time to meet your dates for 14 months of full-colour fun, starting November 1980.

And it's not a moment too soon. At £4.75 (inc. p&p) our new calendar will be moving faster than ever.

Get into the spirit now! Send your remittance with the coupon today.

Get it for only £4.75

To: Lamb's Navy Calendar,
Clareville House, 47 Whitcomb Street,
London WC2H 7DH.

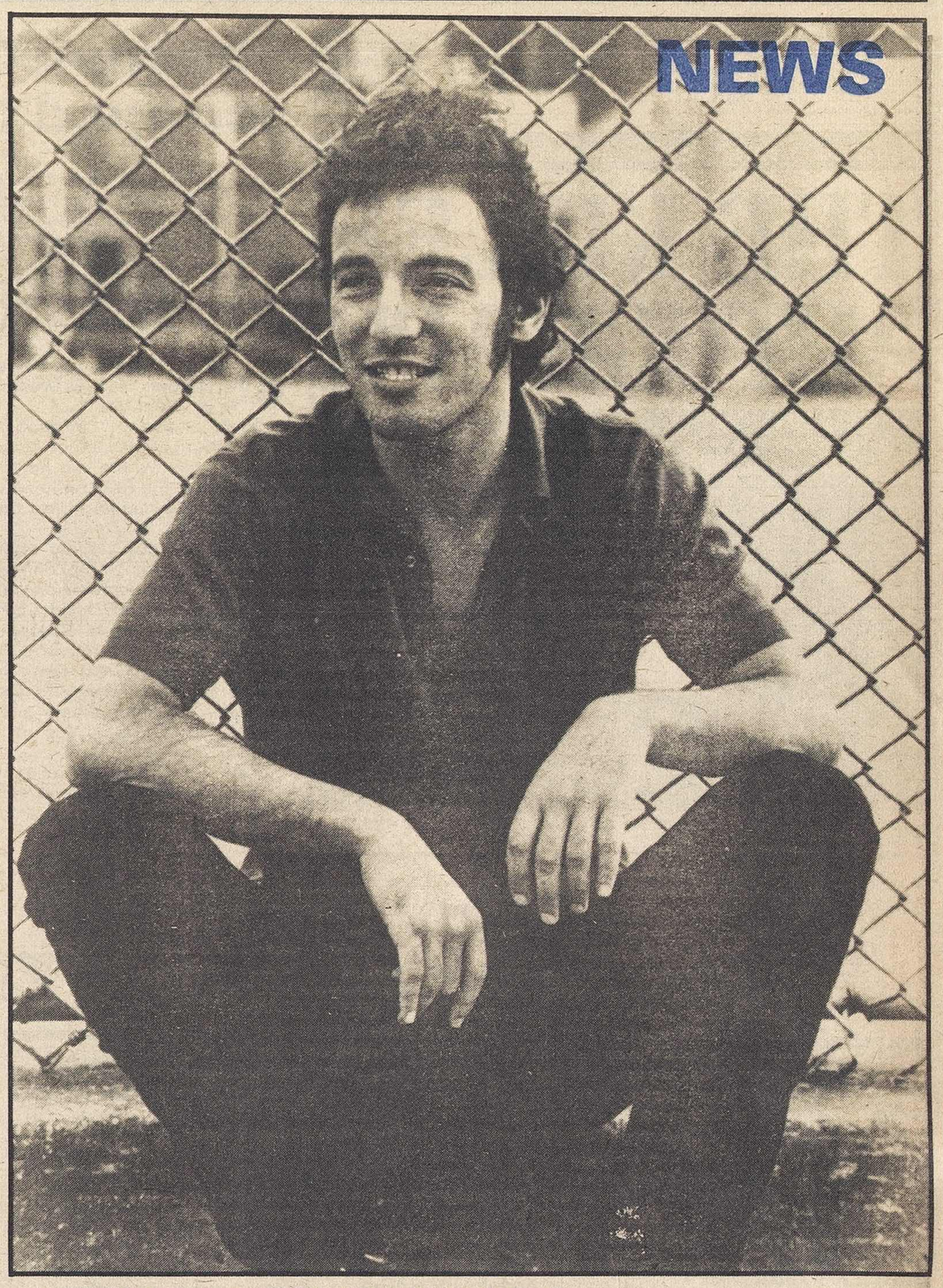
JOIN THE LAMB'S NAVY – NOW!
Please send me..... Calendar(s) at £4.75 each (inc. p&p).
Name (I am over 18)
Address

I enclose cheque/postal order for £
Offer closes 28 February 1981 and applies to UK only.
Reg No. 1508027 Eng.
Reg. Office: URM Ltd., 97 Tooley Street, SE1 2RD.
Please allow 28 days for delivery. NME

Get the spirit of adventure

BRUCE PLAYS ENGLAND

(At Wembley, of course — where else do you play England?)



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN's British visit, which has been the subject of widespread speculation for months, is at last confirmed officially.

Springsteen (right) flies in with The E Street Band to play two nights at London Wembley Arena on March 19 and 20, followed by one show at Birmingham International Arena (at the National Exhibition Centre) on March 27. These will be the first concerts he's played in this country since his debut at Hammersmith Odeon in 1975 — and there will be no support act, as his set is now substantially longer. Promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

Tickets are only available by post, and prices (including booking fee) are £6.30 and £5.30 at Wembley; £5.80 and £5.30 for Birmingham. Applications should be sent to GP Productions, P.O. Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL — postal orders only, made payable to "GP Productions", and enclose s.a.e. Also write either 'Wembley' or 'Birmingham', plus the date and price of tickets wanted, on the back of your fowarding envelope — and allow up to six weeks for delivery.

Magazine guitarless yet again

MAGAZINE are again without a lead guitarist, following the departure last week of Robin Simon, who joined the band only a few months ago as replacement for John McGeoch. And already there's a divergence of opinion as to whether he walked out or was sacked.

Simon, who was formerly with Ultravox, claims that — during his time with Magazine — "they failed to achieve a genuine and practical basis for collaboration", and he alleges that he was not receiving due credit for his writing contributions.

Magazine's viewpoint is that "although we were very happy with Robin's work on our American and Australian tours earlier this year, we found it necessary to seek a replacement because we felt a lack of the kind of personal commitment and creative communication that we require".

The remaining members of the band are at present writing and rehearsing new material for their next album, and they still hope to complete a new single by Christmas for February release — it's understood that McGeoch, who's recently been touring with Siouxsie & The Banshees, will be rejoining them on temporary basis for this session. But they are anxious to find a permanent new guitarist as quickly as possible, and are now busily looking for the right player.

☐ **SIOUXSIE & The Banshees** play their first date after returning from the States on Tuesday, December 30, when they headline at London Hammersmith Palais. This is the last of the special seasonal concerts to be announced, and is also the only big-name event taking place in the capital right after Christmas. Tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50, and "special guests" are promised. It's strictly a one off by the band, though they're likely to be gigging before the winter's out.

☐ **ELVIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS** will be headlining an extensive UK tour in the late winter, F-Beat Records confirmed this week. This outing is due to start in late February or early March, and the dates and venues are at present being finalised.

'BOB MARLEY DEAD' SCARE

NME WAS SHAKEN to the core last Friday, just three days after the Lennon tragedy, when a report was received indicating — incorrectly — that Marley had died.

The story came through "on the wires" from the States, and Fleet Street was buzzing with the news. Island Records were inundated with calls from the national papers, and the report was even broadcast by commercial radio.

The two main wires, Associated Press and Reuters, deny having released the information, and the rumour has been traced back to Swiss Radio.

Shortly before the false 'news' hit London, Island's Denise Mills was actually on the phone to Bob, convalescing outside Munich. it seems likely that the reports were an offshoot of the general Lennonsteria that's saturated the international media for the past week.

In fact, Bob's planning to go to the States in late January, and on to record in Jamaica in February. An agent in Vermont is currently re-scheduling the cancelled Wailers US tour for late spring/early summer. In other words, the man is (thankfully) on the mend.

***NME* contacted Judy Mowatt of the I Threes at her home in Kingston over the weekend. Her comment: "Some people are spreading these death rumours about Bob, vibrations that will make his fans weak when they should be sending out strong vibrations. We must keep the light burning.**

"He is the hardest working man I have ever known. If it takes this illness to make him stop and rest, then this illness exists for a purpose."

THE WHO have slotted another date into their UK tour, announced two weeks ago — at London Rainbow on Tuesday, February 3. It's a special charity concert in aid of Chiswick Family Rescue, Erin Pizzey's organisation for battered wives and children, and it now becomes the band's first London show in their tour schedule.

Already acknowledged for their contributions to deserving causes, The Who have chosen to aid this particular charity because three of them were brought up in the Chiswick area, and are familiar with its environment. They are giving their services free, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith has secured special concessions from the Rainbow, in order to keep expenses to an absolute minimum — so it's expected that they'll be able to raise around £10,000 for the cause.

All tickets are £5, and they're limited to four per applicant. They go on sale to personal callers at the Rainbow this Saturday (20), and mail orders will also be accepted at the venue's box office, with postal orders made payable to "Rainbow Theatre" (enclose s.a.e.).

Whatever happened to the Stranglers?

THE STRANGLERS have been given the go-ahead for a major UK tour in February, now that the shadow of the guillotine has been lifted from them. Their 'Meninblack Tour' takes in 20 venues nationwide, including a few college dates — which they've agreed to play on the basis that tickets should also be made available to the general public, with no preferential treatment to students.

Their schedule comprises Cardiff Top Rank (February 8), Bristol Locarno (9), Exeter University (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), Canterbury Odeon (12), Brighton Top Rank (13), London Hammersmith Odeon (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (17), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Nottingham Rock City (19), Liverpool University (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Glasgow Apollo (25), Newcastle Mayfair (26), Lancaster University (27), Leeds University (28), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (March 2) and Leicester De Montfort Hall (3).

Tickets generally are priced at £3.50 and £3 — except at Hammersmith (£4 and £3.50) and the unseated venues (all at £3.50). But there's considerable variation in the dates when they go on sale — some box offices are already open, others won't open until after the Christmas holiday — and readers are advised to check with venues or consult local advertising.

ILPS 9576

STEVE WINWOOD

HIS NEW ALBUM

ARC OF A DIVER

PRODUCED BY STEVE WINWOOD

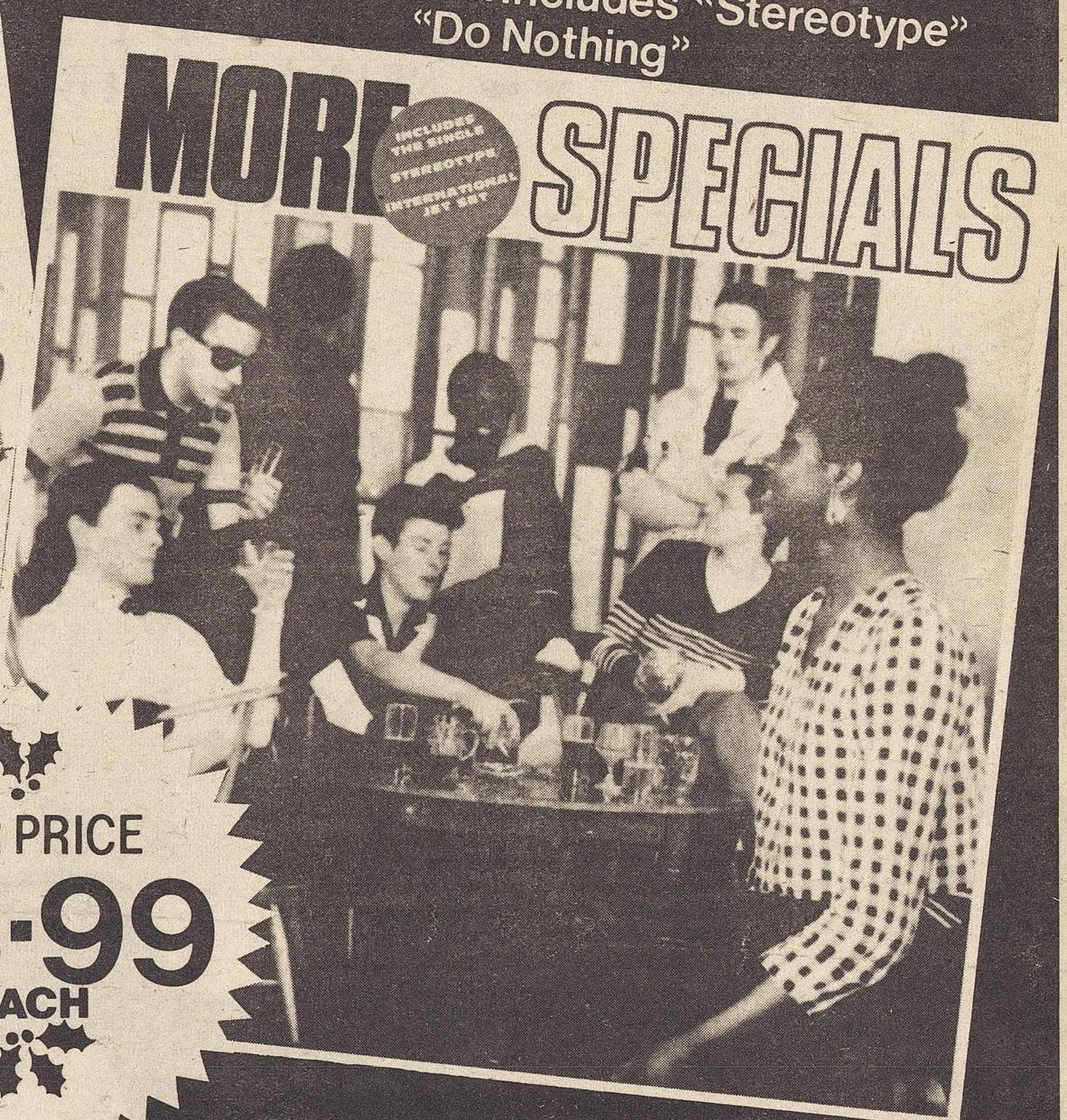
RELEASE DATE 29TH DECEMBER

ISLAND

OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE

GET MORE SPECIALS
GET MORE BLONDIE
GET DOWN TO OUR PRICE

More Specials: Includes "Stereotype" "Do Nothing"



OUR PRICE
£3·99
EACH

OUR PRICE Records

Chart Albums FROM £2.99

TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60 TOP60

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE		OUR PRICE
1	1	ABBA SUPER TROUPER		4·49
2	17	JOHN LENNON DOUBLE FANTASY		3·99
3	4	BARBRA STREISAND GUILTY		4·29
4	13	DR. HOOK GREATEST HITS		4·29
5	NEW ENTRY	THE CLASH SANDINISTA		4·49
6	9	THE POLICE ZENYATTA MONDATTA		3·99
7	2	THE JAM SOUND AFFECTS		3·99
8	NEW ENTRY	FLEETWOOD MAC LIVE		4·49
9	7	BARRY MANILOW BARRY		4·29
10	6	STEVIE WONDER HOTTER THAN JULY		4·29
11	3	BLONDIE AUTOAMERICAN		3·99
12	16	MADNESS ABSOLUTELY		3·99
13	10	ROD STEWART FOOLISH BEHAVIOUR		3·99
14	5	STEELY DAN GAUCHO		3·99
15	11	BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN THE RIVER	LIMITED OFFER	4·49*
16	8	ORIGINAL CAST NOT THE NINE-O-CLOCK NEWS		3·99
17	12	IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS LAUGHTER		3·99
18	NEW ENTRY	QUEEN FLASH GORDON ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK		3·99
19	18	NEIL DIAMOND THE JAZZ SINGER		4·29
20	15	BAD MANNERS LOONEE TUNES		3·99
21	14	THE EAGLES LIVE		4·49
22	19	ADAM & THE ANTS KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER		3·99
23	36	DEEP PURPLE IN CONCERT '70 AND '72		4·79
24	NEW ENTRY	BARRY MANILOW MANILOW MAGIC		3·99
25	24	DIRE STRAITS MAKING MOVIES		3·99
26	26	UB40 SIGNING OFF		3·99
27	23	ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK ORGANISATION		3·99
28	21	DAVID BOWIE SCARY MONSTERS		4·49
29	29	DR. HOOK RISING		3·99
30	30	MIKE OLDFIELD QE2		3·99
31	NEW ENTRY	THE POLICE REGATTA DE BLANC		3·99
32	38	GEORGE BENSON GIVE ME THE NIGHT		2·99
33	25	WHITESNAKE LIVE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY		4·79
34	22	ALAN PARSONS THE TURN OF A FRIENDLY CARD		4·39
35	33	VARIOUS THE LEGEND OF JESSE JAMES		3·99
36	41	KATE BUSH NEVER FOR EVER		4·29
37	27	HAZEL O'CONNOR SONS AND LOVERS		3·99
38	31	MARTI WEBB WON'T CHANGE PLACES		3·99
39	40	LIGHT OF THE WORLD ROUND TRIP		3·99
40	42	STATUS QUO JUST SUPPOSIN'		3·99
41	46	SUPERTRAMP PARIS		5·49
42	48	VISAGE VISAGE		3·99
43	20	SAXON STRONG ARM OF THE LAW		3·99
44	32	DON WILLIAMS THE VERY BEST OF ...		3·99
45	NEW ENTRY	THE POLICE OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR		3·99
46	44	VANGELIS SEE YOU LATER		3·99
47	49	THE JACKSONS TRIUMPH		3·99
48	28	BETTE MIDLER DIVINE MADNESS		3·99
49	34	MOTORHEAD ACE OF SPADES		3·99
50	35	NEIL YOUNG HAWKS AND DOVES		3·99
51	53	DOLLAR THE PARIS COLLECTION		3·99
52	37	TOYAH! TOYAH! TOYAH! TOYAH!		3·29
53	39	TALKING HEADS REMAIN IN LIGHT		3·99
54	55	THIN LIZZY CHINATOWN		3·99
55	45	DIANA ROSS DIANA		4·29
56	50	WILTON FELDER INHERIT THE WIND		3·99
57	51	EARTH, WIND & FIRE FACES		5·49
58	60	SPYRO GYRA CARNAVAL		3·99
59	43	HOT CHOCOLATE CLASS		3·99
60	58	JOHN ANDERSON SONG OF SEVEN	E&OE	3·99

OUR PRICE EXTRA

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFERS

DAVID BOWIE – CHANGESONEBOWIE – £2.99
AL STEWART – YEAR OF THE CAT – £2.99
SUPERTRAMP – BREAKFAST IN AMERICA – £2.99
BARBRA STREISAND – GREATEST HITS VOL. 1 – £1.99
BOZ SCAGGS – SILK DEGREES – £1.99
EARTH, WIND AND FIRE – ALL 'N' ALL – £1.99
BOB DYLAN – AT BUDOKAN – £2.99
BOB DYLAN – BLOOD ON THE TRACKS – £1.99
NEIL DIAMOND – LOVE AT THE GREEK – £1.99
THE CLASH – GIVE 'EM ENOUGH ROPE – £1.99
BLUE OYSTER CULT – MIRRORS – £1.99
DAVID BOWIE – STATION TO STATION – £2.99

DON'T FORGET . . ,
OUR SHOPS HAVE A FANTASTIC SELECTION OF CASSETTES

WE HAVE SHOPS ALL OVER LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES
FOR THE ADDRESS OF YOUR NEAREST OUR PRICE RECORD SHOP
PHONE TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 hrs)

OUR PRICE EXTRA OUR PRICE EXTRA OUR PRICE EXTRA

OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS OUR PRICE RECORDS

NME Rock Photography 1980

Seven photographers exhibit their favorite shots of the year

Rico & daughters

Pic by Jean Bernard SOHIEZ

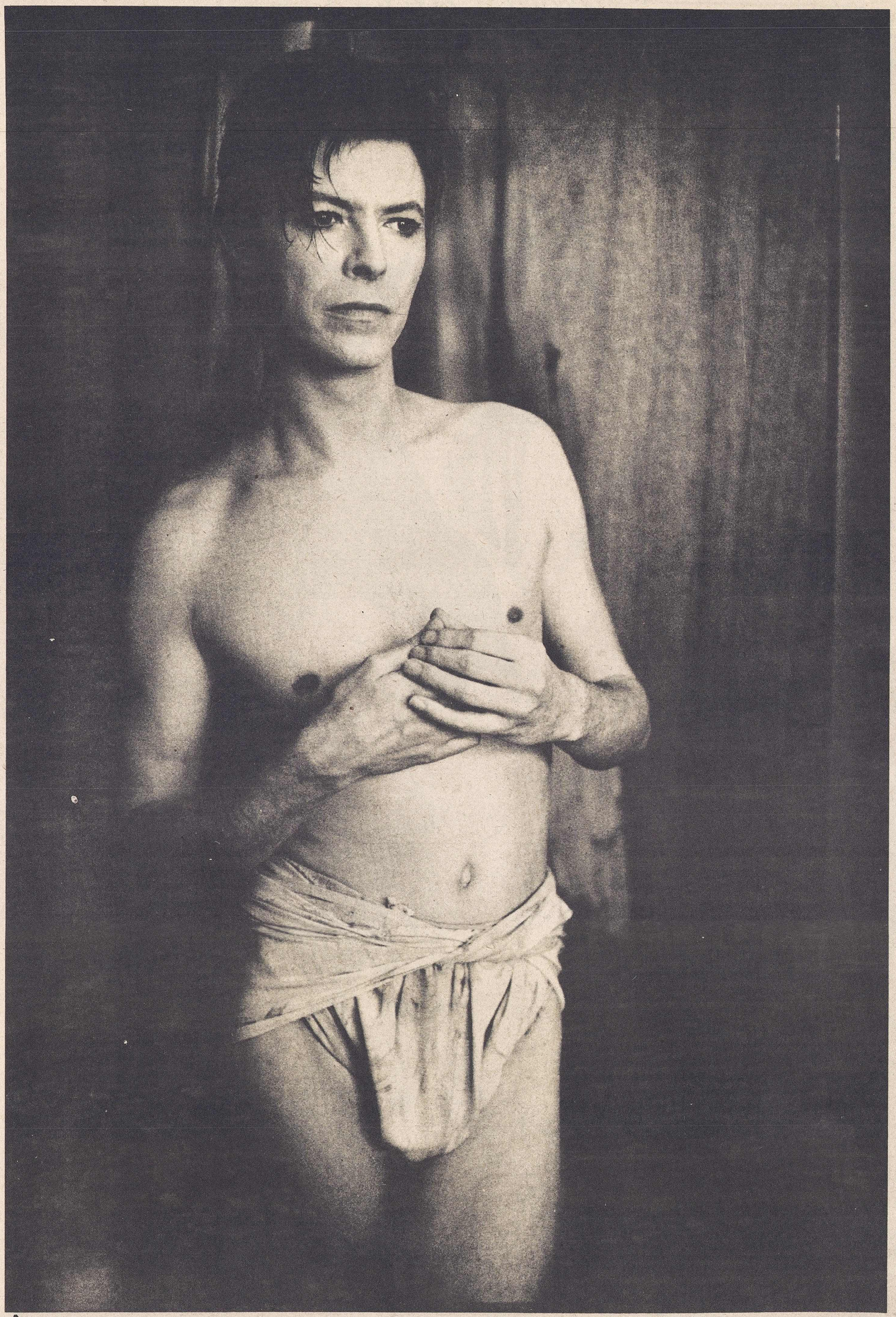
Billy Mackenzie (Associates) PIX BY DAVID CORIO Bob Marley

Penny Smith

— Marianne Faithfull June '80

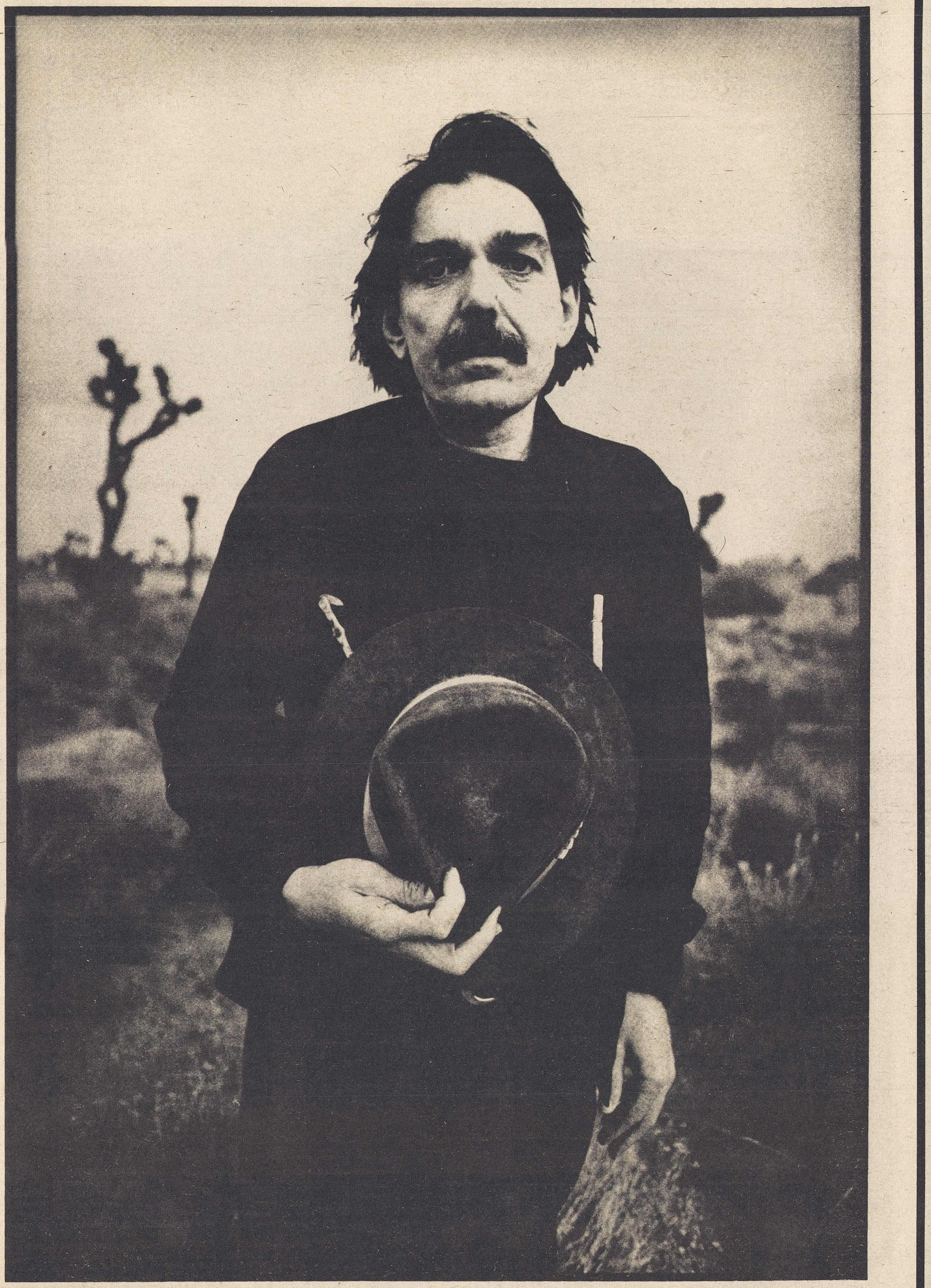
Penny Smith

Jimmy Pursey Aug 7 80



david jones

anton corbijn



Don van vliet

anton corbijn

Joe Stevens

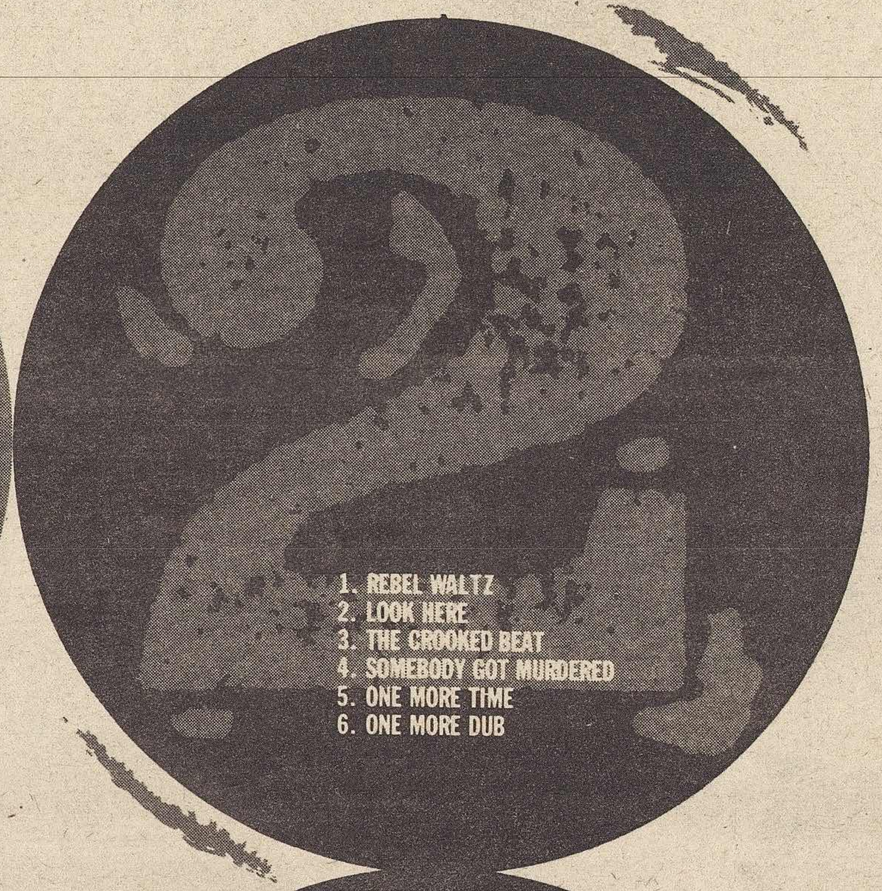
Grace Jones

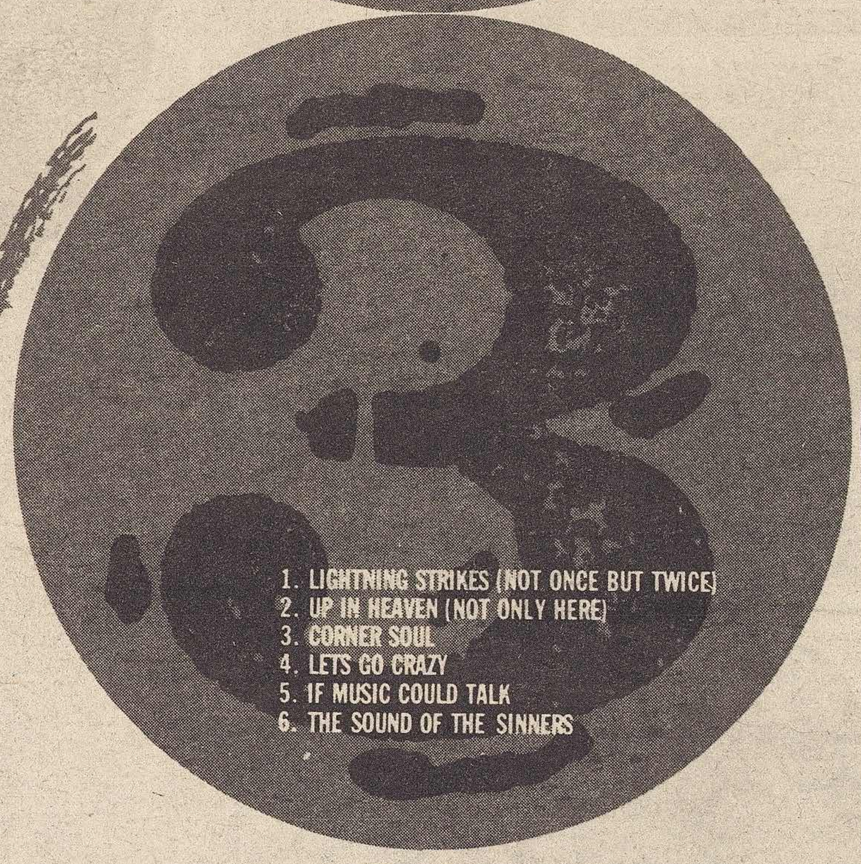
SIOUXSIE SIOUX
PAUL MORLEY
RYUICHI SAKAMOTO YMO
SIM BROWN. ASTRO UB40.
© PETER ANDERSON.

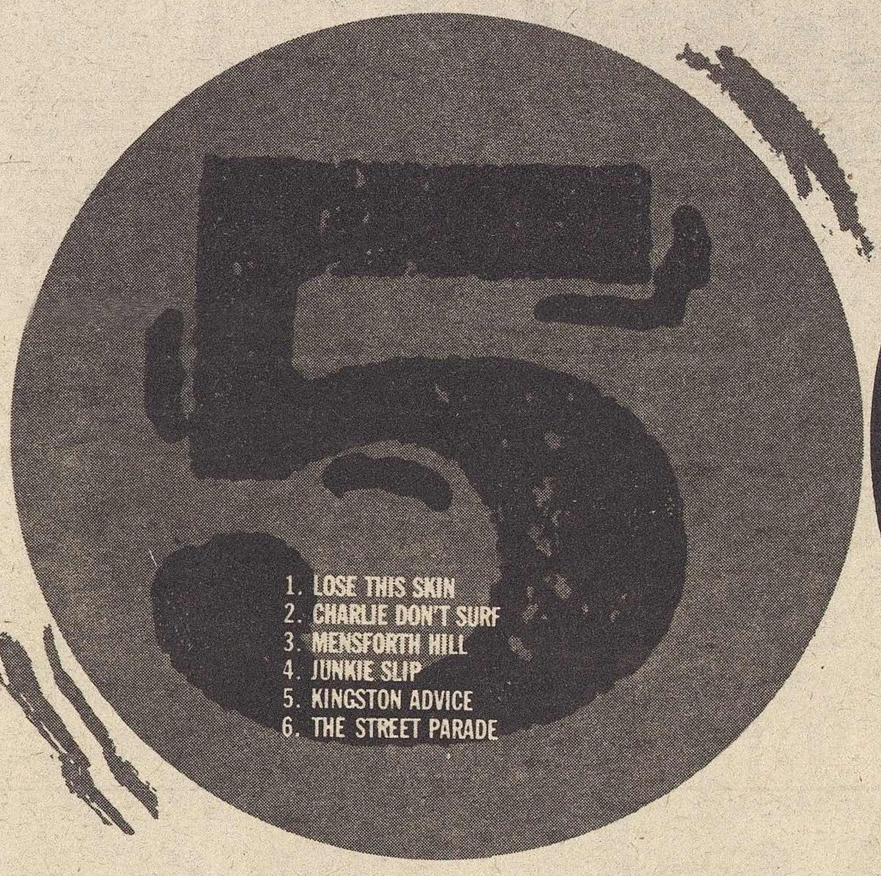
ADRIAN BOOT

JAMAICA 1980

THE NEW 3 RECORD SET
or cassette







FISTFUL OF STEEL

NO MORE THAN £5.99

CBS

FSLN 1

"Well, they said anything could happen."

SMIRNOFF

VODKA

Remember, whatever happens, don't overdo it.

AND LO! THREE WISE SLITS TAKE THEIR TEMPLE TO THE WEST!

journey to america by vivien goldman desert boots and pictures anton corbijn

GAMES ON TRAINS

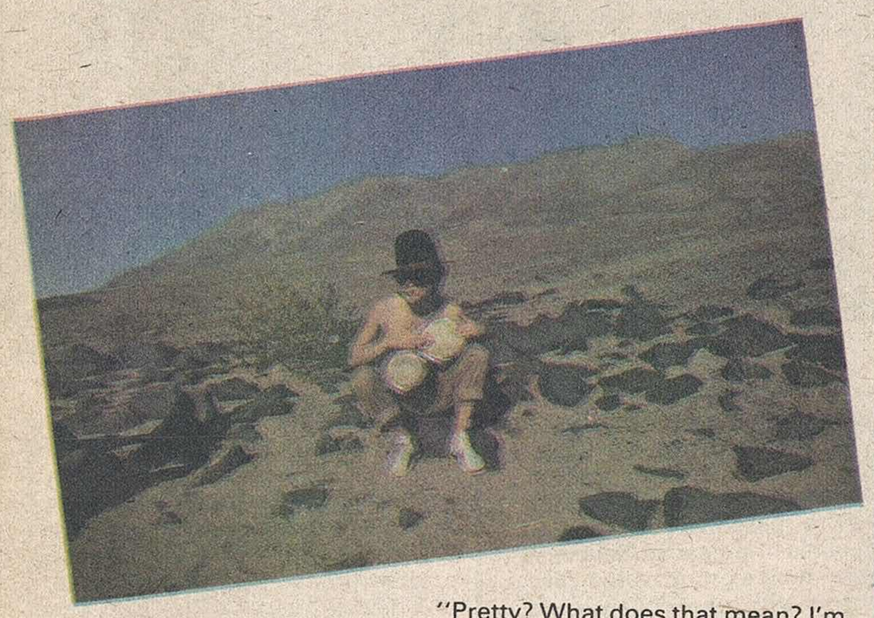
It started as soon as we left the house to go on the subway. He was quite an old guy, Puerto Rican — they all work round that area in the Pepsi Cola plant; won't touch Coke in any neighbourhood bar — when he yelled out to us "Hey! You! Where you from? What *are* you?"

Now I was wearing my new (hot) designer coat, but I knew it wasn't me he was shouting at — it was Ari Up, taking me for a visit to her brothers and sisters in Brooklyn.

She didn't ignore him and flounce on; she's too keen on confrontation for that. And in any case, just a minute before she'd been talking about her love for this neighbourhood and New York, because there are so many different races and cultures and you should snatch time with each, exciting new variety.

So instead of the icicle-shoulder number, she turns round and yells, "I'M JUST THE SAME AS YOU!"

"No, you're not!" the middle-aged guy yells back. "I'm not as pretty as you."



"Pretty? What does that mean? I'm not talking about what things *look* like, I'm only interested in *feelings*."

With that, we descend into the subway.

Things are less eventful on the train ride. We spend most of the time loudly singing Dennis Brown's 'Rolling Down', trying out a few new harmonies. People don't seem to mind too much. Over in New York they have subway nutters like The Slasher to contend with; he's the loony who stashed an axe in a brown paper bag and thrust it through the closing doors of a train, wildly hacking and slicing, wherever his hand could reach. Some hangover. Compared to that sort of thing, our cover versions must have been light relief.

We get off the train still singing, and we're sashaying through this fairly derelict part of Brooklyn with the great grey girders of the subway spanning the smouldering sites like giant spiders legs. A couple more people yell, "What *are* you?" and Ari keeps shouting back, "I'M JUST THE SAME AS YOU!"

The big encounter comes minutes later. We've been chatting about Ari's mum sending her away to boarding school in Germany when she was eight. Having already been transplanted from Germany to England, she wasn't happy about being put there; she was homesick. But now she has fond memories of the family feeling — *sisters* — in the all-girl dorms.

So it's a surprise when another voice yells out, "Hey, you! *Sister!* What *are* you?"

I think I've managed to hustle Ari past the new distraction, but no; this girl is determined to communicate with as many people as possible as much of the time as she can. She turns and greets these three youths, real dude-style guys, ear-muffs and cocky hats with scarves under them, silly bobbles on top — that kind of thing. They're all holding dresses in plastic wraps, trying to flog them to passing street trade. These little beige suits are hotter than saunas, obviously.

Looking curiously at Ari's impressive dreadlocks (she's just about caught up with Bunny Wailer's by now), the one guy asks, "You a Rastafarian or something?"

"In a way. I just see the Creator in everything," Ari replies, sincerity evident in her friendly blue eyes.

"Can I see them?"

Ari grins, whips off her tall black crown. Her locks jut out at a startling angle, wound round and round with a red wool scarf to a vertical tower topped with a froth of matted brown hair.

The men are clearly taken aback.

"What's that *for?* May I *touch* it?" the same little guy with a wool cap says.

Ari inclines her head graciously, she is, after all, of an aristocratic family, and answers, "I'm just growing a tree on my head."

A tree on her head. Right!

You can tell these guys are re-assessing the situation, including the possibility that this white girl is plain crazy.

"You know, you have very pretty eyes. Are you in love with a boyfriend?"

"I love my brothers, yes. And my sisters too. But," Ari says firmly, forestalling sniggers, "I'm *not* talking about sexually, I'm talking about universal love, the most important kind."

The guys try to press her for more conventional male/female liasons, but Ari keeps on insisting on universal love. The mainman is beginning to regard her with near awe as she deflects the increasingly direct questioning.

The other guy with the ear-muffs is just saying, "Hey, what he means is, do you have a boyfriend in New York, now?" when another woman approaches to check out the dresses.

She catches sight of Ari.

"Oh, my *Lord!*" she says. "Let me have a look at that, this I gotta see."

She reaches forward, and tugs a loose lock. The topknot starts slipping to one side.

Suddenly, Ari looks beleaguered. She backs away. "I'M JUST THE SAME AS YOU!" she cries out, sounding oddly like the Elephant Man when cornered in the gents' in a scene from the recent film. "I'm not in a zoo!"

The woman looks at Ari, laughs with the faintest trace of derision, and walks off.

GO FURTHER WEST ★

SANDY SLITS

FROM THE EAST ★

We wait awhile before we start singing again.

***If you're not reality, whose myth are you? If you're not myth, whose reality are you?* — Sun Ra Arkestra**

KEEP YOUR HAT ON

The previous night, Ari, Nana Cherry (Ari's unofficial sister and singer in her own right), me and The Slits drummer Bruce Smith all go to see Sun Ra play in a small club called The Squat.

It makes sense to see Sun Ra with this contingent. Sun Ra, who comes from Saturn, and his richly talented crew are all dressed in elaborate brightly-coloured silk clothing, non-specific ethnic robes and the like. The Slits are quite possibly more involved in Hat Culture than any other band, so they go well with Sun Ra.

As Bruce explains it to me, hats are very important. They not only keep your head warm, they also round off your corporeal being with an expressive flourish of your personality at little cost.

Bruce is young, 18, and a drummer of such sterling quality that musicians frequently tug a forelock at the mention of his name (in fact Wailer Al Anderson does it tonight), regardless of their feelings towards the combos he's concerned with.

We're talking about drums in the break, after a four hour set from Sun Ra's crew who believe in playing extended, chanting, extemporising tunes. Born in San Francisco, father an artist, Bruce moved to Bristol when he was eight. He says he sees life in terms of circles. Everybody is a circle, but these circles — like the big daisies you can draw with a compass — have areas where they're separate and areas where they overlap.

"Drums are circles, do you see? They all have their own sound, then they mesh together and interlock. You can relate that to people. There's bits they share with others and bits where they have to respect their own personal space. If we could all work on that, and work on the interlocking bits, we'd really be getting somewhere.

"It's all got to do with discipline and respect. Keeping the reins taut. Some people would object to those words, say they're moralistic, but I don't think so. I definitely like the idea of reins, riding with the rhythm but directing it this way and that."

Virtually every interview with The Pop Group (and many Slits interviews, come to that) are unrepresentative of the groups because, confronted with such a Niagara of idealistic energy, the journalist is thrown — just like the street-hustlers were when Ari blanked out their ritualised pick-up technique and then shifted it to the plane of abstract philosophical reasoning.

This idealism can be irritating, because at first sight it seems undirected, just empty words; and anyway — some would say — who has time for youthful idealism when there's rent to pay?

But The Slits, if not The Pop Group, still pursue their ideal way, of a nomadic tribal society balanced between the sexes, a well-functioning microcosm of what may never be, on a planetary scale.

Bruce explains, "All that change-the-world stuff — we were looking forward to something that's totally possible. It's not bad to aim high. I do when I play drums, I want people to be able to lose themselves in the rhythm. It has to be as much as it can be, totally, every time."c Sun Ra is a stocky man, dressed in purple and yellow silk robes. He bulges out in the middle like a bumble bee. Antennae wobble on his space cap as he solemnly marches down the length of the tiny club where we're sitting. He holds high the hand of his robed woman singer. Her veil floats behind her. The theatre is an abbey and she is an Empress. Their song says: *"If dream are blue, you make your head, you need this medicine bad . . ."*

BIG BOY'S TOYS

Like that other bi-sexed group, The B-52's, The Slits do a lot of shopping on the road. Dump your stuff at the hotel, then it's straight over to the local thrift shops, junk shops.

Steve goes to the toyshop.

Steve Beresford (co-founder of the Musicians' Collective, original Flying Lizards team, writer etc etc) walks round the toyshop. He walks towards a thigh-high toy piano and perches himself on the miniature stool and begins to play, first some classical-sounding ripples, sonata-style. Then he breaks off into regular reggae side-to-side chops, cuts that, and starts to blues it up, sad and a bit smoochy.

A sales assistant leaning against the counter says, "Yow, man, wheredja learn to play that thing? Can you give me some lessons?"

Steve replies: "No, that's very nice, but I'm not going to be around. Anyway, there must be hundreds of out-of-work musicians in New York."

The sales dude shrugs. "Well, I don't know any."

Steve asks, "Where's this piano from? East Germany, probably, they always make the best ones. Got any more? Smaller ones? I'd never be able to get this back, I've bought that toy sax already. I know — got any synthesizers?"

By now, there's quite a crowd checking out the free solo spot. The other assistant is building a heap of toy instruments. The manager reaches up to a high shelf.

Manager: "Ever tried one of these?"

He holds up a plastic pipe with coloured keys — kind of a flat melodica. It makes a skirling noise. The manager sits on the floor next to Steve and begins to play the theme from Rimsky-Korsakov's 'Scheherezade'.

Manager: "Pretty neat, isn't it?"

He switches to the 'Hall Of The Mountain King' from 'Peer Gynt'.

CUT to a shot of Steve's room in North London: there are neat stacks of singing bird toys, a couple of toy synths; and track round the otherwise sparse room with its bed and bookshelves, dotted with toy pianos.

CUT to the toy shop again: a woman sales assistant leans against the counter as if it were a grand piano and she was a torch singer. A few feet away, Steve is playing the large toy upright.

The woman croons, *"Heard it through the grapevine, not much longer will you be mine . . ."*

Then by the time we get out, Steve's talked me into buying a very useful set of Mickey Mouse matching luggage. Perfect for dwarves.

DO OR DARE

We've been on a hat hunt down Delancey Street, the poor part of town. No luck, but bassie Tessa, who draws the spiky demons, devils and impish characters that express The Slits in graphic terms, has bought some brocade Chinese notebooks. I need to get to the bank. Tessa says she'll come with me.

We get halfway across the street, there's a juggernaut lorry, eight wheels long. Tessa, her eyes sparkling, mouth set in a defiant smile declares, "I've always wanted to do this."

Suddenly, she's scrambling down under the wheels of the lorry.

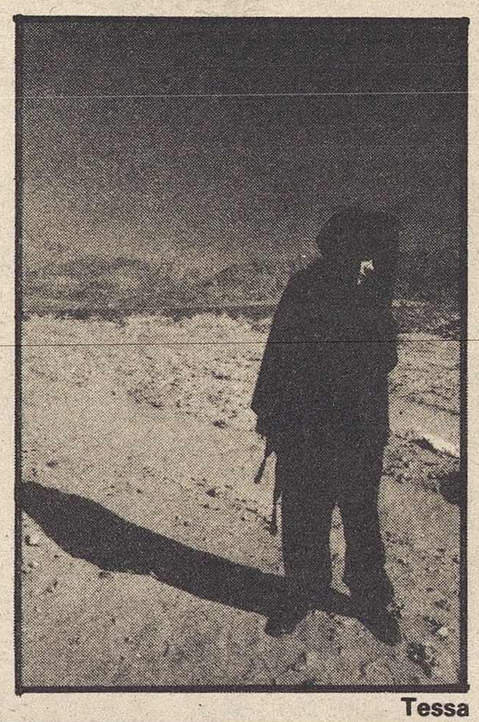
Swept along by the sudden energy surge, I follow, thinking that perhaps I really *am* nuts as the sound of the engine thunders on either side, and the lorry still seems to have half a mile to go.

Tessa lives with her fascination with death in unusual ways.

CUT to Tessa five years ago, a Polytechnic first-year student who was forming a group called The Castrators with other college girls. Tessa was plumper and seemed more assertive and confident then. She loved the idea of the group, loved the way their name freaked people out. Actually, the group had never played at all then, not even rehearsed, but she was sure they soon would.

Tessa wore something on a piece of string round her neck. She smiled triumphantly as she held it up to the light; her fingers moved and the miniature scissors round her neck flashed like a small samurai whirling for the kill.

CUT to Tessa's head bobbing up from under the truck, in the middle of a crowded New York street. The smile's the same.



Tessa

Viv

Bruce, Tessa, Viv and Ari

SMALLS TALK

One day we sit through the queue of interviewers who come to gawp at The Slits. Viv Albertine says, with some satisfaction, that nobody seems to be able to place The Slits, that they're never sure whether they're a religious sect or a wandering tribe, or what.

Those self-images appeal to The Slits women. They dismiss questions about how they got together.

"That's boring. Can't we talk about something else?" the group say repeatedly to the young girl from *Rolling Stone*, the English boy from a fanzine, the two radio interviewers.

Viv lounges on the floor by her brown paper carrier of hats, sketching, looking down. She's the oldest and the most articulate; she too talks of going round in a wandering minstrel way, spreading the message wherever they go.

When I manage to get all The Slits in one room, we talk about the competition they ran recently on a local radio station. The question The slits posed was: "What are the colours of stains on a girl's knickers through the month?" It was inspired by a new Slits song called 'Girls And Their Willies' (and girls, if you don't know what that song is about, you'd better take a mirror and look for yourself).

One woman phoned up the station and got the answer right: snowy white, yellow, light red and so on. She was the only person to phone in.

Viv Albertine says 'Girls And Their Willies' is an educational song. Once I did a radio interview with Viv where she talked about that song, and they never used it. What about the half that's never been told? . .

What else can you expect from a group like The Slits, without precedent in history. They've *set* a precedent: Viv Albertine tells me how great the tour was, at Hurrah in New York, over the background of ESG, an almost-all girl group of young Puerto Ricans from Queens. Factory-sparse, salsa rhythmic, Shirelles husky-voiced, ESG have some form of role to embrace or discard. But The Slits, they've had to make it up as they go along, to make it easier for the Bush Tetras, or the late Bodysnatchers.

Perhaps The Slits are too familiar to English audiences. People who went to gigs at punk-time still remember the wild anarchic thrashings of women whose experience of playing instruments was smaller than any of their male peers. Perhaps it's time for Brits to wake up to what The Slits are now doing musically; the way they reject tight song structures and reach for a flowing, shifting rhythm that shapes

ONWARD WEST ★

Bruce

Ari and fan

MORE PRESSIES THAN THE WHITE HOUSE.

More records. More tapes. More discounts.
And more Pressies than you'll find anywhere. The White House included.

AC/DC Highway to Hell	Only **£3.49**
AC/DC If You Want Blood	Only **£3.49**
Adam & the Ants Kings of the Wild Frontier	Only **£3.99**
Black Slate Amigo	Only **£3.99**
Blondie Autoamerican	Only **£3.99**
Blues Band Ready	Only **£3.99**
David Bowie Scary Monsters	Only **£4.79**
Kate Bush Never For Ever	Only **£4.29**
Cheap Trick All Shook Up	Only **£4.29**
Cockney Rejects Greatest Hits Vol 2	Only **£3.99**
Darts Greatest Hits	Only **£4.29**
Dire Straits Making Movies	Only **£4.49**
Eagles Live (Double)	Only **£4.99**
Earth, Wind & Fire Faces (Double)	Only **£5.49**
Fleetwood Mac Tusk (Double)	Only **£5.99**
Rory Gallagher Stage Struck	Only **£3.99**
Hawkwind Levitation	Only **£3.99**
Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy Pt.1 (Double)	Only **£4.99**
Hitch Hikers Guide to the Galaxy Pt. 2	Only **£3.99**
Jacksons Triumph	Only **£3.99**
Jam All Mod Cons	Only **£3.99**
Killing Joke Killing Joke	Only **£3.99**
Gladys Knight About Love	Only **£3.99**
Various Legend of Jesse James	Only **£3.99**
John Lennon/Yoko Ono Double Fantasy	Only **£3.99**
"M" Official Secrets	Only **£3.99**
Manfred Mann Chance	Only **£3.99**
Matchbox Midnight Dynamos	Only **£3.99**
Various Miniatures	Only **£2.99***
Modettes Story so Far	Only **£3.99**
Motels Careful	Only **£3.99**
Motorhead Ace of Spades	Only **£3.99**
Ozzy Osbourne Blizzard of Oz	Only **£3.99**
Alan Parsons Project The Turn of a Friendly Card	Only **£4.49**
Police Outlandos d'amour	Only **£3.99**
Police Reggatta de Blanc	Only **£3.99**
Police Zenyatta Mondatta	Only **£3.99**
Residents Commercial Album	Only **£3.99***
Rockpile Seconds of Pleasure	Only **£3.99**
Roxy Music Flesh and Blood	Only **£4.29**
Saxon Strong Arm	Only **£3.99**
Shakin' Stevens Marie, Marie	Only **£3.99**
Michael Schenker Michael Schenker	Only **£3.99***
Specials More Specials	Only **£3.99**
Spyro Gyra Carnival	Only **£3.99**
Steeleye Span Sails of Silver	Only **£3.99**
Rod Stewart Foolish Behaviour	Only **£3.99**
Donna Summer The Wanderer	Only **£3.99**
Talking Heads Remain in Light	Only **£3.99**
Thin Lizzy Chinatown	Only **£4.49**
The Tourists Luminous Basement	Only **£4.29**
Whitesnake Live in the City (Double)	Only **£4.99**
Wishbone Ash Live Dates Vol 2	Only **£3.99***
Stevie Wonder Hotter than July	Only **£4.29**
Neil Young Hawks and Doves	Only **£3.99**

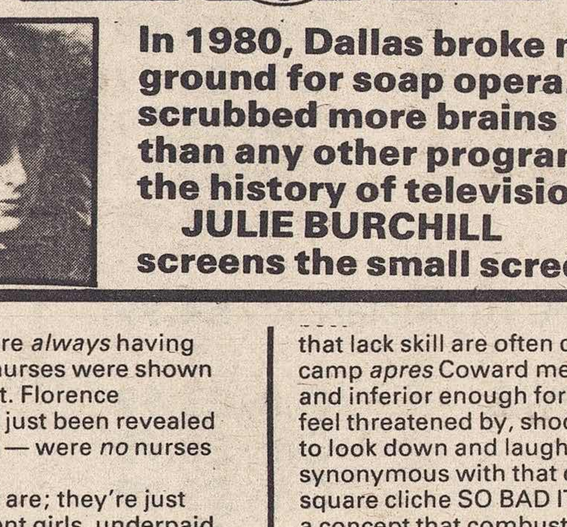
*Not Available on Cassette.

More records, More tapes, More discounts.

363 OXFORD ST. (NEXT TO BOND ST. TUBE) TEL: 629 1240. BEDFORD: SILVER ST. TEL: 211354. **BIRMINGHAM:** NEW ST. TEL: 643 7029. **BRADFORD:** CHEAPSIDE TEL: 28882. **BRIGHTON:** CHURCHILL SQUARE TEL: 29060. **BRISTOL:** BROADMEAD TEL: 297467. **COVENTRY:** HERTFORD ST. TEL: 21001. **DERBY:** ST. PETERS ST. TEL: 364700. **EDINBURGH:** ST. JAMES CENTRE TEL: 556 1236. **ENFIELD:** CHURCH ST. TEL: 363 0184. **EXETER:** GUILDHALL SHOPPING CENTRE TEL: 35804. **GLASGOW:** UNION ST. TEL: 221 1850. **GLOUCESTER:** KINGS WALK TEL: 32231. **GRAVESEND:** QUEENS ST. TEL: 62226. **HOLLOWAY:** HOLLOWAY RD. TEL: 607 1822. **HULL:** WHITEFRIARGATE TEL: 226160. **LEEDS:** TRINITY ST. TEL: 35598. **LEICESTER:** KEMBLE SQUARE TEL: 537232. **LEWISHAM:** RIVERDALE TEL: 852 3449. **LIVERPOOL:** LORD ST. TEL: 708 8855. **LUTON:** ARNDALE CENTRE TEL: 35290. **MANCHESTER:** MARKET ST. TEL: 834 9920. **NEWCASTLE:** NORTHUMBERLAND ST. TEL: 27470. **NORWICH:** HAYMARKET TEL: 25490. **NOTTINGHAM:** BROADMARSH CENTRE TEL: 52841. **NOTTING HILL GATE:** NOTTING HILL GATE TEL: 229 1476. **PLYMOUTH:** NEW GEORGE ST. TEL: 20067. **PORTSMOUTH:** COMMERCIAL RD. TEL: 29678. **SOUTHAMPTON:** BARGATE TEL: 32654. **STRATFORD:** BROADWAY TEL: 555 0312. **STOCKTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 66174. **SUNDERLAND:** HIGH STREET WEST TEL: 41267. **SUTTON:** HIGH ST. TEL: 6420084. **SWANSEA:** THE QUADRANT CENTRE TEL: 462094. **WOLVERHAMPTON:** THE GALLERY, MANDER SQUARE TEL: 29978.

All offers subject to availability.

DANGEROUS



In 1980, Dallas broke new ground for soap opera. It scrubbed more brains blank than any other programme in the history of television.

JULIE BURCHILL screens the small screen.

MIND YOUR LANGUAGE! Nudge-nudge! Wink-wink! Do you get it, eh? I bet you do! I bet you do!

Oh, it's no good — we can't go on broadcasting like this.

The button on your box that has been bringing you dirty doctors on the go for donkey's years has developed a social conscience. Although *Gay Young Skin* was brought to you courtesy of London Weekend, LWT is not the only ITV company which is suddenly *concerned* about social issues. Thames, Southern, ATV, Anglia, Westward, HTV, Yorkshire and Granada are *all* getting concerned and have programmes devoted to minority interests (opera, archaeology, astronomy, physical anthropology, all that jazz) in the offing.

Being *concerned* about the arty, the esoteric and the socially suppressed goes down a bundle with the IBA, and the ITV companies know it. They are gaining a conscience so they don't lose a licence. Roll over *Play Your Cards Right* and tell *Astrophysics For Ambidextrous Albanians* the news at ten . . .

Usually, though, ITV feeds on the mentality that made the *Sun* the biggest selling newspaper in the country. They cater to the lowest common denominator, in the form of the situation comedy, or "shit com" as it is known in the trade.

In these shit coms there are several laws of nature that must be obeyed. French and Swedish girls will drop their drawers if you drop your stethoscope down their sweater. Black men are hung like a herd of horses. Any foreigner at all — from greasily virile Eyeties to malapropistic Pakis — is a figure of fun; and when you get right down to it, anyone who's not a middle-class Southern male (being upper-class hoity-toity or working-class common-as-muck is also reason to hee-haw) is only good for one thing.

The lowest form of humour *isn't* sarcasm — it's the humour that relies on cliche, innuendo and stereotype. The lowest form of humour is the shit com.

And the shit com's popularity is part of the reason why the English working-class tend to be zombies rather than honest animals. They've seen too many shit coms, they've gawped blankly at too many cliches, innuendoes and stereotypes.

Blank people are dangerous — you can do what you like with them, all you need is the access. Shit coms rot the brain and corrode the soul; tune into the conversation in front of you at the bus stop if you don't think so.

Of course, television didn't have to wait for the new-fangled Minorities Units to come along before it started tackling social misfits. It's been doing it for years, in dramatised form, and the programmes have been called "soaps".

SOAPS GET their name from '50s American TV serials — programmes which oozed mawkish melodrama mainline into Jane Doe and were sponsored by detergent manufacturers. Today the term soap has expanded to encompass any contemporary human drama broadcast in regular instalments, be it good, bad or indifferent.

Soap opera. A slur conceived out of self-loathing — if it entertains ME it must be trash. What we call soap is CONTEMPORARY HUMAN DRAMA.

What does a writer/actor have to do not to be called "soap"? War and science fiction seem to be the credible alternatives — female actors seen as Typhoid Marys, carrying soap suds into upright male Art. Human emotions should *not* be dismissed as soap. Why are war and UFOs more relevant? Death and little green men don't make the world go round, that's for sure.

It's just familiarity breeding contempt; ah, *I* fall in love and quarrel and worry. If I do it it can't be anything *important*. Now those guys who were in 'Nam — or homicidal transvestites — or homicidal Aborigines — *that's* big, *that's* worthy of ART.

If a human emotion is analysed and worried at until everyone involved in the story commits suicide or disappears up their own ass, then a contemporary human drama *may* escape being written off as soap. See Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes From A Marriage* and the rest of his tat; see Woody Allen's celluloid pontifications. Their endless ailing relationships and parent trouble is Art; the same thing set in England on TV is Soap. When one's problems get the better of one that is Art; when one gets the better of one's problems that is Soap.

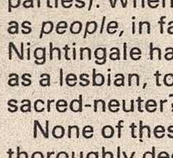
EVERYPSEUD'S GONE to the movies; for the rest of us, the right soap waits somewhere. The enviably young have ***Grange Hill,*** which started out as the best chronicler of power and passion in the playground — shoplifting, bullying, race, love, hate, not doing your homework — ever seen on the screen, big or small.

The problems the series ran into were inevitable; the cast of characters we had come to care for — Benny, Tucker, Cathy, Justin — are in the final gasps of their schooldays and must soon hang up their satchels and join the adult world. The new bunch of whippersnappers are, as yet, nowhere near as interesting. Still, better for *Grange Hill* to face up to these growing pains than to play safe and try to revolve around our old but ageing faves forever. A balding Benny and an arthritic Tucker — it would be too much for the old boys to bear.

Impatient young realists can watch *Angels*. What you get twice a week is seven cute girls shouting their opinions in your face, often all at once. *Angels* is nervous, abrupt and refreshing — it was also very controversial when it appeared in the mid-'70s for a short run, and people still write crazed letters to the *Radio Times* about it. Because of society's loathsome attitude towards nurses — an adorable cross between a eunuch and a Madonna when they're waiting on everyslob hand and foot for a pittance, common little ingrates when they request more money — a large section of the public was very shocked when nurses were shown as people who SMOKED, DRANK ALCOHOL, SWORE and SMOOCHED AT PARTIES (they are *always* having parties). When nurses were shown as *people*, in fact. Florence Nightingale had just been revealed as a lesbian, too — were *no* nurses sacred-neuter?

None of these are; they're just thoroughly decent girls, underpaid and under sickening stress, often in thrall to overpaid, power-mad doctors. The seven characters are vividly and exquisitely carved; a similar number were attempted in the film *Fame*, and they were the sketchiest, flimsiest personalities since Lowry dropped dead on his matchstick men. My favourite nurse is the gorgeous Rose (Kathryn Apanowicz) — a big baby of a girl, a face full of circles, posters of Lenin and Beethoven on the wall and the radio on.

There are even soaps for those who affect to despise soaps; ***Soap*** and ***Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman,*** which show the soap as situation comedy. Supposedly a mock-up of the genre, they fail because camp is much more corn-fed than soap. And they just move *so slow*. Funny camp died with Noel Coward (who could camp so triumphantly because he was so totally nobly sentimental most of the time; hear 'London's Pride' and his other War songs); now it's just a sour whine of defeat. Camp is for people who can't do anything else.



YET EVEN the big three ***(Crossroads,*** *Coronation Street* and *Dallas* — which is a big noise now but will soon settle down as an old unfaithful) are not immune to camp followers. *Crossroads* is thought by many to be the campest thing on TV; this is because it is the least *skilful*. Things that lack skill are often called camp; camp *apres* Coward means "shoddy and inferior enough for me not to feel threatened by, shoddy enough to look down and laugh at". Camp is synonymous with that dreadful square cliche SO BAD IT'S GOOD — a concept that combusts spontaneously the moment anyone with a brain glances its way.

Crossroads is shot on a very low budget, and the director is loath to allow more than one take. Therefore the camera keeps running and many blunders end up on the screen. Stephanie DeSykes, who once cameo'd as a neurotic incognito pop starlet, says that the only way a girl could stop the camera rolling would be to jump onto a table, pull up her skirt and shout a rude word; then and only then might the budget stretch to a further take. Shock stories used to turn up in the *News Of The World* concerning the pittance the actors were paid, and the rod of iron with which actress Noele Gordon (portrayer of motel owner and ex-pivot Meg Mortimer) ruled, sacking actors at a whim. Recently the boring Meg has been relegated to a supporting role, leaving *Crossroads* to concentrate on the tribulations and love affairs of young folk and divorcees.

There is no spark of talent in set, script or cast. There are no good-looking women in it. It is a social climber, which is the kiss of death to potential. There are two castes in *Crossroads;* numb oafs (motel employees) and nature's aristocrats (motel owners and guests). No working-class person is ever smart; no middle-class person is ever stupid. Brains are measured entirely by sophistication, which *Crossroads* adores. Yes, *Crossroads* can always be relied upon to spice up a sober evening's fare with a little hilarious sophistication — interminable small-talk punctuated with knowing smiles, the occasional glass of *vin* and NO NOSE-PICKING IN PUBLIC.

The rich have sophistication and sometimes the poor have sex. The cardinal sin in *Crossroads* is being a single prole girl and having sex. Break this rule and you will be shot, strangled, struck by lightning or walled up in a nunnery. *Crossroads* is definitely the sickest "soap" on the "box".

It's also the least admired soap; but though the demi-monde mock, it is *crucial* to a mass of this country's citizens. It has benefited spectacularly from the break-up of community; these mild suds have a frightening power over the lost and the lonely. It is the biggest anti-abortion soapbox bar the Catholic Church; if half an hour of pro-abortion pap was broadcast three times a week there would be trouble.

It is the TV programme that most evokes that terrible psychopathic symptom in the populace: *not being able to tell fact from fiction* (maybe because it *is* lifelike; lots of people *are* as mediocre as this, they lead lives as powerless and uninspired as these). This is illustrated by the death threats an unpopular character regularly receives; by the way a woman once spat in the face of an actress whose character was *considering* abortion; by the way strangers often pinch the legs of an actor who plays a *Crossroads* cripple, to check whether he has any feeling in them. This is it — the moron as potential H-bomb.

WHEREAS *Crossroads* is written off as Now Dregs For Plain Plebs, ***Coronation Street*** is respected, a salty and ancient sailor with too much credibility to be camp. John Betjeman belongs to the Coronation Street Appreciation Society, and I can see why — *Coronation Street* idealises the working-class in exactly the same way as he deifies the suburban middle-class.

Coronation Street is the working-class as you wish they were, full of their own opinions and values, before they bought them HP from TV and became secular consumer viewers; before they started acting like *Crossroads* characters.

Coronation Street's actors are excellent, its scripts are scathing. It features some of the best-looking women on TV, from the fifty-plus

The gormless Crossroads crew

Coronation St: Eddie Yeats, Stan and Hilda Ogden

The Fiery Phoenix of the Street

The Dallas dolls: Pamela and Miss Ellie

Patricia Phoenix (Elsie) to the teenage Sally Jane Jackson (Karen), the most luscious blonde since Deborah Harry. No one who is not a star has ever walked down the Street:—

☐ Elsie Tanner, Lancashire's own Edith Piaf!

☐ Gail and Brian Tilsley, young married martyrs to monetarism!

☐ The miserable githood of Len Fairclough and his wife Rita's flights of freedom and fancy!

☐ Hilda Ogden, an extra-terrestrial being wafted to our planet from another world and still wearing her headgear as she struggles to keep her artistry alive in a life full of soul-destroying drudgery!

☐ The deserted Deirdre's love for the undeserving druid Ken Barlow!

☐ Bert and Ivy Tilsley, flaming Catholic trade unionists and ace interior decorators (in every dream home a crucifix!)

☐ Karen and Cheveski, hungry teenage lovers — she a policeman's daughter! — a wild Springsteen wet dream.

I could drool on forever about the sweet nothings each episode brings, the way Brian Tilsley took the heavy metal patches off his denim jacket when he got engaged — you didn't *see* him unpicking them, he just appeared one night without them — the best bit of Method Acting ever. The way Hilda sings; she sings divinely, somebody should give her a recording contract.

I COULD drool on, but ***Dallas*** comes next and of course everyone drops everything for *Dallas*. Of course everyone has a map of *Dallas* carved on their hearts. Of course those minutes of merciful cathode ray tube are the only things that anyone in this miserable banana republic lives for. Of course *Dallas* is the only thing in the world that matters.

For the non-sponges amongst you:

Home on the ranch is a torrid and tortuous affair for the oil-rich Ewing family. The big heat is eldest son JR, who wears a business suit, a stetson and a crocodile smile. He enjoys wrecking marriages, careers and lives (especially those of blood relatives) and his hobby is world domination.

Sounds fun, fun, fun! It was, until it became the most royal bore of all time.

The media hysteria concocted around *Dallas* during its lay-off (one Sunday newspaper recently mentioned or compared people to JR *five times;* one of the things that most horrified Solzhenitsyn about the "free" Western press was its almost entirely infantile content and style) has been astounding. The West gets self-righteous about the third word Russian tots learn — Mamasha, Papasha, Lenin. Oh yeah, JR's so much more *worthwhile*.

The initials JR have come to sum up everything pleb and time-wasting. The comic character himself has just been a new excuse for shabby-minded media men to bleat repeatedly "See, women love louses!" Those directly involved in *Dallas* have become real career bores; like with disco, *Dallas* started suffering the moment it discovered that thinking people were writing theories about it. The actors involved push sheer numbers as a defence against amazingly declining standards. ("More people see Dallas in one night than saw Garbo in her entire career." Of course! Numbers are synonymous with *quality!* Ten million cretins can't be wrong!)

Dallas had better not forget that it became successful because it was a *substitute* and a substitute shouldn't boast. It is a success because it fills the void that old Hollywood left — stories of money, beauty, big trouble, after the years of macho drabness inflicted on us by the '60s movie brats. The world has been deprived of screen goddesses ever since Elizabeth Taylor started her collection of chins; people wanted mystery and long eyes and that certain walk, things that they couldn't get from Streisand and Streep and all the countless one-minute-blondes from Faye Dunaway to Bo Derek.

But now the *Dallas* women have dropped into the parlour again and again, I predict familiarity and mass allegiance-switching, probably to one of those American *Dallas*-clones that should get here sometime next year — *Texas* or *Dynasty*. Then you won't be able to tell them apart, and you won't want any of them. Nothing kills fascination quicker than overkill.

Dallas contains too many boring psychiatrists and miscarriages, too many ham-fisted little sermons about breast cancer and alcoholism (two of the *Coronation Street* cast have survived breast cancer; one member died of alcoholism. Too real, man.)

Dallas has no humour. *There has never been one joke in Dallas.* Those involved would sneer at people who take *art* seriously, yet they do something equally naive: they take money seriously. *Dallas'* cause celebre, and its mistake, is the conviction that money is an aphrodisiac; this theory, of course, went out with *Gold Diggers Of 1812.* Ask any girl — the only aphrodisiac is being mad about the boy. Ask Priscilla Presley, who left Elvis — Everyman's ideal of sexmoneyglamour — for a pauper karate instructor. Taking either art or money so seriously that you never risk a cheap laugh at its expense — both are equally precious, so pretentious.

Dallas never gets in CLOSE; you want to hold a mirror over Ewing mouths to see if anything can testify to their breathing. The sex depends so much on some crass Olde Worlde idea of luxury, Gerald Harper style. Think of Karen and Cheveski in the office at night, and Karen turns off the torch to make it dark. Americans may never discover that the dark has more to do with sex than money stuffed down a Technicolour cleavage could ever have.

PUT THE English soaps against *Dallas;* it looks so pretty and vacant. I know it's knocked you off your feet, but it's just capitalising on your capitalist-learned AWE of big brute huge America, the world's ringmaster — with a whip! Oh, you make me feel so small, and it feels so good.

The cowboy that cried wolf — when I should have been on the boil I had the satori.

When something good keeps you waiting you want it more and more — when something bad keeps you waiting you lose interest in the coy little decoy. No, I really didn't give a damn who shot JR. There is more glamour, talent and sheer *entertainment* in one Sex Pistols song than in the entire infinite episodes of *Dallas*.

Dallas and The Sex Pistols highlight beautifully — and they are both beautiful, make no mistake. But your soul can't go with both — it's the difference between a tranquilliser and a stimulant. Why do DJs, TV, the tabloids, shove *Dallas* down your throat with such crusading zeal? Why are doctors so willing to hand out downers? Why can a junkie get methadone on the National Health? *Because you're beautiful when you're not angry.*

Beautifully easy to walk all over.

The stimulant-tranquilliser gap is the difference between a future and doom (American Cruise style. Cruising! Will you fight past the seduction of the American myth-words and find the core of complete death-wish Philistinism?), a gap bigger than that between generations or even races.

Are you a zombie or are you alive? Don't be greedy, you can't be both. You choose the forces of tranquillisation — TV, voting Tory, being laissez-faire liberal/libertarian — or the forces of stimulations — speed, active protest, the punk ideal.

This may be subjective; it may be that eighth deadly sin — "a value judgement". But it is the biggest truth I know.

LEMON SUCKING refers to the practice of sucking in the cheeks to affect the 'rock'n'roll' wasted look. Chewing, or neck bending, refers, I would suppose, to getting stuck in. Getting on with the job. Action!

"There should be more chewing," pronounces A.B.C.'s Martin Fry in a full flavoured Lancashire/Yorkshire crossover accent, " and less lemon sucking."

Fry and A.B.C. saxophonist Stephen Singleton are sat on a settee in a friend's London flat, sorting out the contents of their manifesto, making sure I know they mean business. Action! "if we do get our 15 minutes," states Singleton in a dry and croaked Yorkshire accent, "we want it to be five three-minute singles in the Top Ten."

Fry gets stuck in. "I want the music to be more sex, more exertion on the part of both parties — player and listener. The death of post-modernism, that dreary attitude . . ."

The interview comes to a close. On a TV in a corner that's silently flickering through some commercials, the actor who played Meg Mortimer's husband in *Crossroads,* killed by a heart attack whilst being held hostage by a terrorist group including David Hunter's son Chris, appears on the screen smoothily and toothily advertising Queensway furniture.

"That's a good sign," chorus Fry and Singleton in sheer delight. "Hugh Mortimer's alive! That's a sign of the new optimism!"

A.B.C. — attache-case commuter band vice-versa transmutes to radical dance faction. a five piece chainsaw pop group, throwing shapes. much more than 'the idea' . . . down the slide:
david robinson —drums
martin fry — vocals
mark lickley — bass
mark white — guitar
stephen singleton — saxophone
BUMP!!!

Records — as Vice Versa 5 track EP 'Music 4' (Neutron) Sheffield compilation 7" 1980: "The First Fifteen Minutes' with Clock DVA, I'm So Hollow And The Stunt Kites.

"It was a document for that time, not something that's going to sell for ever and ever. It was meant to be in people's attention for a short while. It didn't generate much interest, but that's life."

STEVE BUSH, Essential Bop's singer, meets me off the 125 at Bristol Temple Meads. In the darkness of the platform he passes the cigarette he's been nervously smoking from one hand to the other so that he can shake my hand. Straight away we're chatting like friends: are we supposed to be enemies? By the time we climb into his Mini-estate we've dropped into the inevitable conversation.

What's it all about? We charge out of the station car park, hurtling through Bristol's knotty city centre towards the Avon flat of his girlfriend. His driving is manic: he deals out drop dead looks to fellow drivers, swings the car from kerb to road centre at will, talks non-stop, swerves too quickly around corners. When we've finished the dizzying drive he apologises for his car handling.

"It reflects my personality," he admits.

Bush, studying Humanities but not keen on the student ethic, is a zealous communicator, animated and eccentrically articulate. A would-be poet alarmed by the lack of respect and serious attention given to the contemporary poem and poet, he eventually saw no real life in poetry and attacked the pop openings with flawed grace and gaudy good will. His conversation, his heartlifting worldview, reminds me of something somewhere between Andy Partridge and Howard Devoto: between wacked and racked, if not between wacky and wary. He seems to be continually on the verge of a nervous breakdown, urging himself through real and imaginary obstacles: he gets worked up, so how could we not get on?

"I'm interested in the grey areas between the right and the left, the extremes . . . I feel blank half the time. I don't feel hate, I don't feel love, I don't feel good, I don't feel bad. Most of us, I think, I feel a lot of the time just don't experience those extremes. I can stare at the wall all day. I just don't know what to think. I don't think anything!! That's a mysterious world that people don't write about. I think it's interesting. I want to know what's happening up there when I'm switched off."

He stares at a wall: but he's very switched on. Anything to exorcise the wailing Pop Group ghost. He talks into the microphone of my tape recorder. "We're going to be literate, we're going to have style, we're not going to be po-faced, we're going to be danceable, we're going to have variety and we're going to get you whether you like it or not, whether it takes three months, three years or three decades."

ESSENTIAL BOP — the painted sound/the eloquent sound. twisting the arms of common sense: dislocating the rock'n'role rationale. part the curtains:
steve bush — voice
simon tyler — keyboards
danny cotteril — guitar
dave robinson — bass (recently left)
phil howard — drums
APPLAUSE!!!

Records — Essential Bop 4 track EP 'Eloquent Sounds' (Monopause).

"The EP satisfies our vinyl lust after two and a half years."

ONE OF the very very few things the bursting bubble of Scottish bang-bands have in common is that they get interviewed by *NME* in a pub just off the Carnaby Street parade. Orange Juice, Josef K, Positive Noise . . . now Restricted Code, gathered around a deep brown wooden table. Drinking cider could be another thing they have in common.

The letters of mild abuse straggle in: accusing this writer of 'manufacturing' a Scottish scene for financial benefit. There's no scene: just something to be seen. We should rise up to the challenge. There's been lots to smile about when it comes to music from the two cities, Glasgow and Edinburgh: nothing to get paranoid about.

"There is no Glasgow scene, it must be repeated. We don't think about it much anyway. The only time we would think about it would be if there was a Scottish backlash in the press just as we started to feature. We're in a good position though, cos we're a Glasgow band signed to an Edinburgh company, so all the Glasgow bands think we're an Edinburgh group and all the Edinburgh bands think we're a Glasgow band . . . so we can sit above it!"

They self-consciously squirm a little on their hard brown chairs. There's an unaffected and unexpected shyness they're struggling to dispel: it's at odds with their fresh (faced) and unspoilt directness, it doesn't push them in the right direction. "We really do think that we're an honest band. All our songs are completely unpretentious in their approach." They grin at each other. "Maybe we've been reading too many Dexy's essays."

Now more than ever, though, I say, there has to be an arrogance in groups such as Restricted Code.

"Definitely. If you're not arrogant and you don't push yourself then someone less worthy is going to do it and get ahead of you. It is just something that has got to be done. We're not very forceful, we're not very pushy. It's maybe not arrogance on our part but self-confidence. We'll make it because we are better than other people."

RESTRICTED CODE — for radio, dancing and escaping from this room into that room. the fall popped up: pop to fall over with. still young (and) so right. open the box:
tom cannavan — vocals and guitar
frank quadrelli — guitar and vocs
kenny blythe — bass and vocs
robert mccormick — drums
(currently unable to join permanently — too young!)
ZING!!!

Records — Restricted Code two songs on Statik Glasgow compilation 'Second City Statik'.

"We don't like that. We don't play the songs anymore. We try and forget about it. We were really embarrassed when *Sounds* gave it five stars."

Single on Pop: Aural 'First Night On'/'From The Top'.

I'M RANDY for singles: this year an overwhelming demand I've developed over the years was satisfied. Most of my favourite groups have put out two or three smash singles. Orange Juice, Beat, Skids, Banshees, U2, Wah! Heat, Orchestral Manouvres, Magazine, Josef K, Dexy's, ACR, Joy Division. Then there's been special things from Ludus, The Bongos, Snatch, Adam, Grace Jones, Bow Wow Wow, Eric Random, Girls At Our Best, Ultravox, Au Pairs, Fire Engines, And The Native Hipsters, The B-52s, Cure, Cristina, TV21, Revillos, Fall . . .

This is no rampant collectors fetish: stacking them up like matchbox labels. Just being caught up in excitement that can exist on some level.

Put all this together: make up connections, blend some trends, submit to some blind spots and you could see and then say that there's an up-tempo pop-beat: on some level it's been an ace year. Nothing that could convert anyone to anything in particular, though. Some times it wakes you up and makes you tingle to divide things up, back things in, vote for your favourites, but it never makes anything clearer.

If on some level it's been an ace year, nowhere near enough has been done to shift the emphasis away from rock'n'roll statistics and tradition and it's massively overestimated raving. The ice-berg — inert, lumpy, vast — is taking centuries to melt. Wishful thinking isn't warm enough to melt it.

I TALK with the three permanent Restricted Code lads the day after a groggy gig at the Hammersmith Odeon with the Human League. I wondered if once it would have been their ambition to appear in such an 'important' hall: a peak in one's career!

"Maybe a year ago," grimaces Tom. "Then we might have thought this is it!" agrees Frank. Kenny will say little: his face will remain deadpan. Tom: "But not now. We've got bigger and better goals." They decide they won't ever play a place like that again. Let's hope! It was so cold!

Restricted Code don't belong in the fashioned man's world of rock'n'roll, all that dopey dues-paying and learning the trade. They're not extraordinary enough to shock the socks off you. In their proper place — a nightclub between videos of Velvet Underground and Monochrome Set, daytime radio, Get It Together — their anxious presence would be sharp and nippy and there would be an attractive tension. Their twist-turn pulp-pop/soul is as refreshing as The Disractions, a fluid collision of the trite, the enigmatic, the familiar and the unclassified.

Cannavan's voice quivers, implores with an unscientific elegance. Their songs are not smooth or frigid: their surface is serrated, tripping guitars fret and foam. There are still packs of possibility with the three minute song/bass/drum/guitar/voice . . . idiomatic, expressive and effective . . . see also Fire Engines, Au Pairs . . .

"We are a very anti-keyboard band, and I think that's just a reaction against the keyboard bands. There are so many of them and they are all sort of alternative chart based. Some people do use them well, but we think that the guitar/bass/drum line up used well can be the most exciting and passionate sound you could hope for."

They play an up-dated pop music-fired from a pop-gun for fun and friendship — but say they feel out of synch. Is this so? There are queues of inspired pop groups.

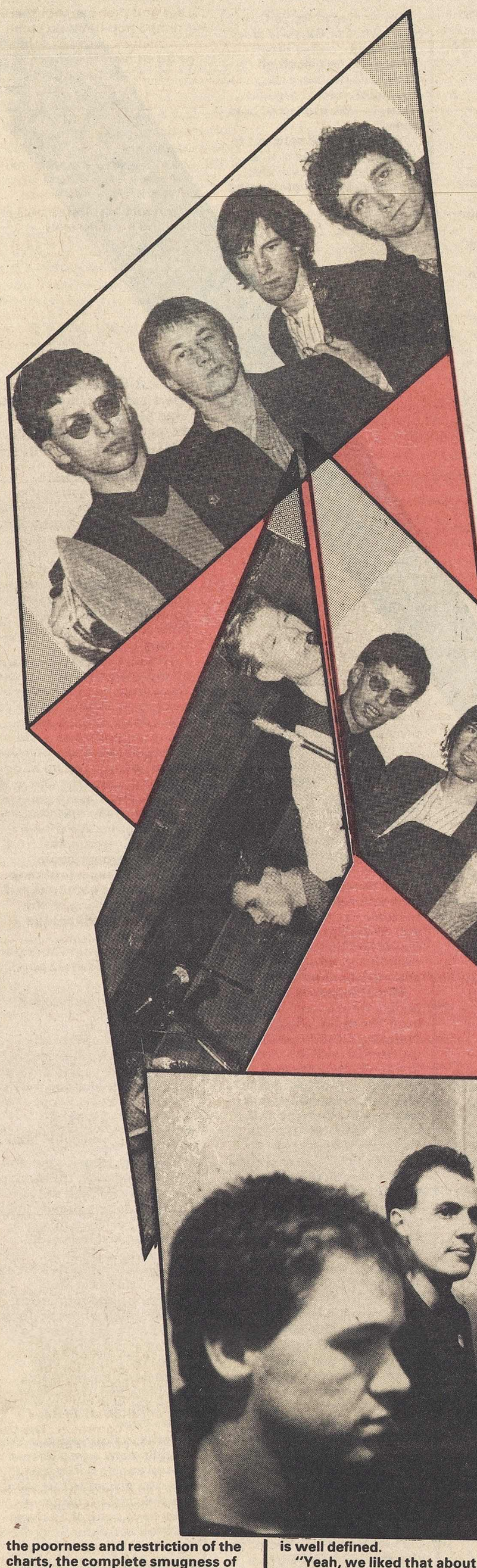
"Well, there are certain steps that we could take that could put us in synch . . . basic things like appearance. 90% of new bands have certain things in common . . . a female band member for a start, a fringe, and the songs are not so much doomy but they all attempt to be . . ." Tom struggles for the phrase. "Sort of social realism."

And in so doing probably end up less pertinent than an austere Restricted Code comment. The Code correctly sneer at the crabbed, cramped new underground.

"A year ago we would have loved to be in the underground charts, but now it doen't mean as much. It would still be good, but certainly not an end."

Bob Last's Pop: Aural label was formed to carry devious, succint new pop music down an unorthodox channel into the charts. The label is all at once idealistic, an exercise, practical, compact, tasteful, over-calculated. In less complicated times it was fine for Fast to work towards setting up a vibrantly critical, constructive alternative and to point out the ineptitude of the major labels and the lethargic vulgarity of rock'n'roll through the early haphazard bursts 2.3, Human League, Scars, Gang of Four, and The Mekons. People took notice, even if that early spikiness was eventually promiscuously absorbed by the establishment. In today's chaos, it's not so easy. Setting up an alternative is not enough. The establishment have reacted to punk insensitively from our point of view but successfuly from theirs.

Last's second stage, Pop: Aural, with discreet sense of occasion acknowledges the different climate:



BRISTOL BOP! GLASGOW POP! IT'S AS EASY AS ABC!

PAUL MORLEY tries to melt the iceberg of rock conservatism with a tale of three new pop curiosities — Essential Bop, Restricted Code and ABC.

Far left: Martin Fry reflects on having his name up in lights. Top: Essential Bop. Centre left: A.B.C. onstage; centre right: the E. Boppers. Bottom: Restricted Code.

the poorness and restriction of the charts, the complete smugness of the alternative champions. It fashions a pop awareness that's as measured as EMI's with Sheena Easton, that specifies the counter-style of Fast. It doesn't want to be remote. But will it work?

"Not at the moment, and I don't think that Bob sees that it will. He's not a member of the BPI for a start. But he can make moves to break down something, take certain steps, license the label out. Bob has a vision for Pop: Aural. The ideas pour out of him. "He knows the label is out of synch with what's happening at the moment, but he's very quietly confident, as are we, that it's only a matter of time. "Tom laughs at yet more 'cheek.'

Restricted Code look good inside Last's attractive Pop: Aural structure. Pop: Aural recognise, as they need to, that the pop single is product, and needs to be sold as something special, yet trivial. Pop: Aural's presentation and promotion is well defined.

"Yeah, we liked that about Pop: Aural. That's important. Their track record also interested us, as Fast. Human League and The Mekons were all great at the time. We sent demos off to lots of people, got responses from a few, but Bob just came straight through and said come in. I think he was impressed that we didn't pretend to be anything other than a group who weren't ashamed to say they wanted to make great singles."

Pop: Aural's version of pop, their confident pop vision, has been dourly contested. Pop: Aural singles have not been received too well.

"We're very aware of that. I don't know if we're naive but we're hoping that people will listen to our single as our record and not anything else. It's not a very hip label at the moment. I don't know why."

Blame it on pop papers' loss of priorities: they're not bothered about working out a coherent framework. But rock paper's predictable colour blindness isn't so much of an obstacle.

"We are aiming for Radio One and Peter Powell, but it's going to be a gradual thing. What we'd really like is a gradual change in Radio One's standards."

This is said with a sparkle in the eyes. Are Restricted Code going to burn up?

"We just exist for the moment. In practical terms, people whose opinions we trust say our new songs are better than the ones we were writing two months ago . . . We're just going up. Bob's got a lot of faith in us. If this single flops then we put out another, if that flops we put out another and on and on. We're not going to left on our own. If we went back to doing pub gigs in Glasgow I don't know what it would be like. But we don't think in those terms at all. We don't even imagine it. Too much self-confidence."

Restricted Code are a 1981 pop group. Tom frowns, although he manages to smile at the same time.

"The thing is, you know it, and the people who read you know it . . . Maybe we should be talking to the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun*. But who'd listen?"

RESTRICTED CODE, with a sulk on their well-scrubbed faces, report that it's been disappointing year. I know what they mean. Radio One chivalrously abolished their dreaded playlist, but daytime radio just got many times worse. The spaces between exciting records got longer and longer. The new pop allocation was mean, disturbingly biased towards unpropitious dilutions of the new style and distinction of the new pop. It was as if Radio One meant to spite the critics who for an age snidily decried the playlist's existence. OK — out it goes. Now see what happens.

TOTP, that chronic church of wet dreams, went away — as if to fatefully spite 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' charting — and came back promising to be looser and livelier: it became a joke, an adult addition, almost, to BBC's typical variety output. The charts — mirror in the pop-room — degenerated.

There's been all these hot singles this year and who would know it! The odd pop writer, the eager compiler of 'alternative charts', the reader of well-mannered fanzines, the single buyer who never ever falls asleep . . .

If there's a renovating return to an emphasis on style, on colour, to the tantalising disciplines of the active, loquacious three to four-minute song: if there are a thousand and one versions of the pop vision from Stray Cats to Cabaret Voltaire, if dance and excitement and gossip and neoteric demands are seeping back into fashion, you wouldn't know it through Radio One or TV pop. You certainly wouldn't know it through the alternative charts, which by their very nature seem to want to drape everything in grey, although maybe you could just sense the change coming . . . The mood is there: scattered, but coalescing.

I'M LISTENING to Steve Bush, and sometime during the past 18 months he's been listening to the Mark in The Pop Group. Let's lecture.

■ *Continues over*

Bristol Bop! Glasgow Pop! It's as easy as ABC!

■ *From previous page*

" 'Why aren't you doing anything, Steve,' he was saying . . . Well, I said, I am doing something, I've got the group, I'm trying . . . 'Yeah, but what you're doing isn't the right thing!' Well, what do you mean? 'Everyone should be allowed to do what they want!' Yes, Mark, yes. You have to embrace some kind of French resistance attitude to everything. I had to take two days off work after this confrontation."

Bush calls the Pop Group 'beatnik fascists.' They are a symbol of dodgy elitism, of confused dialectic, they told us what not to do with our guilt and our shame . . . The Pop Group averted our gaze away from Bristol. How many more were there like that! Bristol is caught up in itself, making awkward attempts via unappealing labels like Heartbeat and Fried Egg, to communicate something outside the city borders. More than any of the obvious cities that have been burdened with 'scene' tags, there is a Bristol community, almost completely locked in its own dimension.

"A gold fish bowl," says Bush, "where everyone swims around and round each other inside the glass." The Pop Group, maybe, contaminated Bristol — from outsiders' and insiders' points of view. Bush talks unchecked for 15 minutes about the snobbishness and cliqueishness and isolation of Bristol. He's battling against Bristol, and being stuck inside Bristol, instead of battling against the bigger things outside.

"You can only hit out at the things that you see. And for us that's been the Bristol bullshit, and there has been a lot of it. This has been the bands' fault, the fault of people ignoring what's been going on, certain attitudes. There have been a number of times in Bristol when there have been a lot of good bands, and if they'd been encouraged they could have come on. It's dormant now, just beginning to build up again. Something will have to happen, or it will just drop again. We are concentrating on the outside now. The EP is to get us outside after two years, and to say — look at us! We're going to go on making records until people really start buying them, and talking about us. 'Eloquent Sounds' is our first shot but it's no way our main shot. A little teaser, really."

At the moment Essential Bop's rich would-be cabaret pop lacks definition and power, can succumb too readily to convolution and equivocal mannerisms. Essential Bop are apt to gush a little, but they're a long way from being plain. Bush's vocal heroes are Aznavour, Sinatra and most of all Scott Walker (next year's big thing). He sings — a joyous, copious collision of syllables and images — with mad elegance, switching from suaveness to seriousness to all tensed up. The Bop sound is an abbreviated psychedelia . . . early Soft Machine and Pink Floyd, snatches of gentler Velvets, dashes of 'Pebbles' pulp, twisted around the new days stylings of Magazine and The Associates. Going over the top. Going round the bend. A dangerously sonorous sound.

Bush shows me a letter from a local BBC TV producer — Bush had tried to get Bop on a local tea-time magazine programme. The producer called Essential Bop 'way out . . . too rock'n'roll with five A-levels . . .' which is indicative of a wet, old-fashioned, even slumming attitude that maintains pop can never by intelligent, adventurous, emotional . . . the old rock laws. Fear of sophistication and change and new/style.

Essential Bop find themselves, peculiarly, in the middle of a road.

"We get it from both sides. We get the highbrow accusation from one side, 'oh they're just trying to impress us', and then we get the 'you're too rock'n'roll' from The Pop Group school. We're just a beat group!"

A beat group with an absurdist slant.

"There's horror in our music, and there's humour."

The Bop need to smarten themselves up in all ways. Keep a few secrets. Get a sharp manager who can tell them what not to do. Smile as if they know something no-one else does, or as if they're crazed, or don't smile at all. Amplify the good things in their make-up, smother the ugly things. With discipline they could get very good, and they would be talked about. It's better to calm down than to try too hard: in some ways.

WHILE THE pop charts have been smoothed down, and have become harder to penetrate, at the other extreme the new underground has settled in place. A stern circuit of protest and featureless tenacity. The establishment of the alternative charts is important — it reveals there is a demand for musics that are not pitilessly churned out by the record industry, that realms of imagination and innovation exists in new rock — but it has given groups a false sense of security, a low sight to aim for.

Alternative charts have helped the new underground cement. They have become an end, not a beginning.

But there is definitely a new mood spreading: not something that gives in to crass commercialism. A mood that picks up and re-models the dreams and themes of the original punk groups, that opposes the uselessness of starring in the alternative charts in these days of Easton, Waterman and Streisand that aims to blast through into people's consciousness.

Teenagers who are picking up on pop for the first time should have a fresh, changing choice not a stiff handed-down one. The rock jumble sale, those seventh hand emotions, those worn out tricks, those cracked egos.

The mood is there. From Bow Wow Wow to Orange Juice, U2 to A.B.C. Change of images. Towards an overground brightness, fighting for the right to bring life back to radio, to make the single count, to be let through to their natural audience. Modern excitement. As A.B.C., now as neo. "Vote with your feet." Smash the Radio One dictatorship. "Democratic dance music!"

For choice and value.

STEPHEN SINGLETON has thought of an ambition: "When Gail has an argument with Brian Tilsley *(Coronation Street)* and then goes upstairs to sulk, I want her to play and A.B.C. record . . . that subliminal interference."

Then we'd know that there had been a shift in emphasis. A.B.C. are highly organised. Their galvanising pop sensibility incorporates and impetuous appreciation of the subtleties and sensationalism of pop: A.B.C. want to impress with exhilarating style. They know that image and presence and projection — discreet or romantic — is all important. A.B.C. are fans, they intuitively understand the pop images and pop moods that turn us on. The metaphysical attractions.

A.B.C. are not ashamed or scared of the word, the suggestion, *'pop'*.

"People tend to think that pop is a bad thing and that all the things that go with it are wrong. Oh Radio One, oh *Top Of The Pops,* oh no, that's terrible. But those things are there to be used. It doesn't matter about the rest of the groups on, if there's one that's good then it's worthwhile. We've got to be the one thing that is worthwhile."

Are A.B.C. dreaming?

"You've got to be confident about what you're doing. You've got to think that this is the best thing ever, or why else bother?"

A.B.C. were Vice Versa: three piece electro-pop group whose stage presence was volatile, music excitable and intentions dramatic. They played their last show as V.V. embedded in the Leeds Futurama listings. The transformation fulfils the need for change that is a fundamental part of their strategy.

"Change as stability, change as strength. Ours is a doctrine of perpetual development."

For Fry and Singleton, the change from V.V. to A.B.C. is like: "From Tyrannosaurus Rex to T. Rex, from Radio Interference to Radio One, from Matt to Gloss. A brand new name: a new brand name. We've discarded synthetic rhythm patterns in favour of natural organic sound — the drum and bass axis."

On a postcard sent out to interested parties V.V.'s impulsive manifesto was outlined. Fry, Singleton and White claimed: "We're . . . more related to Northern Soul than rock'n'roll . . . We will provide the soundtrack for the second industrial revolution. Vice Versa have no time for the popular public image generated by the majority of people operating in the electronics field. We remain anti-cybermen, anti-digitalsterile, anti-docile mannequins, we want to usurp twee 'moderne' mannerisms. Two tonic or teutonic, we want to meet you. We adapt clarity and distortion, melody and dissonance, adrenalin, dance and momentum."

With Robinson and Lickley joining from a funk orientated base, the music alters radically. A.B.C. leave behind the futurist / elitism circus (personified by Stevo, a 17th rate Steve Strange) and its artificial compendium and numerous trap doors and create explicable, explicit glossy now-funk noise. A beautifully formed new form.

"We needed to change to keep interested. We were not achieving what we wanted to before, we were absorbing and swelling but not progressing. We wanted to get away from the dependence on synthesizers. We were frustrating ourselves. Now we have more sounds at our disposal. With the electronic thing we were lumped together with all those other bands, even though we were trying to do something more electric and kinetic . . . Fad Gadget, Human League, Orchestral Manoeuvres. But the trap wasn't so much being categorised, we just felt trapped by the instruments we'd got.

"A.B.C. is a manifestation of the Vice Versa manifesto. The idea that you can be a pop group and be exciting, legitimate, credible. It is now soulful, a stimulant, a proper dance music. Change, challenge, now as neo . . .

"We were also getting frustrated because the music we like is more Rose Royce and James Brown than Fad Gadget and we were getting lots of weird letters asking us what kind of electronic music we liked, and they were shocked by the types of music we liked. Throbbing Gristle to T. Rex and Chic. Just because we played electronic music didn't mean we had to agree with everything everyone else did with electronic music. Words like 'artistic integrity' are meaningless these days . . . it's got to be colour, dance, excitement . . . Spandau Ballet are just scratching the surface."

A.B.C. talk too much, but there's more to their words than just passion or theory. Something can happen in 1981, and A.B.C. can be part of that.

They did a tour with Cowboys International a while back, and learned how not to do a tour. It gave them an insight into the rock business, and they didn't want to know about it. They've played the Marquee and the Middlesbrough Rock Garden: they want to find different ways of getting through.

"It's do or die. We've played all those horrible places, and there must be other ways of putting on a show. So we're going to go out and avoid doing supports and avoid having people support us, and we're going to put on a show so that people are coming to see *US,* and if every group did something like that things could change. We'd have a master of ceremonies, a full disco . . . groups could emphasise aspects of their unit. You can get through if you keep working. We're going to do it. Simple as that."

And the ultimate ambition?

"To write a perfect pop single."

THE NEW optimism . . . or yet more promises? Is it possible to kiss the life back into popular pop music? The new mood is to oppose the rock'n'roll way of working: the futile toiling, the dirty gigs, the crippling routines, the weak style, the limited language, that whole senseless draft and duty.

Certain labels already point the way. For them music is more than just music: it's something to dress up. Intelligence, intrigue, a love of the little things in life, re-applying and reinforcing the essentials of the pop spirit for the new age. From the plotted avant garde to the processed pop: the urge is for excitement. Extreme and enriching. This doesn't mean escapism. But you can't moan all the time.

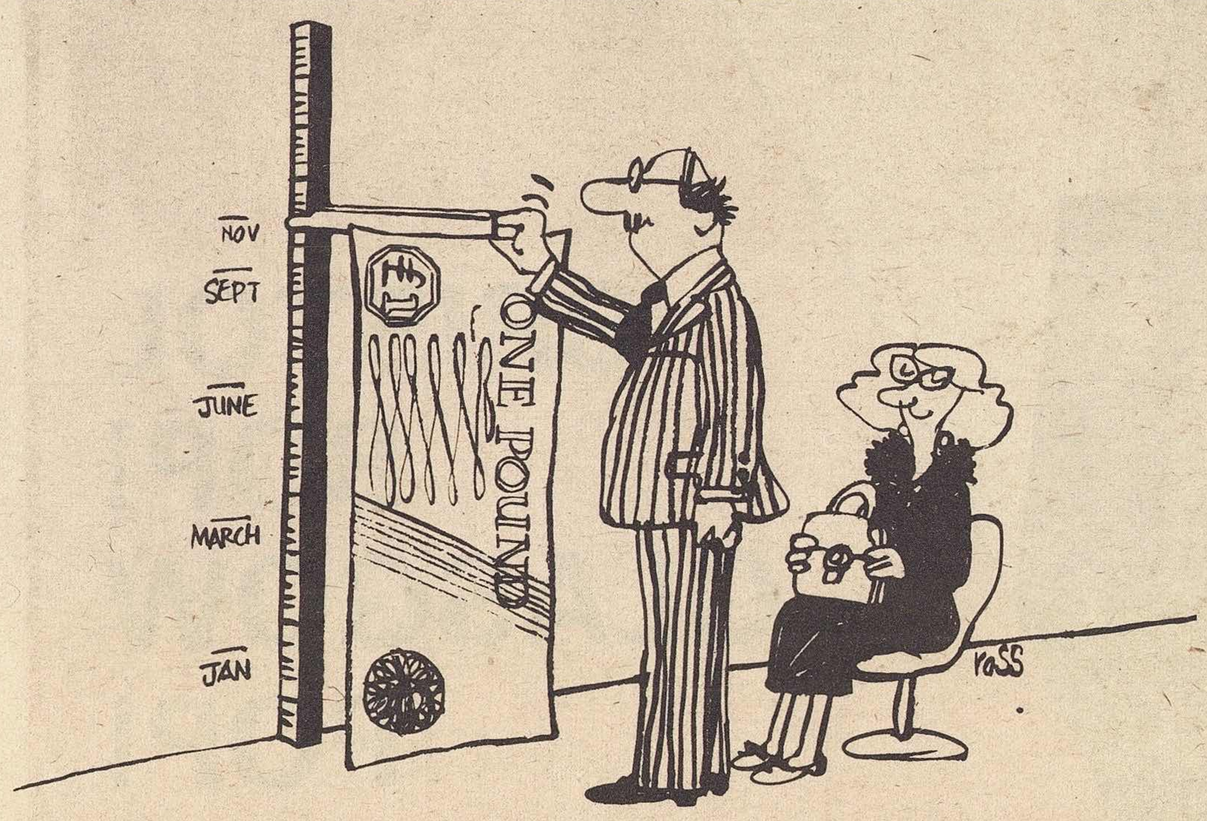
Perhaps the hippies in the establisment are so deeply rooted and so widespread they can dissipate this mood, like they did all the others. They have control. Perhaps it'll stop at Adam, Stray Cats, Spandau, Bow Wow Wow . . . pinched before it's had a chance to explode. This could be our last chance.

While there are groups like Restricted Code and A.B.C., with their determination and their design, there's hope. The groups keep coming: but it's getting like a traffic jam. From all over the place!

A.B.C., Essential Bop and Restricted Code are three: vitally eclectic, anti-rock'n'roll, desperately frustrated. No longer is there an acceptance of that cob-webbed corner they're shoved in. They want to be noticed, to be loved, to be involved. They want a big display in the supermarkets, not to be stuck on a high shelf in the corner shop.

We could go on as though nothing was wrong.

Or we could dance! dance! dance! to the radio.



Saving regularly with us adds extra interest.

Midland has a brand new scheme called the Bonus Savings Account.
Simply pay in a fixed sum, from £10 upwards, every month,
for either 12 or 24 months, without touching it.
And you'll get bonuses.
1% extra interest per annum on the 12 month agreement,
1¼% on the 24 month agreement.
This is additional to the existing good interest rate
on deposit accounts. And, as with deposit accounts, interest
is now paid quarterly without deduction of tax.
Your local branch has the details, drop in for a chat.
It's in the interest of your interest.

Midland

Come and talk to the listening bank

Midland Bank Limited

HI THERE! No bush-beating preambles for your festive *T-Zers* page this week. Nosir/madamee. Instead, shirt sleeves rolled, we plunge straight into the smoke filled room and get right down to the nitty gritty. Indeed, no nitty was ever grittier than the stuff we have for you. *(Hello, hello, anyone out there? What are we doing this far up the paper?)* Never mind that, let's tell the world about . . .

Richard Strange's new club type thingy venture, Cabaret Futura, which got off to a fair start last week. This was in spite of a few teething problems such as non-arrival of the scheduled opening attractions **Cristina** ("a severe attack of nerves" was cited) and the revered war poet **Richard Jobson** (who just, uh, forgot about it but promises to turn up soon). More reliable talents, whether they be performance artists, film-makers, musicians or what have you, who would like to play there can contact Richard at 677 4085 . . .

Word also circulates that the much-vaunted vinyl partnership of **Grace Jones** and **A Certain Ratio** is significantly less likely to be consummated following the departure from Island Records of the A&R person masterminding the liaison . . .

But Arista Records, meanwhile, are rumoured to be showing more than a passing interest in legendary household name **Fela Anikathingy-Kuti** . . .

More unsubstantiated but nevertheless intriguing reports suggest that the next **Who** album will boast portraits of individual band members **Ron, Tom, Dick** and **Harry** painted by ultra-leading artists including **David Hockney** and **Peter Blake** . . .

Readers of top US jazz mag *Down Beat* voted **The Clash** as top group in the Rock section of their recent poll. And that was *before* they heard the Westway Wonders' treatment of Mose Allison's 'Look Here' on 'Sandinista!' (Or, if you prefer, *but* that was before they heard the Westway Wonders' treatment of Mose Allison's 'Look Here' on 'Sandinista!') . . .

Noted soul gardener Stevie Wonder will be among those spearheading a march in Washington on 15 January *(Look, have we T-Zers been promoted for loyal service or something! This is the front half of the paper for chrissakes!)* We're not telling. Now this here march we were talking about is to support congressional legislation aimed at having the birthday of **Martin Luther King** recognised as a national holday . . .

Less, like, positive vibes, y'know, off the news that **Diagram Brother Lawrence Diagram** got beaten up in a Manchester pub by followers of the unappealing NF. Happily our Lawrence was not badly hurt although the creeps in question did rip off the chap's CND badge . . .

Notorious music business outsiders **The Fall** have finally hired a publicist — this follows their decision that they're fed up earning £20 a week. Twenty quid? A week?? That's sheer luxury to some of us round here . . .

And still in the world of publicity (just for a change on the *T-Zers* page, you understand), congratulations to **Al Clerke,** of Virgin, who in addition to his press work becomes Deputy Managing Director of Virgin Books and a director of Virgin Records. Ever ready with the quotable quote, Klarc, 16, comments: "Having kissed moguldom lightly on the cheek all these years, I'm pleased to be getting my tongue firmly down its throat" . . .

And spare a thought at this time of celebration, for those less fortunate than yourselves: **Barry Manilow** has three albums in the charts, as well as a fast-rising single. Which means that a whole lot of people are in for the lousiest Christmas presents they'll ever receive . . .

THE **RUTS DC** about to make their New York debut this weekend — at the inevitable Hurrah's — without a record deal but surrounded by considerable media interest . . .

Oval recording stars **Local Heroes SW9** claim to be having second thoughts about calling their new single 'Love Is Essential' (sub-titled 'and free plugs in *T-Zers* are very nice too') after some South Lambeth malcontent chucked a housebrick through the windscreen of their van. Worse, singer **Kevin Armstrong** was driving it at the time . . .

Altered Images have signed to CBS — "their throats are cut" remarks one observer darkly. *(Hmmh, it's quite nice up here really — air's a bit rarified, mind, but it's a lot fresher than being stuck next to Gasbag)* Well enjoy it while you can. This is strictly a one off deal, y'know. Now then, where were we . . .

Having no trouble 'shaping up' is **Japan** bass operative **Mick Karn.** His exhibition of sculptures has been running at London's Hamilton Gallery since December 8, and has now been extended indefinitely . . .

Fresh from his adventures with **The Clash, Mickey Dread** has been mixing it with **Paul Simon** as well — the fruit of their joint labours is to be a 12" for imminent release on his own Dread At The Controls label . . .

And also: did you know that Paul's younger brother **Nick Simon** was once 'mooted' (technical term) as 'sticksman' for that self-same Clash? And that nowadays he's to be found 'hitting the skins' with **Pearl Harbour And The Explosions?** And where would you be without us to provide you with such essential information? . . .

The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle gets its first public screening in the US this week at — you guessed it — Hurrah's . . .

Mick Jagger taking a break from **Stones** recording work to take a film role in **Werner Herzog's** *Fitzcarldo* movie, filmed in the depths of the Peruvian jungle . . .

Yes, it's come to this: **Bow Wow Wow** played a student-only gig in Scarborough last Friday — over 18s only, at that. "The end of Bow Wow Wow" mutters that same observer, darkly . . .

Reformation have offered **ABC** a contract, which the band are now thinking over. Think hard, ABC — would you sign to the same label as **Spandau Ballet?** . . .

John Cooper Clark was reported as having lost a notebook last week (again?). Anyone spotting the runaway tome should detain it (but careful, it could be armed) and ring 403 1274 . . .

Johnny Thunders still trying to get a band, and his head, together — in which order we're not sure. Cornered in Max's Kansas City the wasted one said: "Why did I start? Kicks ... It sure kicked the shit outta me!" Acupuncture has failed him so far, as have efforts to get **Jerry Nolan** back in the band . . .

HOW refreshing to turn from all that sleaze and bring you news of the glittering all star array that turned up to witness **The Mo-dettes** play the Marquee. Not only **The Au Pairs** and **Stray Cats,** but also **Spizz Whateveritis** and **Ramona**'s number one fan — yes, it's that man again — **Richard Jobson** . . .

And that rascal **Jello Biafra,** of **The dead Kennedys,** stakes a further claim to notoriety (believed to be his seventeenth this week) by virture of his fracas with a **Spizz** roadie in San Francisco. Said disturbance occurred while our Spizz was performing his deeply moving 'Soldier Soldier', and upon spotting the trouble the fearless lad dived audience-wards to sort it out — only to emerge some time later, pale and shaken, with the words "Believe it or not, that was meant to be an anti-war song" . . .

And believe it or not, that's all till next year ...

T-ZERS

BRING ON THE CLONE!

Double trouble with little Elvis

DID *you* know that during his army hitch in West Germany Elvis used to while away the hours between reveille and taps immersing himself in the writings of philosophers who believed in the possible existence of 'superhumans'? Well, he did, and the unnatural fascination he developed for the subject led him to underwrite the creation of his own *clone son* — at the price of a cool $10 million in the form of a research grant.

The donation was made to the world's centre of cloning research — located on the tiny island of Guam. Scientists 'Darwin' and 'Paul', who performed the delicate operation, declined to be interviewed by *Thrills* and *Modern People* magazine, but they let slip that the King's genetic duplicate made his earthly debut through a 'natural' birth process on Dec 11, 1976, which coincides ironically with the hayday of punk! El's clone was born only eight months after his super Dad kicked the bucket.

The doctors strenuously deny repeated accusations that the clone child has since been abducted from the hospital complex, and stress that he is 'alive and well'.

Longtime Presley associates have offered *Thrills* several explanations for the King's decision to implant his multimillion dollar cells (in the form of a 'fertilised ovum') within the womb of a 17-year-old virginal Guammette. One is that Elvis cherished an increasing interest in the miracles of modern medical science which extended to cellfusion techniques and that he longed to be "the first" chosen for genetic duplication.

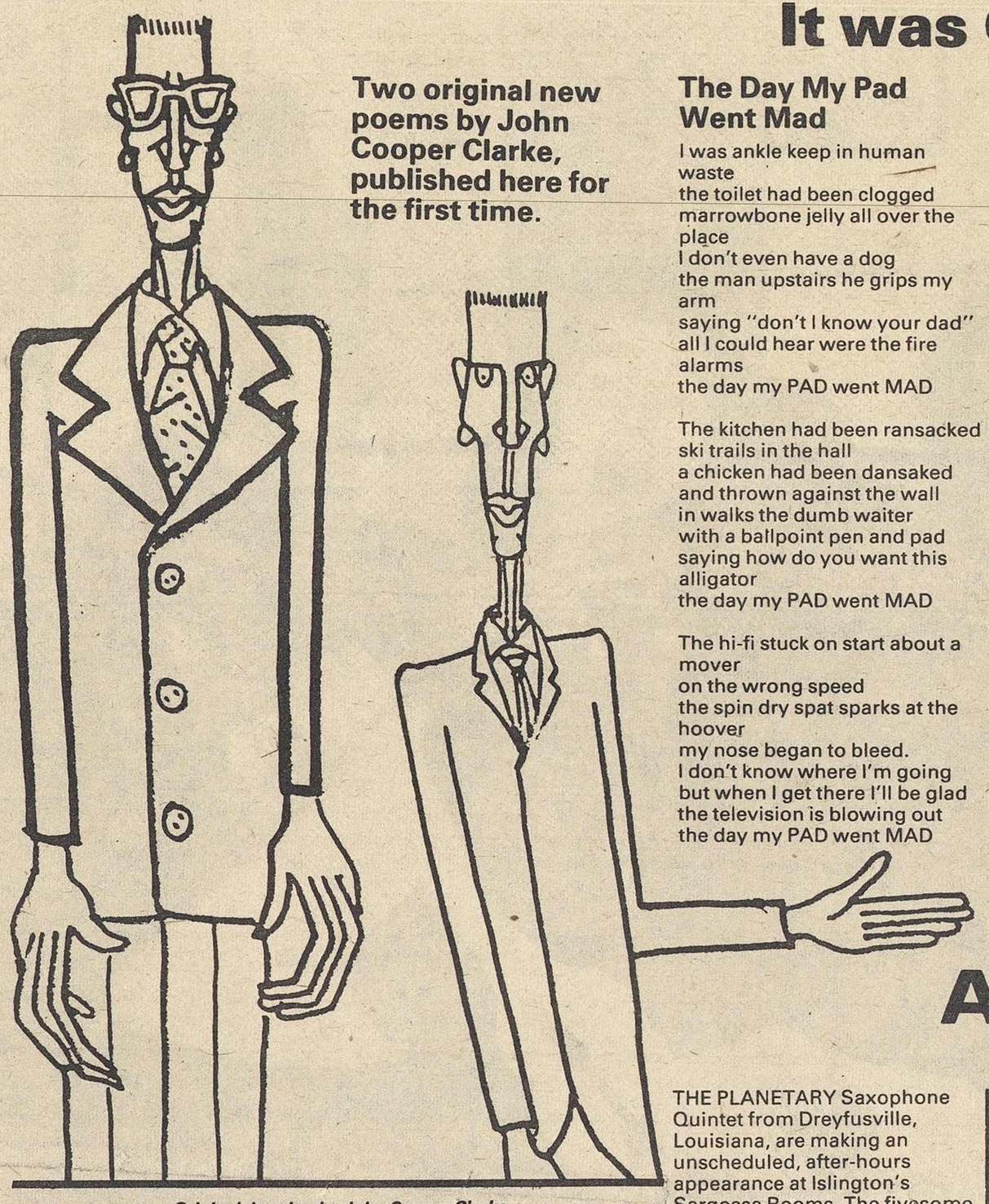
"You have to understand," one such source told *Modern People* (who have offered an equivalent ten million to the finder of the King's son, whom they genuinely believed to have been 'napped), "that seeing El go in and out of hospitals and labs was nothin' unusual. He had many medical problems and he frequently went in for treatment. But I vividly recall the one time he came in and stayed for 16 hours — he was still there when I came in to sweep up the next morning. It was all very secretive. My supervisor told me that the thing was being hushed up by the big brass, but that a nucleus *had* been implanted."

Another friend of Presley's felt that Elvis had always longed for a second child — a son — and that he came to Guam in search of this "basic and understandable" desire. "He also feared for the well-being of his ex-wife Priscilla and Lisa, their little girl. He wanted a clone to care for them in his absence; he had a very strong sense of impending death."

So far the hunt for the King's carbon-copy continues — and so does the controversy about just *WHY* exactly rock's all-time greatest forked out ten million to leave behind a male heir in his own image. After Christmas, *Thrills* investigated the possibility that the Presley will contained a heretofore secret clause reserving recording time in a small South Pacific studio as far ahead as 1996.

DR LINE-US PALLING

Pic from 'Modern People'



Original drawing by John Cooper Clarke.

Two original new poems by John Cooper Clarke, published here for the first time.

It was Christmas

The Day My Pad Went Mad

I was ankle keep in human waste
the toilet had been clogged
marrowbone jelly all over the place
I don't even have a dog
the man upstairs he grips my arm
saying "don't I know your dad"
all I could hear were the fire alarms
the day my PAD went MAD

The kitchen had been ransacked
ski trails in the hall
a chicken had been dansaked
and thrown against the wall
in walks the dumb waiter
with a ballpoint pen and pad
saying how do you want this alligator
the day my PAD went MAD

The hi-fi stuck on start about a mover
on the wrong speed
the spin dry spat sparks at the hoover
my nose began to bleed.
I don't know where I'm going
but when I get there I'll be glad
the television is blowing out
the day my PAD went MAD

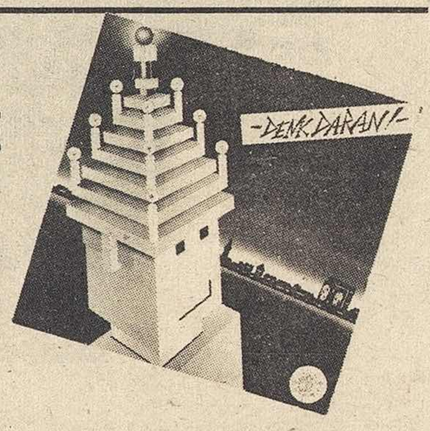
I wanna be a man about town
but not in little bits
that's what I said when the boys came round
they said "this is it".
They chained me to the radiator
said I was a bit of a lad
may we borrow your cheese grater
the day my PAD went MAD.

The hamster had been slaughtered
the parrot bound and gagged
the guard dog had been sorted out
and absolutely shagged
the goldfish drowned and the cat was found
kicked around and stabbed
the radio did not make a sound
the day my PAD went MAD

The pop up toaster refused to pop
the chandelier was smashed
the starter motor would not stop
the tyres had been slashed
there was no way out of there
I was stuck with what I had
out of order beyond repair
the day my PAD went MAD.

Yesterday I had the place rewired

FESTIVE FUN FOR MODERNISTS



At risk of numbering Dusseldorf the new Akron, we'd like to bring your attention to the best — not to say the weirdest — Christmas compilation since Phil Spector gathered his family around the tree for a seasonal singsong. Called 'Denk Daran!' (or 'Think On It!'), this one features 13 Dusseldorfer new wave bands (Der Plan, Vorsprung, S.Y.P.H. etc.) and screwballs (Xao Seffcheque Und Die Pest, Adolf Und Eva, etc) contributing specially composed songs and instrumentals on Yuletide themes. Recorded partly to present a united front to outsiders, it'll provide hours of festive fun for modernists — provided they don't mind cracking their makeup with a smile.

SANTA KLAUS

After the

THE PLANETARY Saxophone Quintet from Dreyfusville, Louisiana, are making an unscheduled, after-hours appearance at Islington's Sargossa Rooms. The fivesome — David Nottingham (alto), Ollie Stanton (tenor), Fred Donalds (soprano), Julian Matoto (baritone) and Reggie 'Flame' Le Fevre (sopranino) — are wearing their customary green and battleship grey combat fatigues, saffron berets and metallic blue sneakers. A stack of scuba-diving equipment including harpoons, facemasks, flippers and magenta oxygen cylinders may be seen nestling meaningfully amidst the veritable congeries of lush equatorial vegetation backstage.

The Quintet's sartorial elegance contracts sharply with the ferocity of their renditions of material by such late greats as New Orleans pianist Eddie 'Batwing' Benson and little-known Tanzanian trombonist Rudolph Chiqqueza. The massed horns swirl and scythe, career and caress like a latterday Ellington Orchestra in fullest fling. Uptempo numbers like 'Gateshead Blues 'N' Browns' contrast pungently with the timeless frisson and impenetrable quietude of 'New Orchidean Suite'.

Surpringly perhaps, informed critical reaction to the Quintet's music has been muted if not downright unfavourable. It seems our reigning jazz establishment doesn't take at all kindly to such heretical re-writings of pan-Afro-American dance band heritage. The audience in the rooms however — and no Islington trendies or *New Statesman* leader writers are in sight, mind you — partake of the feast and pick at the libretto like pirhanas voracious at an Amazonian kill. Not only that, but tonight's gig is soon to see the unprecedented public debut of Dick Robertson, 27-year-old Medway towns gardener and landscape artist (unemployed).

To his intimates, Robertson, The Shadow Saxophonist, is just another bloke on the dole. His flatmate Lionel — himself a former insurance and dried seafood salesman — describes the usually taciturn, sturdy and periodically bearded Robertson

LOWRY

Day in the Clarke's house . . .

and I slung out all of my junk
a tumble drier one two-bar fire
and a telephone now defunct
I peek through the venetian blinds
and the rain fell down so sad
on the broken home I left behind
the day my PAD went MAD

© John Cooper-Clarke

The Day The World Stood Still

Deafening whispers loud and clear
the sound of nothing reached my ears
I get the message and I know the drill
this is the day the world stood still

The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
the last train to Clarksville
runs off the rails straight downhill
the day the world stood still

Into the mirror stand and stare
like I figured nobody there
time to spare and time to kill
this is the day the world stood still
The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
no traffic drone no sparrows trill
from the dead flowers on the windowsill
the day the world stood still

I got a whole town to myself
I clear the supermarket shelf by shelf
eyes on the door finger in the till
this is the day the world stood still

The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
I walk around in espadrilles
pink lace and purple frills
this is the day the world stood still

Specs of dirt and static flies
in space like spots before my eyes
one cup of coffee and a couple of pills
This is the day the world stood still

The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
from underground to the overspill
no trouble not even at the mill
this is the day the world stood still
I'm falling from the top of my voice
I wreck the vehicles of my choice
a rolls royce or a coupe de ville
this is the day the world stood still

The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
the last train to Clarksville
runs off the rails straight downhill
this is the day the world stood still

I'm driving in a company car
I'm jiving in the Tango Bar
I'm dining at the Luxury Grill
this is the day the world stood still

The day the world stood still
the day the world stood still
seems like a freeze out gimme a chill
no trouble not even at the mill
I get the message and I know the drill
this is the day the world stood still

© John Cooper-Clarke

Pic: Simon Fowler

DEXY'S MIDDAY STUMBLERS Their Christmas message

We were down in the caff the other day and someone was smiling at the next table. "I hate scum like that," Rowland pointed out. "They've got no idea of what's really going on in the world." He probably reads the music press, we figured, but — like all the other people who feel things less intensely than we do — he probably never took out advertisements to inform all the people who only know the names of five or six great Irish novelists about the current state of his emotions.

If these people were even one-tenth as sensitive as we were, somebody reflected, they might find us just a little condescending at times, the way we assume that we are the only intelligent, aware people in the country, but what they don't know won't hurt them. It never does with people like that. Rowland looked up from *Les Mains Sales* (a brilliant play what most people haven't heard of), fired half the band and ordered more tea.

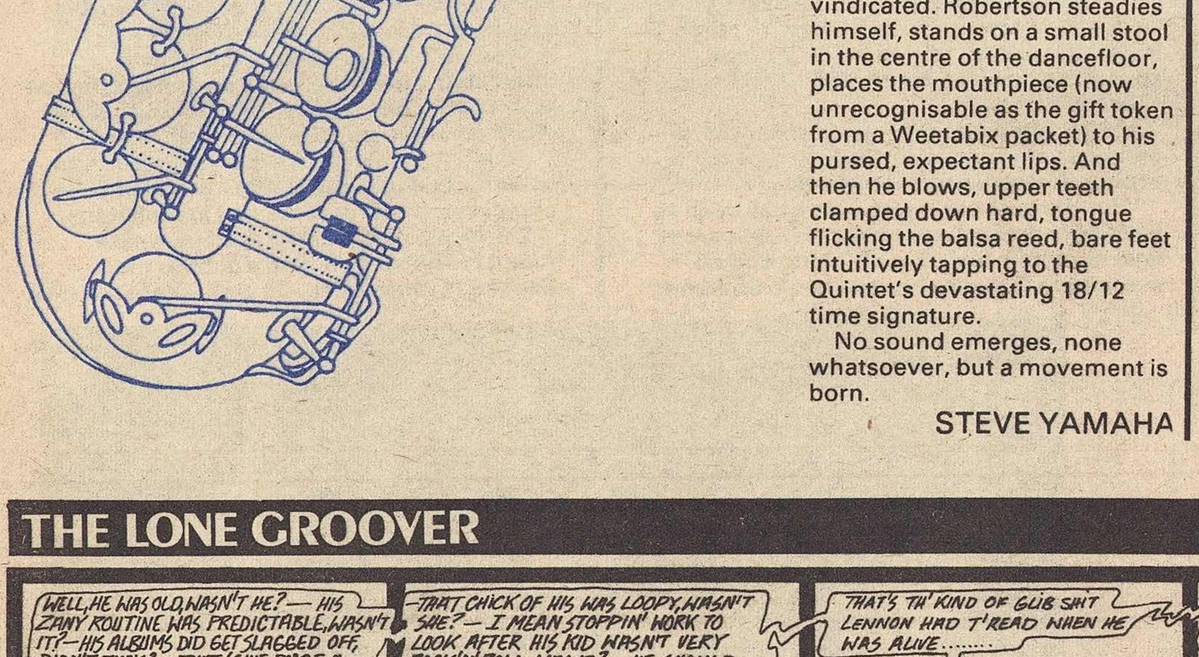
Anyway . . . it's Christmas and we want to communicate with you directly, even though you're not worth it. Even though we know that we'll be misinterpreted by all the people less human than we are, we've resigned ourselves to that. Our new single "Forget It Part 2 (You wouldn't understand it anyway see page 94)" has just been released and even though everyone we know is calling it the biggest pile of shit released in the last fifteen years, it is nevertheless the finest work of art produced in any medium since recorded history began.

We paid for the tea. It was the least we could do.

cardboard guitar it's... THE CARDBOARD SAX!

as "a nice enough sort, always ready to wash up and do the laundry. I never thought he had it in him."

By "it" Lionel is referring to Robertson's extra-ordinary dervish dance even now clearing the floor in the Rooms.



Wearing nothing but a kilt and black silk stockings, Robertson pulls from an oversize sporran the components of his already legendary cardboard and wattle Selmer saxophone replica. First the curvaceous contours of the mouthpiece, then the convoluted plumbing of the keys, the nagging rotundity of the body and the tantalising recess of the bowl. The horn is complete. Only a Selmer technician could distinguish its lavish spray-painted and hand-tinted golden inlay surfaces and protrusions from the genuine article.

Months of furtive, often fervent preparation are now vindicated. Robertson steadies himself, stands on a small stool in the centre of the dancefloor, places the mouthpiece (now unrecognisable as the gift token from a Weetabix packet) to his pursed, expectant lips. And then he blows, upper teeth clamped down hard, tongue flicking the balsa reed, bare feet intuitively tapping to the Quintet's devastating 18/12 time signature.

No sound emerges, none whatsoever, but a movement is born.

STEVE YAMAHA

Pic: Adrian Boot

WIN SIR HENRY'S VINTAGE WINE

and his album — and his book!

"IF I HAD all the money I'd spent on drink . . . I'd spend it on drink!" How very, very true Sir Henry, and what more appropriate time than festive Yuletide in which to vouchsafe its mendacious verismilitude.

We here at *NME* are so taken with this Sir Henry me blinkin' Rawlinsunshine geezer that we've connived with those bounders at Charisma (which only comes once a year, when all's said and done) and those literary louts over at Eel Pie (believed to be something of a delicacy amongst the proletariat) and get them to give us Sir Henry's nod for a splendid seasonal competition.

Well, not him actually, but Viv Stanshall Q.C., who has graciously consented to oblige us with something most near to his private parts. Maestro. . .

WIN *NOT* a night out with vivacious Viv Stanshall, but instead the album of the book and the book of the movie.

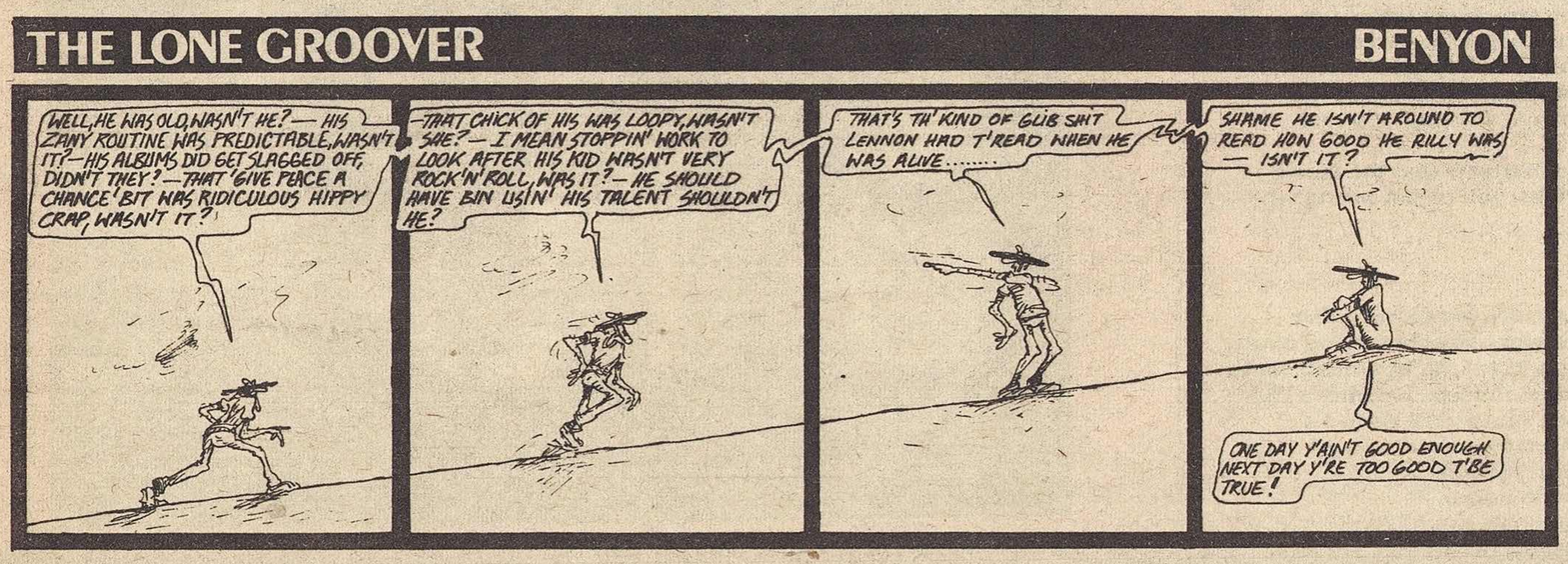
All that one has to do is guess the exact length of Stanshall's beard (to the nearest tenth-of-an-inch) from its humble beginning beneath his lower lip to the very end of its longest strand.

For the person who solves this great mystery: Three bottles of Chateau Rawlinson Wine (Entre De Legs) Vintage 1980, together with the original 'Sir Henry At Rawlinson End' album from Charisma Records and an autographed copy of the newly-published book of the same title from Eel Pie Publishing.

The first nineteen runners-up who either guess the correct length of Stanshall's fungus or come the closest will each receive a 'Sir Henry' album and book.

This competition is open to all readers resident in UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printes of New Musical Express, the staff of Charisma Records, Eel Pie Publishing and any of Viv's mates. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON



To NME's SIR HENRY COMPETITION, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

.....

The length of Viv Stanshall's beard is:

Feet: ..... Inches ..... Tenths-Of-An-Inch .....

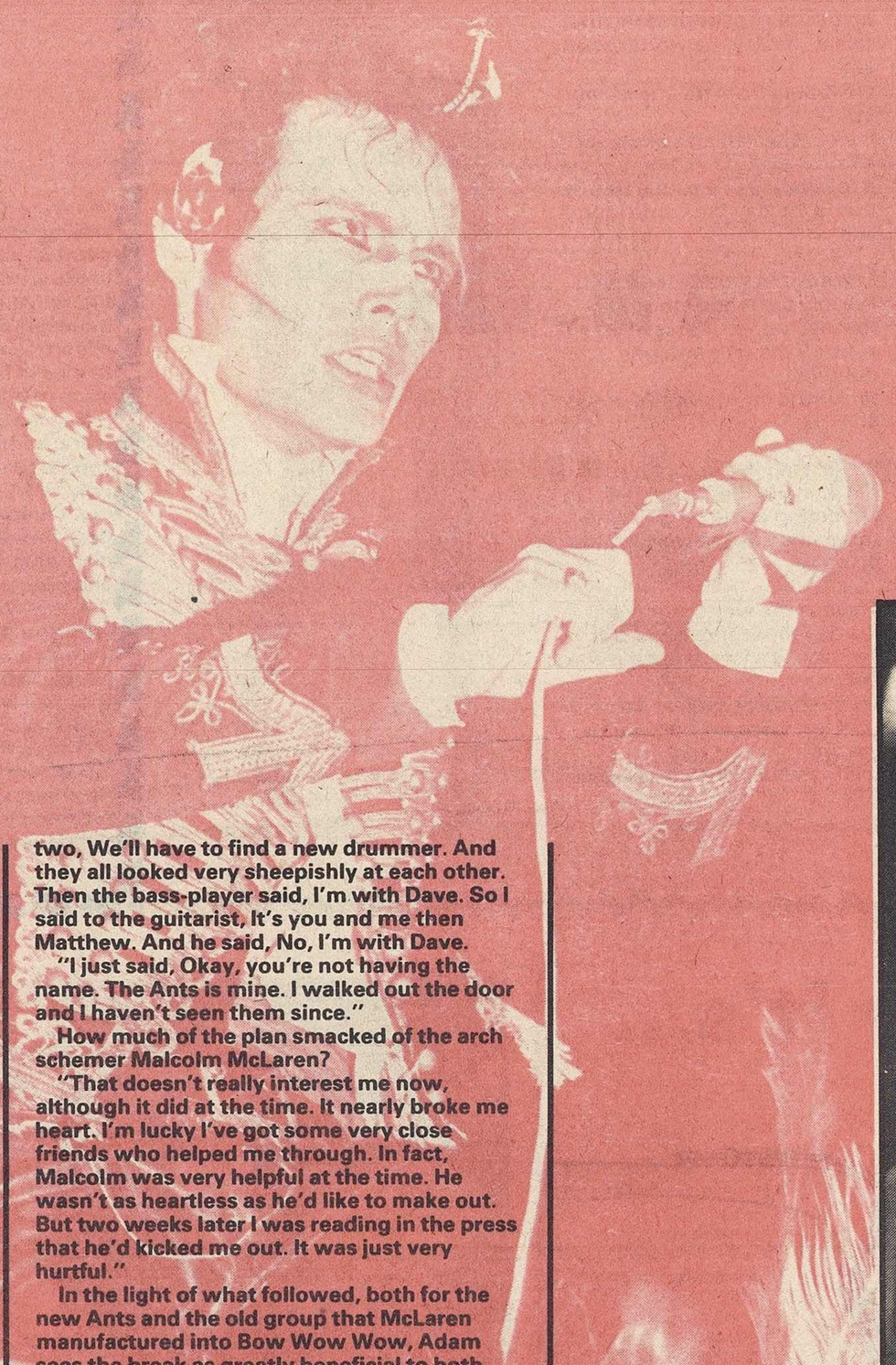
(Tie-Breaker)
In No More Than Ten Words: Where wouldn't you like to go should you win Not a night out with Viv Stanshall .....

.....

Closing date: January 9, 1981

A WAR CRY SPECIAL

ADAM ANT THE



IN THE brown bar of a provincial hotel the guests are straggling slowly to the dinner dance upstairs. Their clothes are a drab, begrudged concession to dressing-up for an evening out. Constricting suits and dreary dresses, worn with a stiffness in the neck and an awkwardness in the walk make the occasion look less like a pleasure than a social chore.

Out in the lobby the lift stops, the doors slide aside and there's a sudden confused impression of colour and light, flashed back three-fold by the mirrors inside. It's a strange blaze of gold and scarlet; a bizarre collage of feathers, braid and fringing, a frieze of fierce faces with vivid paint slashed across bronze skin and teeth that flash startling white.

The half pirate, half Red Indian raiding party sweeps through the foyer, a shot of stunning glamour in a sombre scene.

Adam And The Ants spin out through the revolving doors and step into the night.

ANTMANIA is a barrage of flash bulbs from pocket cameras exploding in the face like a handful of fireworks.

It's a hand cupped to the window of the battered van and small awed faces squinting anxiously inside. It's someone shouting "Go! Move it!" and a race down the stairs, round a barrier of flight cases and through a tangle of taped wires to the backstage sanctuary of a Cardiff club. And it's an excited queue curving right round the precinct of the shopping centre outside.

Antmania is also Adam Ant, a pre-occupied figure in battered black leather prowling the cavern of an empty cinema, lost in worries about the venue's safety.

After three years of being ridiculed and pilloried, portrayed as everything from a flip fascist, an S&M obsessed monster, to simply an imbecile incapable of understanding the issues that he aired, Adam Ant has confounded his critics with a sellout tour so successful that venues were switched from clubs to concert halls. And in its first week of release his new album climbed the charts to number four.

It's a success story that's more surprising because at the beginning of this year, the original Ants under the management of Malcolm McLaren unceremoniously disowned him, and it then looked as though Adam's career was finally finished.

"Malcolm came round my house early one morning and he said, Adam, you've got to put your foot down because things aren't working out very well. You've got to take part in the music. I'd agreed to write lyrics at the time — stupidly.

"I got down to the rehearsal room and there was this really strange atmosphere. I started talking to Dave (Barbarossa) and he suddenly got up and said, I'm leaving the Ants. I was really shocked but I said, I'm sorry. But, you know, I wish you well. Then I said to the other two, We'll have to find a new drummer. And they all looked very sheepishly at each other. Then the bass-player said, I'm with Dave. So I said to the guitarist, It's you and me then Matthew. And he said, No, I'm with Dave.

"I just said, Okay, you're not having the name. The Ants is mine. I walked out the door and I haven't seen them since."

How much of the plan smacked of the arch schemer Malcolm McLaren?

"That doesn't really interest me now, although it did at the time. It nearly broke me heart. I'm lucky I've got some very close friends who helped me through. In fact, Malcolm was very helpful at the time. He wasn't as heartless as he'd like to make out. But two weeks later I was reading in the press that he'd kicked me out. It was just very hurtful."

In the light of what followed, both for the new Ants and the old group that McLaren manufactured into Bow Wow Wow, Adam sees the break as greatly beneficial to both parties. Does he also feel it's now a case of rival camps?

"Of course I feel a rivalry, because when that happened, *when they got rid of me,* are the words, I felt really dejected.

"They had a certain amount of material we'd worked on together. And I thought, Wait a minute, I've done as much research as them. The sound belongs to the Burundi tribe anyway. And I wanted to use the elements that I'd learnt because I'd done a lot of work on them. I just said to them, Look, there's a sound here, and it don't belong to me and it don't belong to you. May the best man win. And you'd better be quick.

"I had 'Kings' out at the same time as 'C-30'. The business is dog eat dog, and I think they're realising that now."

Adam's appraisal of McLaren is divided. He admires his ability as a catalyst and he compares his genius as an impresario to that of Diaghilev. His summary of his personal character is held more succinctly in four letters, although he still holds affection for a man he believes is driven to unscrupulous actions by his infamous, self-created image.

"Although I admire a lot of what Malcolm McLaren thinks, the basic thing is, I can't work with someone who doesn't respect people. I can't work with people who are telling me what to write and how to write it."

The images that shaped the new Ants are the result of ideas from both Adam and McLaren.

"Malcolm was in America when they were making *The Island,* a piraty film that really cleaned up over there. This time last year, I was into total warpaint make-up, a multi-coloured face. I've gone into it in a round about sort of way.

"The tribal elements are there anyway. Rock and roll *is* tribal; it's all black music. The thing that attracts me is not so much the beat — that's very important, but fundamentally it's the interesting structures they have vocally and the techniques they employ. The Talking Heads album is very tribal, but I think in a bit of a pretentious way because it's trying to be African — although it's very impressive.

"The fact of the matter is that the music belongs to the tribes, you're just taking what you find useful."

WHEN ADAM Ant isn't a glittering incarnation of a swashbuckling pirate and savage brave, he's padding about in T-shirt and baggy trousers, wearing a plain pair of thick lensed spectacles. He has a mobile, expressive face, animated eyes and his excellent mimicry is spiced with a disarming sense of humour.

In the hotel room he's sharing with co-writer, guitarist and close friend Marco Pirroni, whom he contacted the day after the old Ants split, the nightly transformation is well underway.

Marco, already clad as a formidable pirate, his fleshy face made swarthier by dark make-up, has dived fully clothed into his bed, buried his considerable bulk beneath the blankets and pulled the sheets up over his head.

"I'm not coming out," he cries in muffled but determined tones.

It is an open secret in the pirate camp that this particular warrior suffers from a stage fright that can only be cured by prompt consumption of a sizeable quantity of ship's chocolate biscuits.

Marco compares the Ants success to the escapism of Hollywood glamour during the economic depression of the '30s.

"For the past two years music has been so incredibly dreary I can't believe it. Sooner or later someone had to come along and do something that was fun and fresh. Someone said our sound was everything that was noble, exciting and free. That's what it's for basically.

"There's a lot of kids who are fed up with being told they're shit and useless. There's been a lot of preaching saying, We've got nothing. We're all scum. And I think it needed someone like us to come along and say it doesn't have to be like that. You can be a bit optimistic."

He has little time for the old argument of entertainment used as a means of diverting attention from real social problems.

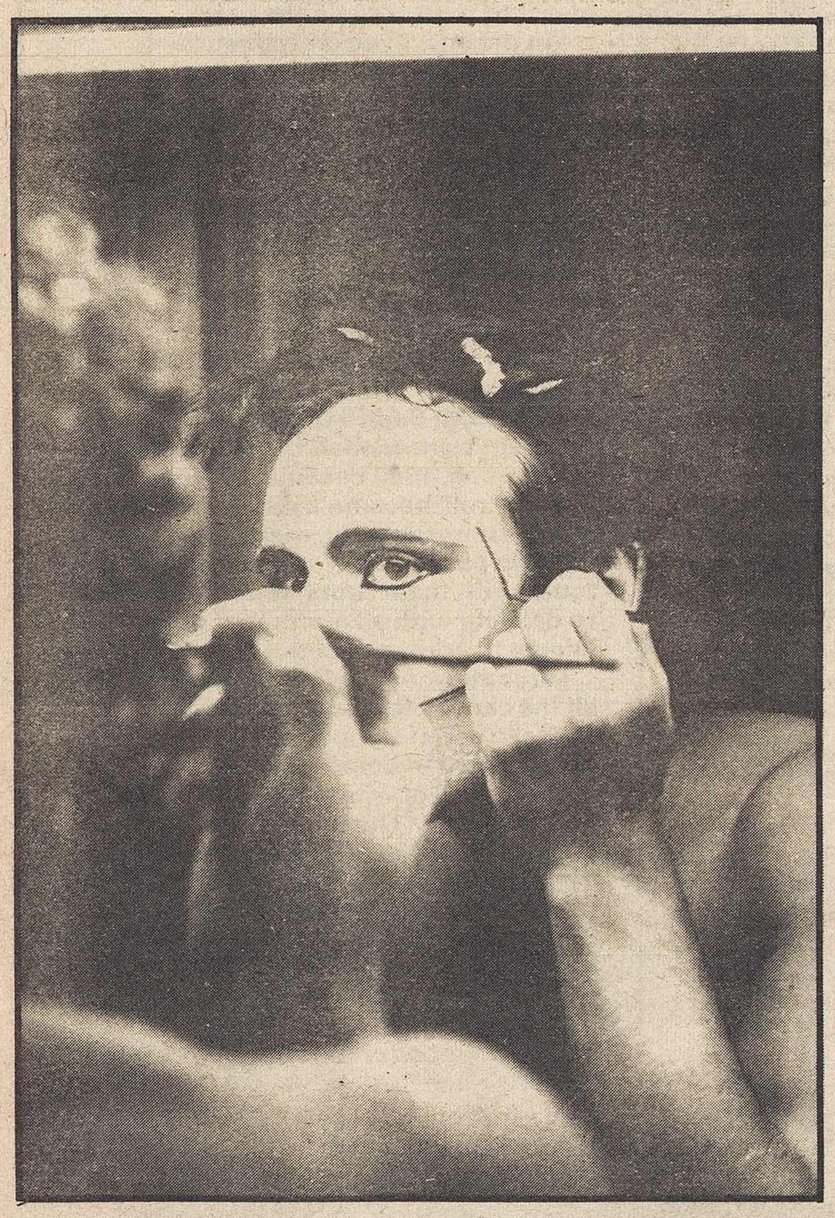
"I never think about politics, I'm not interested. I think we make a lot of kids happy and that's got to be positive. I'd like to think we're giving them back some self-respect."

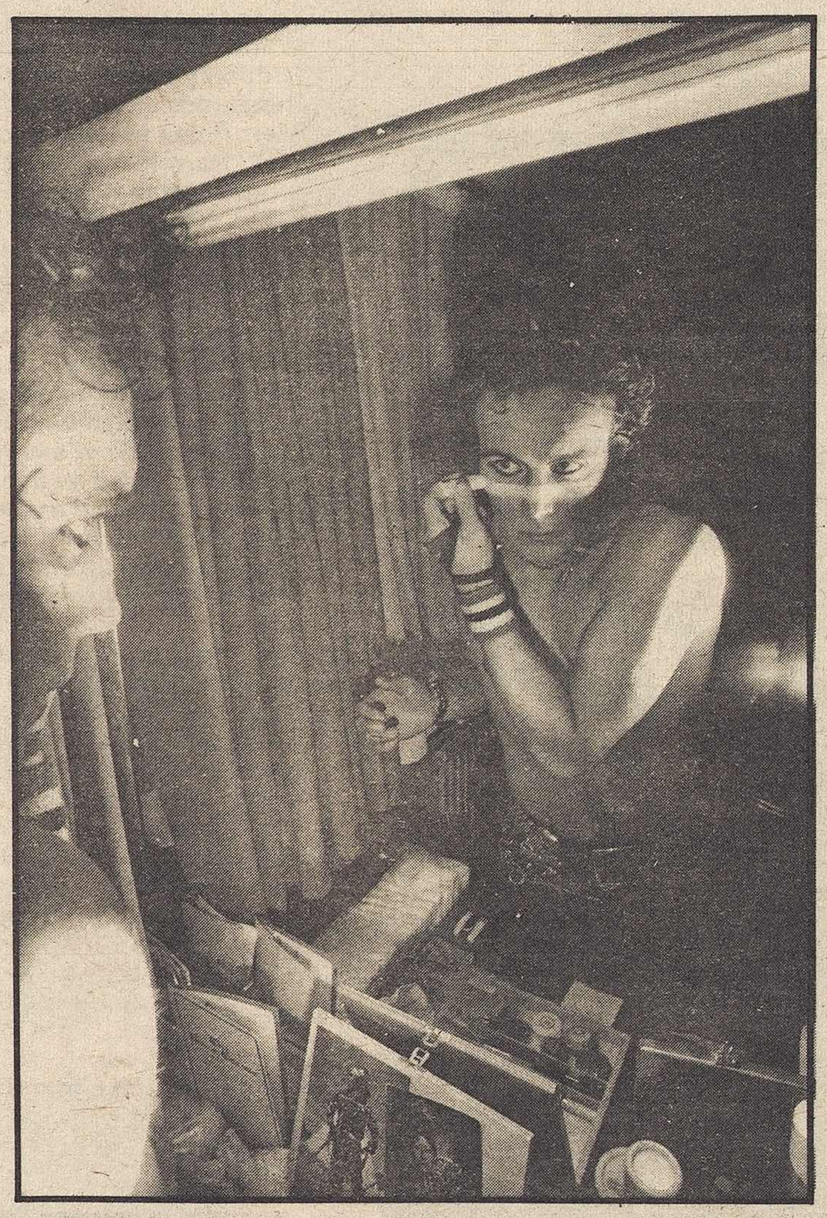
Adam, meanwhile, is dressing in his curious combination of stage clothes, inspired by a complicated trail of ideas and associations.

The loose shirt and silk scarf he wears round his upper arm owe a debt to the Royalist/Cromwellian era and, combined with

The Ants: Kevin, Adam, Marco, Terry and Merrick.

ULTIMATE WARRIOR





A year ago Adam Ant was punk's forgotten hero, a figure of ridicule who even had his band stolen. Undeterred he stared hard into his makeup box, and with a quick lick of warpaint transformed himself into a walking treasure chest

leather trousers, the look is a little — he imagines — like early American settlers when they'd incorporated some of the Indian styles.

The cane he carries was partly suggested by *A Clockwork Orange*, although his is Edwardian and lacks, he adds, any violent overtones. He has a real horse brass on his belt, a false, gold-threaded curl on his cheek and a silver skull and crossbones ring on his finger that he recently swopped with an ardent Antfan.

"I love the idea of the French Revolution. That was really just," he says, explaining his *tricolore* cummerbund. His military jacket is authentic and was hired from a firm for the duration of the tour.

"It's like the idea of kids raiding a palace and coming out with all these beautiful things on," he says. "Or a pirate captain capturing a ship, seizing the jacket of the rival captain and pulling it on over his own clothes.

"Sometimes the actual idea behind a song and the research we do on a topic hits on a style or fashion. I don't necessarily like the idea of accuracy. I like borrowing things from different times, throwing things together. You can't go out and buy the Ant look, you acquire it, you put it together for yourself. I see no reason why kids should all have to herd up the King's Road to buy a particular look."

Ouch!

"There's also the humorous element there as well. It amazes me how much people really look forward to going to a fancy dress party. You get the straightest girls, butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, going as vamps with suspenders, the lot. Or this really quiet guy comes in dressed as Superman or something.

"But whatever you're into wearing, it's the same sort of thing. Someone who's very conservative in their dress, you may not notice what's risque to them. It may be a badge or a particular pair of shoes that make them feel they're taking a chance. If clothes make you feel good, then that's good. If you're too tired to dress up for yourself or other people, then you're really in trouble in a way."

Adam Ant lunges across his hotel room practising a little false fencing. Once more he tries — and fails — to spin his stick right round without dropping it. At the mirror he pauses and strikes a mock heroic pose, one arm flung in the air and flashing a dazzling, self-deprecating Errol Flynn grin. Then he turns a scornful smile at the can of lacquer he's holding in his hand.

"I dunno," he mutters. "Whoever heard of pirates using hairspray?"

IF THE aura around the new Ants has all the charm of a children's pantomime, Adam's own image has not always been so unsullied.

"People now say the early imagery I chose was S&M. In fact there were all sorts of different things in the songs. But I chose that sort of imagery because it appealled to me, and because I felt it hadn't been used in a productive and intelligent way. It had always been taboo."

It's his enduring fascination for the taboo that has cost Adam dearly in terms of his career.

Two years ago he was, he says, about to sign a contract with a major record company when the first of the fascist allegations appeared in the music press. They came at a time when black flirtings with fascism preoccupied several artists (for instance there was more than a hint of something very nasty just under the surface in many of Siouxsie's early songs). And the justification for the Pistols' 'Belsen Was A Gas' has never been satisfactorily explained.

In Adam's case, the claims understandably affronted Jewish business men high in the structure of the company. They immediately withdrew their offer and, Adam claims, he was blacklisted by the business until his present contract with CBS.

Certainly the sales of 'Dirk Wears White Sox' — 30 to 40,000 on an independent label in the first few weeks of release — show that ordinarily he should have been an attractive commercial proposition for a major company.

Adam is fairly philosophical about his past brushes with the press but it's very obvious that the fascist charges still sting.

"They were lies," he snaps. "I can only think that the people who wrote those things never came to the gigs and saw what was going on with both me and the audience.

"I'd never wear a Swastika like they said I did. If anyone showed me anything like that I'd fling it on the floor. I can understand people who wear Nazi armbands, because really it was just done to shock. But I personally would never wear anything like that."

It's an allegation that he personally finds galling because many of his family are Romanies, and under Hitler gypsies suffered the same persecution as Jews. And he maintains that his own use of Nazi imagery was to defuse a subject by exposing it to ridicule.

"When I went to Berlin, the kids over there live with it all the time; the devastation of the war is still all around them. And at every party I went to some kid would come up and say . . ." and he imitates a precise, educated German accent ". . . Adam, you must listen to this record. It is most interesting. It is by a group called The Spitfire Pilots.

"And the cabaret in the clubs was maybe two men in uniform kicking hell out of a pile of cardboard boxes, or standing onstage peeling a banana shouting 'LIFE! DEATH! WAR!' The subject was no longer taboo to them. They dealt with it by laughing at it."

His own 'Deutsche Girls' was inspired by the Mel Brooks film *The Producers* and its spoof production number 'Springtime With Hitler' which punctures the power of Nazi imagery and fascism's central manipulated impression of irresistible force by turning its dark glamour into something utterly ludicrous.

He also intends the seriousness of his subject matter to continue in the new Ants material.

"Some people say I'm not writing seriously now. But if they think the extermination of the American Indian isn't a taboo subject here or in the USA, they'd better think again. The fact that I reduce it to a simple format is out of choice."

DRUMMER CHRIS Hughes first came into contact with the Ants when he produced 'Car Trouble/Kick'. Since then he's produced everything that they've done.

"Making the album was a nightmare," he says. "Really argumentative. And I'm sure I alienated myself from the rest of the band on a number of occasions. 'Dog Eat Dog' was also a headache. There were three or four remixes, loads of vocals and vocal overdubs, 13 or more drum tracks."

It's the two drummers that give the Ants such a powerful rhythmic onslaught. Onstage they're an impressive sight working together, for between Chris — or Merrick as he's called on the record covers — and fellow drummer Terry Lee Miall there's an obvious empathy that spills over the intense concentration as sudden, shared grins.

"It's like having two guitarists in a band; that's the only way I can explain it," says Chris, whose sensible conversation takes a surprising twist when he disappears into the bathroom and emerges seconds later with face, neck and chest coated in brown powder.

"If you're playing in unison there's a lot more power. And you can get into different responsibilities and cross-rhythms. It's just more interesting."

The sudden success of the Ants is a surprise that he can't yet relate to.

"On this tour the kids are younger, they're seen *TOTP*. We've just met this kid who was sitting there with his mum and she told us the whole family were going. We were thrilled to bits at the idea of a family show.

"It's a very hopeful sound, very up. The guidance for how the Ants look and sound comes directly from Adam. I know what's he's talking about and I'm sure he's right. He just wants a bit more colour, more vibrancy, more lift in it. He's also saying be proud, dress up, get into the spirit of things."

Chris digs his finger into a pot of blue shadow and begins to apply make-up by smearing it around his eye.

"I don't know how important it is. Maybe it's just kids who want to spend a couple of quid to see the Ants and next week they'll be doing something different. I'm just very proud to be part of it all. Before, everything we did was destined to be slagged off, that was how we approached it. When it wasn't, it was quite charming, we thought, Blimey, somebody *liked* that! Now that it seems that quite a lot of people like it. I'm sure it'll be a bit more bold."

Chris sits at the mirror, sketches in two semi-circles of black eyebrow, then joins Terry in the room next door where they put the finishing touches to each other's faces by carefully etching crosses on their cheeks.

THE 18 year old bass-player Kevin Mooney walks into the Lewisham cafe opposite the school he left not so long ago, nods curtly at a couple of acquaintances and sits down at a table to order hamburger and chips. He's not happy with the Ants video shown earlier on *TISWAS*.

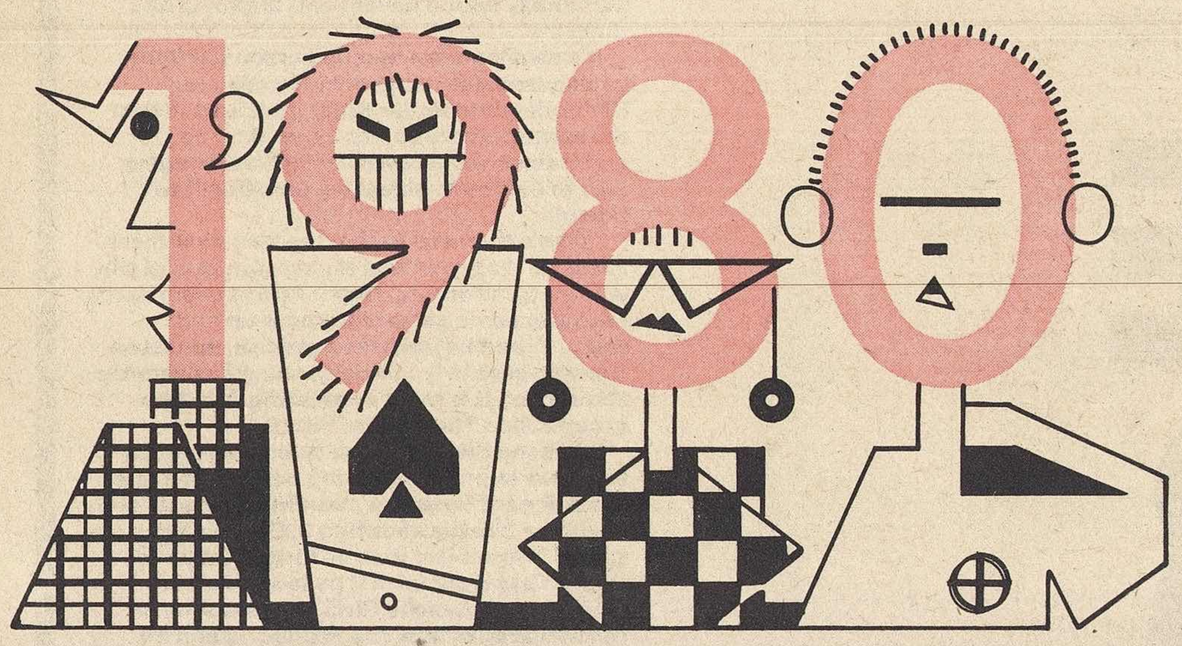
"It should have been harder," he says.

"Alright then Kevin?"

Continues page 77

ANTSTORY LYNN HANNA ANTSNAPS PETER ANDERSON

REWIND/REPLAY



BIG SISTER IS SQUASHING YOU!

. . . Lennon murdered . . . Curtis killed himself . . . Sartre, Barthes dead . . . punk Oi'deed . . . HM: The Living Dead Walk . . . kids riot in Zurich . . . squatters splatted in Amsterdam . . . Britain revolts into style . . . youth unemployment rises . . . life under Thatcher? . . . the party goes on . . . 1980, it's yours — we sure as hell have had enough of it . . .

The year compiled and quarrelled over by Max Bell, Chris Bohn, Roy Carr, Paul Du Noyer, Robert Elms, Andy Gill, Vivien Goldman, Gavin Martin, John May, Paul Morley, Ian Penman, Paul Rambali, Penny Reel, Cynthia Rose, Adrian Thrills and Andrew Tyler.

IF IT achieved nothing else, 1980 proved unequivocably that the sense of unity that rock-as-youth music once appeared to offer its audience no longer exists in any form. It has been a sad, grievously demoralised year loaded with a cargo of spurious conceits, empty gestures and splintered perspectives. The journey from January to this grief-stricken December now appears to have been a traipse down a tunnel full of stylistic cul-de-sacs. Rarely was one 'touched', affected, moved or thrilled by anything. As a result many became disaffected, bemusement quickly soaring to depression.

God knows, rock as the expression of a generation started to fragment ten years ago. 1970's key works — the Rolling Stones' 'Gimme Shelter', Lennon's 'Plastic Ono Band' album and Sly Stone's 'There's a Riot Goin' On' — all instinctively articulated an unsettling overview: that the naive idealogical drive that fuelled the '60s was no longer a tangible concern. The dream *was* over and it was down to the individual to face up to that reality. Enter the 'me' decade. Watching a T. Rex concert in 1972, one suddenly denoted the teeming thousands ostensibly there to worship Marc Bolan actually screaming "Me! Me! Me!" Harmless pop fun? The kids were alright and that essentially was that.

Ten years on though and that context has changed radically. Unemployment, recession, discontent, pent-up aggressions are the wretched gruel today's teenagers are being force-fed and those kids are looking for easy options even more desparately than the bands — most of whom they feel betrayed by. That's why heavy metal has suddenly reared its head from out of the swamp with such a vengeance and why Adam And The Ants are the formidable concern they currently are. This audience wants leaders profferring half-baked posturings of 'warrior chic'. The fact is that these splinter groups want pure escapism, principaly in the form of rock as a (mock) heroic conceit. The horrendous upshot to all this lowest-common denominator pandering is that, what was once mere insubstantial frivolity, is now actively dangerous. Adam Ant demands hero-worship — he wants to lead his 'Ant people' to a non-existent victory over . . . what? If Ant wasn't so dumb, he could easily provide the U K. rock scene with an all too frightening Oswald Mosley figure. "Vote for me and I'll set you free".

With fears like that the rock fan who's grown up with the music is having to face a debilitating sense of emotional isolation. To people like us the current New Wave offers little to get *involved* in. Groups like The Au Pairs and The Raincoats have conviction certainly but it's all so blunt, so dogmatic and so shored to a raucous ungainly minimalism that it might as well be addressed one-to-one from a soap-box without electric equipment. Also the sense of condescension inherent (consiously or subconciously in this avant-garde vangard) is actively offensive.

***Rolling Stone* made an extremely pertinent observation in pointing out the way the white avant-garde rock related to black rhythms:**

"What soul music might have offered the New Wave is some sadly needed emotional openness. Instead, it's been used as a formalised set of structures — from James Chance to the B-52s — deployed much more rigidly than the original practitioners ever would have thought to use them. . .Maybe that's the idea, but then, what's the point?

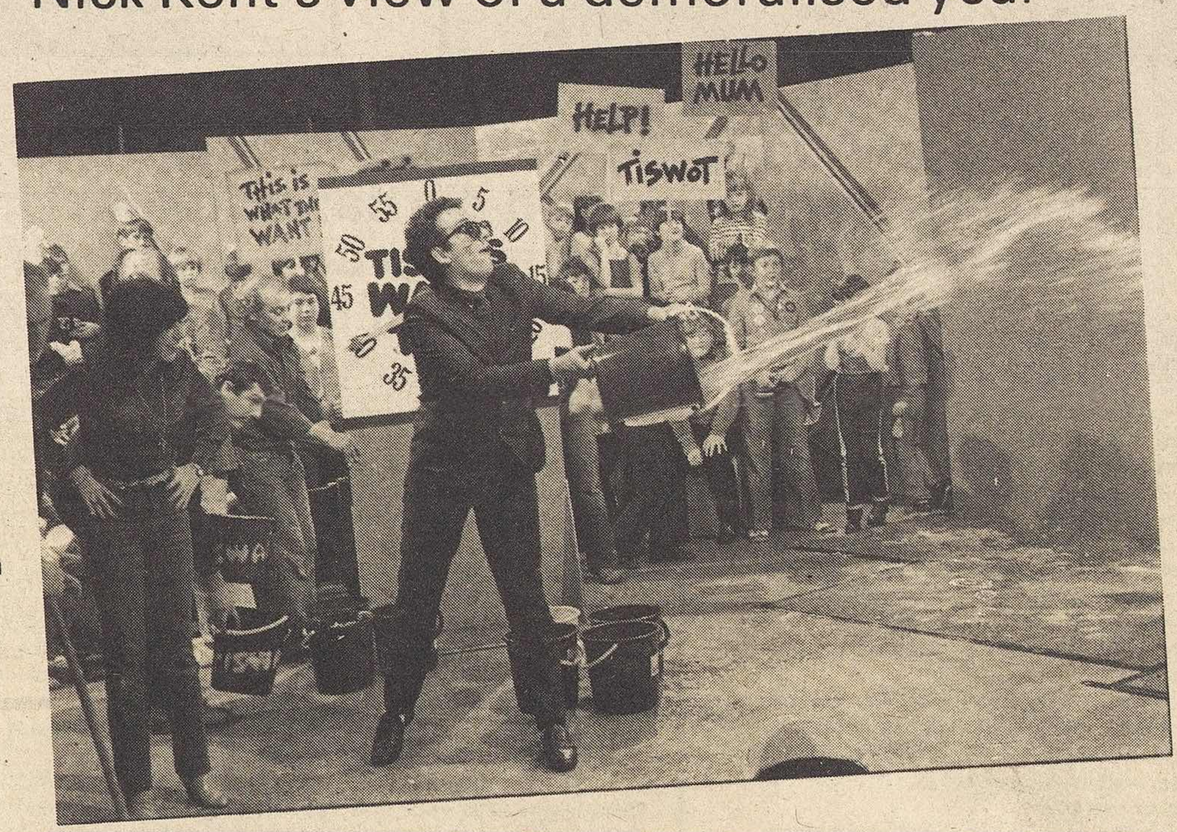
"In the end, even craftsmen like Talking Heads have been patronising in their approach to black rhythms. This stuff would be great if only it were more rational and civilised. This is a denial of the spirit of the source music itself not to mention a trivialisation of the culture that produced it."

The same nagging concerns can be pointed at The Cramps and The Stray Cats' use of the 'rockabilly' genre, not to mention the Two Tone attempt at ska which this year saw instigators The Specials and Selecter floundering whilst The Beat transcended those limitations.

Above all, 1980 became the year that 'rock 'n' roll' became a dirty word for many. Unfortunately, many bands — The Clash in particular — seemed so out of touch with their 'roots' that they turned to dallying with all manner of other idioms to scant avail.

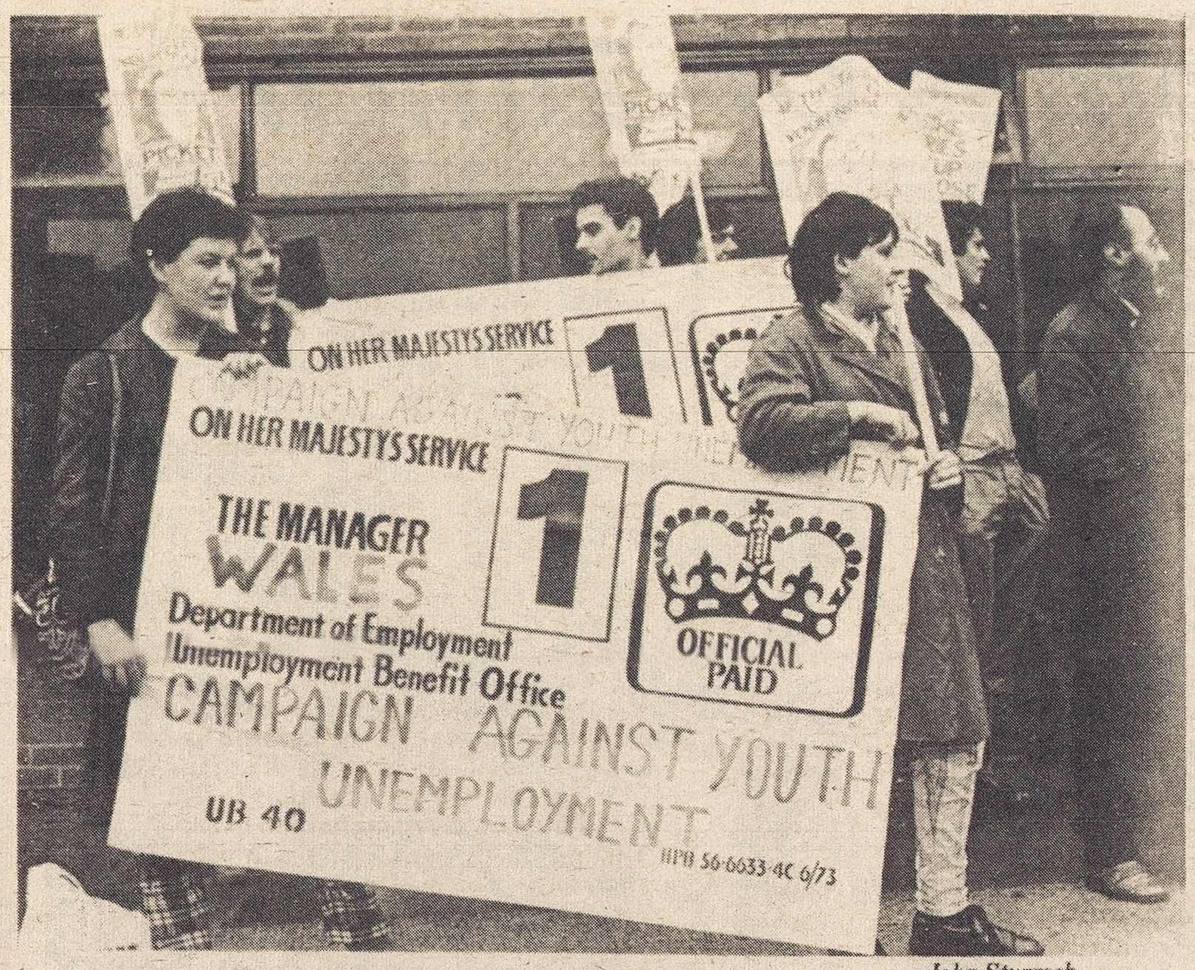
Ultimately, only a few stood out from all the clumsy floundering. Evlis Costello's 'Get Happy' was a masterpiece of concision and craftsmanship, whilst Bruce Springsteen's 'The River' proved most conclusively the absolute potency of 'rock' — even in its most supposedly reactionary form. Costello and Springsteeen however have always been mavericks, quietly keeping their own version of the 'faith'. Suffice to say that in 1981 that 'faith' — that belief and commitment so crucial to the music — will be tested further.

Nick Kent's view of a demoralised year



EXCHANGING COMMITMENT FOR CASH: In true tabloid gutter tradition, Brian Gibson's *Breaking Glass* distorts a superficially accurate premise — the corruptive force of the rock business — by skimming the past few years for sensational moments (tribal wars, BM, etc) to flesh out the usual rage-to-riches-to-asylum story, this time starring the ill-prepared Hazel O'Connor as a NW Judy Garland. Hazel's songs are lousy, but they're leagues ahead of Gibson's banal script.

Rock movies: who needs 'em?



John Sturrock

THE JOBLESS total rose to over two million in 1980, the highest level of unemployment since the war. But as the Prime Minister, in her metaphorical role of industry's ward sister, is fond of saying; the patient must take his medicine.

The fact that the medicine has so far caused a rapidly worsening relapse does nothing to soothe the patient. The nurse, meanwhile, continues to wear a terrifying glassy look of righteous conviction, the look of a martyr. For someone proven so fallible, the public face of unshakable certainty is more than a little sinister, not to say absurd and patronising.

The average teenage employment statistic cares little for the nurse's monetarist creed and understands it less. Youthful despair of established politics is nothing new, but at present both the Left and the Right are acutely conscious of the large numbers of disaffected young people, and both sides urgently want to enlist them.

The so-called 'baby boom' of the early '60s, brought about by a few cold winters and a more liberal climate, is currently having its effect on the teenage population figures. The number of 16-18 year-olds, having risen throughout the last decade, will peak in 1981 and decline thereafter. Already primary schools are beginning to close or merge because of fewer pupils.

This population tide has a potential social force, like a swell travelling down a blanket that's been shaken. In 10 or 20 years time this swell will be the predominant part of the populace, which is why several political factions are anxious to exploit it, one way or another.

The Nazis want to pervert it, Reds want to unify it, the Labour Party wants to woo it with nuclear disarmament rallies, and the Tory party wants it to have work so it can start amassing the money and objects that will ensure its allegiance.

Jobs are the key, of course. Contented people are hard to sway and a job brings money which brings mobility and fun and a measure of contentment. Unemployment breeds only discontent, and that makes people easy prey. They tend to seek instant solutions: crime, drugs, radical ideologies, revolution.

According to Department of Employment statistics, the number of young school leavers in the British Isles who signed on in July of this year was 295,500, compared with 215,400 in July '79. By October of this year, 145,900 were still on the dole, compared with 69,400 in October '79. Of that 69,400, a mere 20,000 had found jobs by the time this year's leavers arrived to sign on.

In other words, roughly two-thirds of the school leavers who signed on in '79 had found jobs within four months. This year, only half of those who signed on had found jobs within that time.

Next year, the figures are likely to be much worse, as there will be even more school leavers and even fewer jobs.

This was tacitly acknowledged by James Prior, secretary of state for Employment, when he announced at the start of the current Parliamentary session that expenditure on unemployment measures is to be almost doubled next year. Much of the £570 million budget will be spent on what he described as "nothing less than a new deal for the young unemployed."

Effectively, the Youth Opportunities 'work experience' Programme — which pays young people £23.50 a week to work in industries that otherwise couldn't afford to employ them — will be expanded to provide 440,000 places. That's an awful lot of unemployed school leavers.

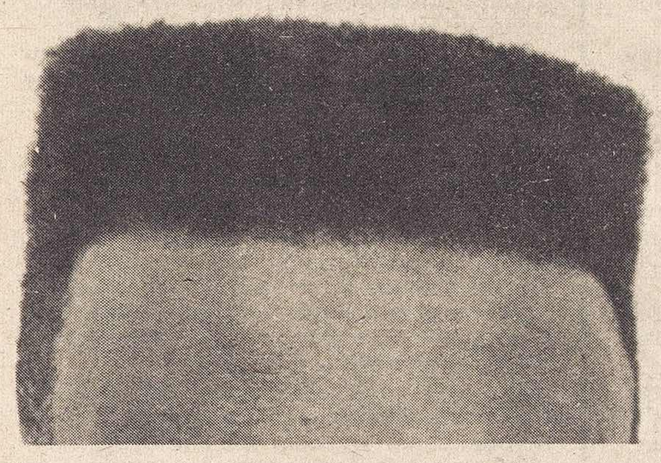
The work experience programme, for all its ignominy, has been judged "quite successful" by the Department of Employment. It alleviates the weight of the statistics and helps many people move on to full employment. In any case, there aren't many alternatives.

One local council earlier this year suggested licencing prams and push-chairs and having the unemployed youth of the area run the administration. Another suggested they could be given work inspecting lamp-posts. Then again, they could always join the army . . . After all, the only proven cure for a depressed economy is war.

Two of these suggestions are plainly ludicrous. The third is not very funny at all.

P.R.

Yesterday's baby boom, today's dole gloom



STYLE

IN 1980 the Labour Party elected a leader who writes book reviews for *The Observer,* and takes long philosophical strolls over Hampstead Heath; it's the year that style returned to form, and if your suit didn't fit then nor did you.

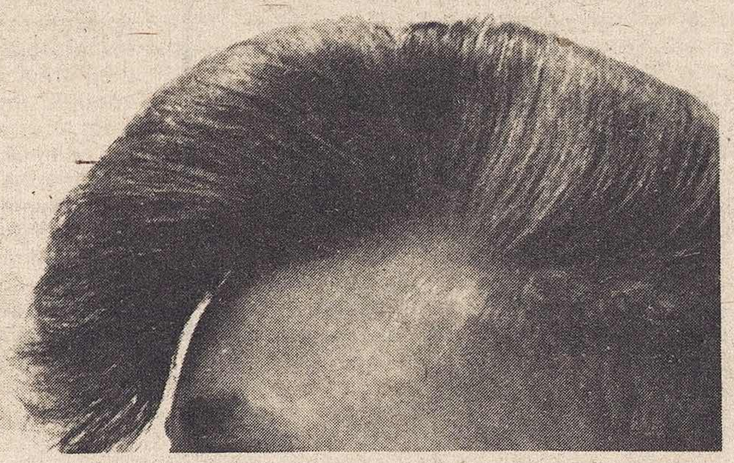
Talking of suits it was August Darnell who combined the best cut in clothing with the most cutting lyrics, while Spandau Ballet led the way in the resurgence of peacock youth, pirouetting their sharp style into the consciousness of a young nation dressing and dancing their way through the depression.

Liverpool musicians did their utmost to up the sales of long grey raincoats. Vivienne Westwood showed that her flair for designing stretched to interior in her superb new 'Worlds End' shop, while Willie Brown's Modern Classics were both modern and classic. Grace Jones sported a startling new haircut, Spandau Ballet wore kilts and Adam played Geronimo, but no-one could afford to laugh any more.

Visually it wasn't just a year of sartorial style but one where Kurosawa's fight scenes and Brassai's photography both brought beauty to the eye of the capital, while the new Coots Bank building in the Strand was equally joyous to behold.

Joy also came in the form of late nights in New York's now deceased Danceteria club, in the videos that Bowie used to illustrate his return to the top. Early Sinatra films on T.V. James Brown on T.K. and The Face on newsagents' racks.

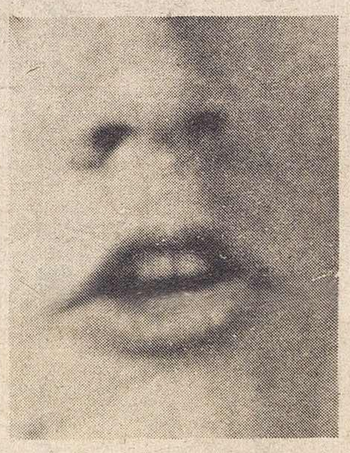
As the environment becomes more grey, so creative young people become more colourful, rejecting the depression of their redundant fathers. 1981 looks like being bleaker still, so bank on 'Blue Rondo a la Turk' to provide the spark that sets the newest year alight.

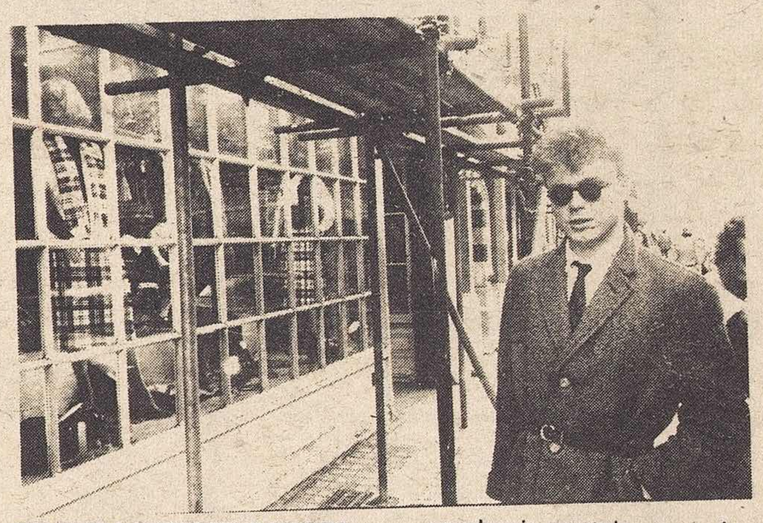


NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Tragic deaths (Lennon and George Scott) notwithstanding New York swung on, and in style at venues like Hurrah, Danceteria, the Mudd Club, the recently opened Peppermint Lounge and the recently turned-to-C&W TR31 — the ambience and practicality of which put our (t)rusty pissholes to shame. There are names to put in the nightclubs as well — Material, Lounge Lizards, Bush Tetras, Raybeats, Fleshtones, Secret Rocker, the omnipresent August Darnell, the reclusive Lydia Lunch, the sax exile James Chance, ESG and the globetrotting Talking Heads to name but ten. If you haven't been yet — book now; the sooner the Laker . . .

NIGHT CLUBBING: If you're drunk on funk the 1980s provided some particularly tasty fare. The old 'chopping chords' and 'punchy horns' came in more varieties than journalists could create cliches for, while new names competed with old to drive the dust off of dance floors everywhere. James White led the way to play James Brown, while the old man himself moved numerous feet while moving to T.K. A Certain Ratio proved that you can do it if you're British, while Light Of The World had trouble doing the same. Kurtis Blow did it by talking and Wender and Lewis did it electronically. Oh yes August Darnell did it with a suit on. "Do it just do it, just do it do it do it."

END OF AN AFFAIR? At first conceived as Ian Page and Dave Cairns' revenge on the world that sensibly ignored their New Hearts, Secret Affair's ugly dogma proved even too narrow for their mod shocktroops, who deserted with, later, drummer Seb Shelton for the rosier soul visions of Dexy's and the 2-Tone stable, leaving SA too weak to carry on the battle. They tried to broaden the campaign too late, but the second rate movie scenarios and bellyflopping widescreen arrangements of their '80 album 'Behind Closed Doors' lacked the one worthwhile weapon their debut had: sharp, glitter-like dance tunes. Its failure has silenced the Mighty Mouth, but he's bright enough to return — and if he does will he be even more bitter and twisted?

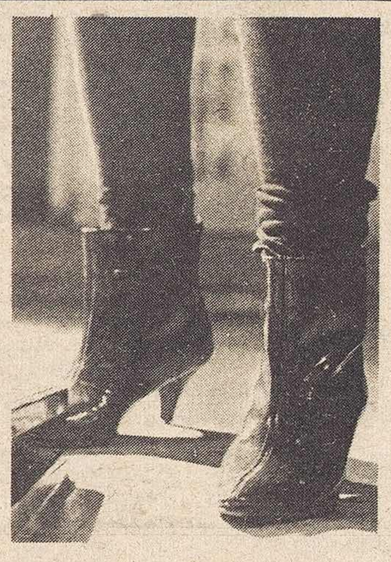




THE PUPPET-LESS MASTER: Though *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* lost its true star midway through, when Johnny Rotten walked out on the Pistols, it's still the most fascinating, not to say colourful rock related movie of recent years. The grainy contemporary footage with J.R. is compellingly nostalgic viewing, but once that's over we're left with McLaren's self-promoting fantasies, involving puppets Vicious, Cook and Jones, which director Julian Temple seemingly accepted as fact. And it's too late to wonder how McLaren would have finished it if the bankruptcy court hadn't intervened.

GOT LIVE IF YOU WANT IT: One of the few things The Clash got right recently was having nothing to do with Jack *(A Bigger Splash)* Hazan and David Mingay's dull, misleading semi-documentary *Rude Boy.* Fixing their sights on the unsympathetic Ray Gange — presumably their idea of a typical product of the blank generation — the duo reiterate the pessimistic cliches of a depressed time, posing a few questions for and about The Clash, which are unfairly never answered. Still, if you're willing to sleep through the half-truisms there's some electric live footage to wake you up.

PINEWOOD BABYLON: Release shortly before the rash of raids that's mobilised London's black community (more ominous chants of 'We want another Bristol') *Babylon*'s a cliched effort at portraying life for London's black youth, but still closer to home than any other feature film since Horace Ove's *Pressure.* A soupcon of 'reality' had the national media clutching for superlatives. The film's well worth seeing, nonetheless, with a good soundtrack and strong performances.



Clubfoot

TO CUT A LONG KILT SHORT: Anything that wants to dress up, dance and bring colour back to our complexion cannot be knocked. Spandau Ballet may be a classic case of dilute to taste, but their manipulation can only ultimately be admired. They made it onto Radio 1: Peter Powell was besotted. Their single is easy to fall for. Media heat could transform all they stand for into a bastardised new tribe, but hopefully their emphasis on style, procedure and image will be the catalyst that helps to wipe out greyness and denims and bags under the eyes. They promote a new elitism: that is to be deplored. But they're sulkily anti rock'n'roll dirtiness and that's to be applauded. Maybe they'll open the way for more vital variations on the diskow/electro/funkee/popsicle/style theme to ease into the charts. More posing and less voyeurism.

Trashing The Gnomes Of Zurich

Swiss Youths Riot

THE SWEET SMELL OF REBELLION

"We are basically anarchists. We are more influenced by British punk, German rockers and the Dada movement. Much of our protest takes the form of ridiculing this rotten society." — Andrea, young factory worker.

Zurich police stride through debris littering the city's elegant Bahnhofstrasse, looted by rioting youths. ***Pic: Popperfoto***

THE Swiss youth riots began on May 31st. The Zurich authorities, who administer the richest city of its size on earth, had pledged £18.5 million for a new theatre complex but denied youth requests to use an old factory as a centre for alternative culture. Patrons of the opera that night found themselves facing a crowd of 300 demonstrators who began by throwing tomatoes, eggs and paint bombs. By midnight, their numbers were more than a thousand, and the missiles had changed to bottles and rocks. Riot police were called in and the battle spread to the main shopping centre where stores were smashed and looted.

In the weeks that followed there were other skirmishes and a mass streak in downtown Zurich. By an official estimate the riots caused some £1 million in damages, 36 injured policemen and hundreds of arrests, *Newsweek* described it as "a 1960s-style youthquake." One Zurich newspaper wrote: "Our democratic state is threatened with disintegration." One activist of the self-styled Autonomous Movement said: "Switzerland is clean, orderly and dull — but we've shown that there's life in us yet."

The pressure worked. The Zurich authorities handed over the keys to the abandoned factory at 118-20 Limmatstrasse and, for two and a half months, it operated as a true centre for the youth counter-culture. Not that this stopped the troubles.

On July 13th there were pitched battles with police that lasted until dawn, after a protest meeting demanded that charges against those arrested in previous disorders were dropped. The rioters threw up barricades and broadcast information through two pirate radio stations — Radio Banana and Radio Icepack. One of their slogans was: "Turn the State into cucumber salad."

The police retaliated with CS tear gas, water cannons and rubber bullets. 124 arrests were made. They took to patrolling the streets in armoured vehicles borrowed from the army. The Commandant of police later apologised that "in the heat of the action", his men used tear gas inside a church while pursuing a dozen activists.

Four days later, the City Council announced an allocation of 100,000 Swiss francs (£38,000) for refurbishing the factory, more than double their previous offer. The youths said it was not enough, and viewed with suspicion an offer from an anonymous donor to come up with the balance of the money they'd requested.

Marianna, a 25 year-old ex-secretary, interviewed by the *Sunday Times'* man in Zurich expressed the feelings of many: "Few people of my generation believe in this country's so-called democratic institutions. Even the referendums are manipulated by the massive influence of the banks and corporations. We feel powerless and without the chance to change things."

The riots led to arguments in the University over a showing of a film of the riots and a major split within the city's ruling Social Democrat party. Then, on September 5th, the police took over the youth centre, taking the 170 young people they found there away for security checks. The riots that followed were described as "the worst in the city's modern history."

One of the main targets was the Bahnhofstrasse, one of Europe's most stylish shopping parades, where stores were wrecked and goods looted. Even before the riots had first begun, this poem had appeared in *Stilett,* a Zurich anarchist review. It read:

"When I walk along the Bahnhofstrasse on a Saturday night, I get furious at the luxury goods in the store windows. But wait until midnight when those windows will be smashed, Sabotage Boogie! Sabotage is fun!"

There were more riots two days later, when a huge crowd of 2000 demonstrators confronted the police and there were 300 arrests. The police later announced that 27 of those arrested would be kept in preventive detention charged with serious offences.

By now the total damages were estimated at £10 million and the authorities were worried that the riots would spread to other cities. 56 residents of Zurich petitioned the Swiss Federal President to send in troops against these "hordes of vagabonds".

The latest press report in the *Sunday Times* claims that German radical groups, including October Three terrorists who bombed Swiss offices in London recently, are allying themselves with militant Swiss student groups and were recruiting demonstrators to join the protests.

J.M.

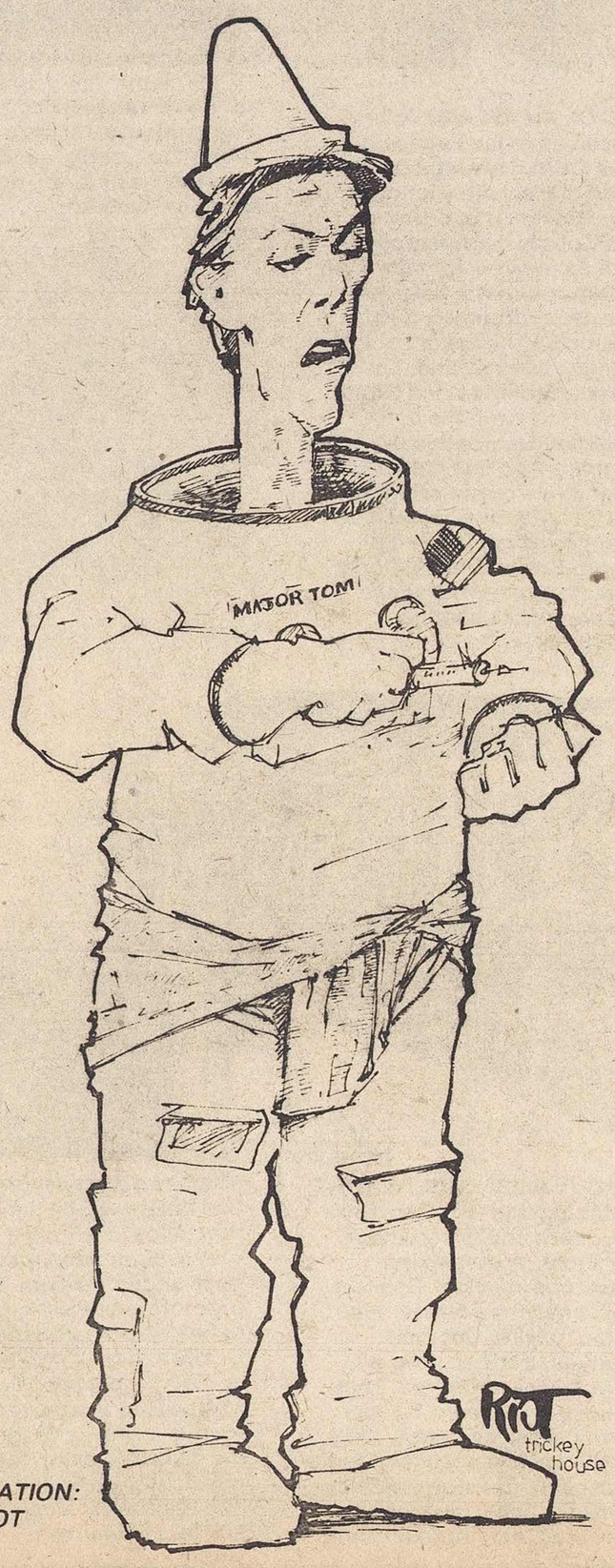


ILLUSTRATION: TONY RIOT

IN 1980 BOWIE FINALLY BECAME A GENRE.

1980, for some extraordinary reason, suddenly converged with David Bowie. A style he spawned came to some sort of belated fruition in the music and clothes of others, while Bowie himself found his irresolute way back to somewhere near the centre stage.

Bowie's increased visibility began with a re-modelled 'Space Oddity',the video first shown on the eve of this year, at the risk of signifying the end of his decade.

'Ashes To Ashes', a deceptively strong single that reached number one in August, seemed to mark the same morose, reflective pause. Yet the album it was culled from, 'Scary Monsters', had a brash, confident surface that caused a far greater impact than 'Lodger' in 1979. Bowie has often and rather proudly admitted his commercial decline, perhaps to reassure the artist in him. Obviously this decline wasn't irreversible.

Mid-way through the year, taking his usual delight in the side step, Bowie accepted an offer to play the Elephant Man in David Pomerance's stage play, touring the eastern US with the production. He reportedly acquitted himself well in the latest of many strange guises.

From as far back as 'Station To Station', Bowie's songs have often emerged as confused personal outbursts. But the rootless, restless, self-obsessed being he offers his public has finally come to roost in these equally restless times. Bowie's public find his insecurity somehow re-assuring. Their emotions reflect it inwardly, and their clothes outwardly. They dress up and dance to 'Fashion', a song that's really meant to be laughed at.

Talking to *NME's* Angus Mackinnon in September, Bowie came close to owning up: "Uncertainty? Yes, if there's one thing I've contributed, it's a great dollop of uncertainty!"

P.R.

Dutch police club together.

NO TREATS FOR THE DUTCH EITHER: HOUSING is the key element behind the youth riots in Amsterdam, a city where about 60 per cent of the city's 300,000 dwellings are in need of renewal and there are some 55,000 people on the official waiting list. As a result some 6-7,000 buildings are now controlled by squatters, and clashed between them and police have become a regular occurrence.

In March, 63 people were injured after police tried to evict squatters from an empty building. The squatters retaliated by ripping up pavements and erecting barricades and, despite attempts at reconciliation by the Mayor, negotiations broke down. As a result the authorities sent in helicopters, who dropped pamphlets, warning families to stay indoors, and a convoy of six tanks and several armoured vehicles moved into the area to clear the barricades.

Worse was to come on the day of the coronation of Queen Beatrix in the New Church in the main Dam Square. Police using water cannons and riot gas together with more army tanks conducted a pitched battle with squatters and their supporters whose slogan, painted on the walls of the square, was "Geen Woning, Geen Kroning". (No Home, No Coronation).

Further clashes followed in August when 200 police were involved in an action to evict 200 squatters from a block of luxury flats opposite the main railway station.

The Dutch Defence Ministry recently admitted that two Air Force Starfighters flew a photo reconnaissance mission, 300 metres above the "headquarters" of the squatters, a five-story block of flats known as the "Groote Keyzer". The building has since been bought by the council to provide housing for young people but the battles continue.

J.M.

NO NEWS MEANT *NEW MUSIC NEWS*... FOR AWHILE.

The six-week-long IPC dispute led to the genesis of *New Music News*, a 25p tabloid set up by Bunch Books director Felix Dennis and Mark Williams. *NMN* was originally intended as a short-term, quick-kill proposition along, usual lines Bunch publication and it was first printed by QB of Colchester, whose largest share-holders are IPC — an in-joke which appealed to the vexed climate of the dispute.

At the time, Williams and Dennis estimated IPC's troubles would last three weeks; Williams claims that he understood the sales on Issue One reached 80,000 and distributors Moore-Harness then said they felt they could maintain a minimum circulation of 60,000 as long as the dispute continued. Thus *NMN* gained an extended life, swelling its team of freelancers with refugees from the demoralised *Melody Maker*, where editor Richard Williams had resigned over the issue of a scab *MM* and the long-awaited relaunch had been scrapped.

At this point, however, *NMN* editor Mark Williams was also wrestling with duties as a Bunch director, particularly with the question of circulation figures on another company publication. During the production of Issue Six of *NMN* he decided his position as a director of Bunch had become "untenable", and he resigned it. As a consequence, he also resigned the editorship of *NMN*. Reviews Editor Giovanni Dadomo was promoted to the helm.

From a frankly derivative substitute, *NMN* went on to develop some style of its own as it attempted to outlive the reappearance of the IPC weeklies. It scored respectable rock paper coups with an advance review of 'Scary Monsters' (barring one track!) via a friendly French journalist; and a joint interview between Chrissie Hynde, Debbie Harry, Poly Styrene, Viv Albertine, Siouxsie Sioux and Pauline Black.

Things were looking up, it seemed, and when Dennis wooed Ian Birch from the Reviews Editorship of the shrinking *MM* to the Reviews Editorship of *NMN*, he told Birch he would personally guarantee the paper for a year. A few weeks later Dennis announced he was folding the publication.

The reason he gave was the cash flow situation at Bunch: £100,000 supposedly due from American backers for *NMN*, the company's launch of 'British & Commonwealth Stamps', and the general underwriting of other publications had failed to materialise.

It was August 15 and the sixteenth *NMN* — the 'Wartime Issue' — was on the boards. Dennis sent a memo round to the NMN staffers and then saw them individually. He offered them the title for free and claimed he himself had tried to sell it for one pence to any taker. (When asked if he wanted to buy *NMN*, Richard Branson apparently asked Dennis if *he* wanted to buy the Venue).

The paper was dead as of 7 pm that evening. Shocked staffers made a pact to work until August 30 to try and sell / save their baby by writing and talking to several interested parties, but time was pressing — in the end *New Music News* collapsed because of a genuine 'cash flow' situation: £6,000 didn't make it to the right place fast enough to meet typesetting and paper bills.

The main staffers of *New Music News* are still fully engaged in the music / critical scene (contrary to some reports), but it's a pity fate swiped their collective effort from that scene just as it really began to make an original contribution.

C.R.

FACEing the '80s

The Face — the glossy colour monthly billed as 'Rock's Final Frontier' — debuted at the stands on Mayday 1980, and to date has published nine issues. Since then it has consolidated a personality compounded of a number of factors: quality paper with full-colour printing; the restrictions of a monthly (ie features must hold their own, irrespective of topicality — an untraditional task for rock writing); and the personal decisions of its editor.

Nick Logan regards the title as his key: "I definitely wanted to avoid lashing the thing to rock alone. The visual thing is my solution to those times when there can be more reportage than actual event around. The impact of a good visual is an aesthetic achievement in itself and it doesn't impose such explicit judgments."

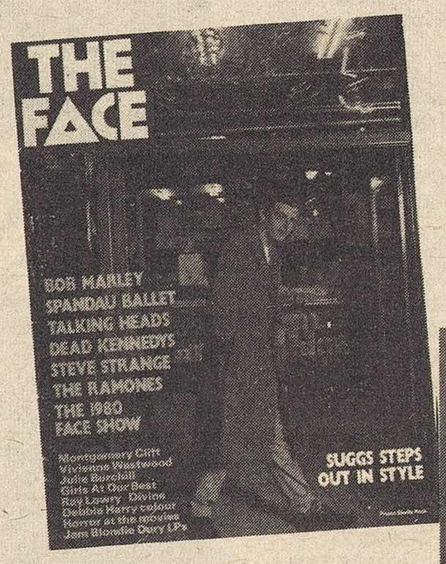
Logan's intense interest in visuals dates from five years on a local paper in East London where "I did a bit of everything: *reporting, subbing, proofing, editing and layout*" — all of which skills he later honed to a fine edge on *NME*. His *Face* is an entirely personal project generated in a climate where "all the publishing concerns were frightened about anything like it. You know, *'Street Life* didn't make it'. Plus I wanted good paper and no more than eight ads per issue."

Its monthly format has made *The Face* look slow off the mark on the 'topical' subjects it has tackled; but by No. 3 it began to rack up some notable successes.

It sported an especially fetching Mo-Dettes cover and coverage (right through to Jane's wedding), and its street fashion features have been consistent and keen. On the debit side, *The Face has* fallen for a lot of PR-pushed topics without securing a sharp enough angle to justify ANOTHER Spandau Ballet, Jam, Polystyrene or Richard Jobson piece.

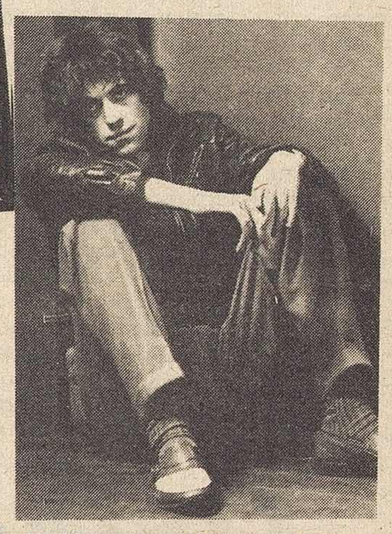
But *The Face* is evolving a unique and individual personality — and constructively helping to re-define 'rock culture' on a wider basis. 1981? "I want to keep things as loose as possible," says Logan, "and break down the traditions I've already established, in order to keep the magazine developing."

C.R.



OLD & GREY & ROCK & ROLL: At its best during the musicians union strike, BBC's stab at mopping up 'rock' is still tediously and invincibly based around Michael Appleton's belief that American must be best, that anything not on a major label must be out of tune and that to be totally out of touch is the only way to really know what's going on. Adrian Thrills for compere.

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH: It says a lot for the state of British comedy that the vastly overrated *Not The Nine O'Clock News* is regarded as the best we can produce. The *News* format is staid (sketch after sketch after skit, all of which strive pathetically to limp punchlines) and the infamous team (Atkinson et al) don't even write their own gags. So much for Footlights education! The rest of 'light' entertainment struggles on with the usual moronic staple diet of smut, smug racism or cheeky chump banter (the execrable Cannon and Ball, Little and Large, etc etc). The best laffs to be had this year were from the other side of the pond — the wonderful *Barney Miller*, the reliable *Taxi*, the unsurpassable *Soap*. Next year's thing? Jokes about the Yorkshire Ripper, for sure.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BOOMTOWN RATS? They disappeared into Kenny Everett's Video World and never returned.

Return Of The Invisible Axe

LET'S face it, the news was not good: the economy was in a mess, the Russians were in Kabul, and Black Sabbath were in the Alternative Charts, thanks to a NEMS re-issue of the ancient 'Paranoid'.

Paranoid, who us? You bet; it was that kind of year. Only the most incurable optimist could come out of 1980 claiming that the prospects for youth in Britain weren't at their bleakest in living memory. And together, 'real' punk and its blood brother heavy metal made the perfect soundtrack — unlistenable music for unliveable times.

Crude, loud, backward-looking, conformist, in a rut and proud of it, headbanging like there's No Future, nirvana exchanged for pissed oblivion, this was the noise of a new defeatism, or a new barbarism, or tribalism. Or something.

If anything was clear among the general confusion, it was that any 'revolution' of rock attitudes initiated by the new wave was at best a sadly confined one. Look around. MOR, AOR, all that musical Ovaltine for status symbol stereo systems continues to rule the tastes of rock's ageing market. And what's even more depressing is the entrenched conservatism that's overcome younger consumers too — however much it's disguised behind rebel rhetoric, volume and fist-clenching play-acting.

In 1980 heavy metal thrived more openly than it's done since pre-'76. Young traditionalists turned out in strength to demonstrate their loyalty to upholders — old and new — of The Old Ways.

In what's left of the punk camp — the people supposedly most committed to an ideal of 'change', however vague — the ethic looked just the same, just as staunchly preservationist. The more militant this die-hard mentality became, the more prone it was to turn ugly, and the more awful the music got as well.

The best of the '76 wave moved on to new and exciting things. But the camp followers seemed unable to make the trip. Sham, Subs, Upstarts, Rejects, none of them have built on that first surge of energy, and they're getting bogged down in a hopeless morass of negativity and cliche. Small wonder those groups have been unwilling victims of the attentions of kids determined to wallow in anything that's anti-fun. Full marks to any band that'll stick loyally with the youth that everyone else wants to forget about, and make music that anyone can identify with — but the punk hardcore is going to need a massive injection of freshness and thought if it's not to crash to a full-stop, amidst mindless violence and uselessly pessimistic music.

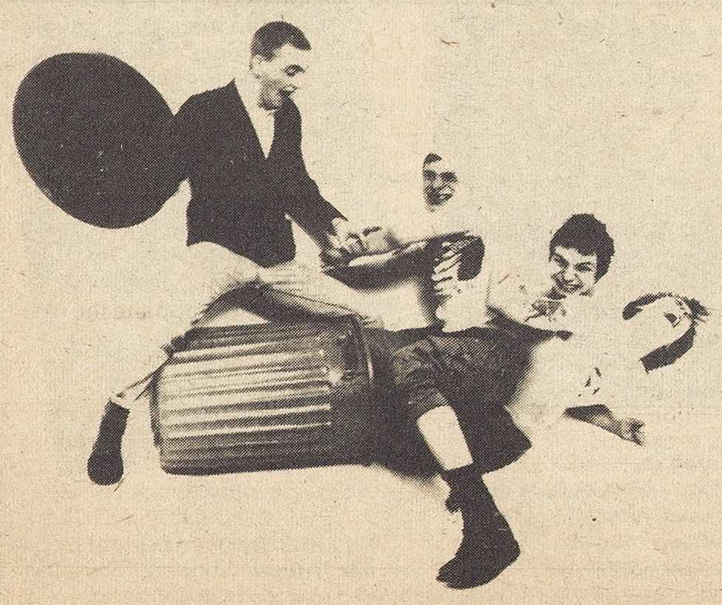
The most disappointing night I spent this year was at the Electric Ballroom, where Splodgenessabounds trundled out some very dire noise indeed, to a mixture of empty-eyed punks, slumped apathetically in beer-puddles and vomit, accompanied by ranks of crop-topped sieg heilers. I don't know what the answer is, but it definitely doesn't lie with the tribalist cheer-leading of a part of the music press.

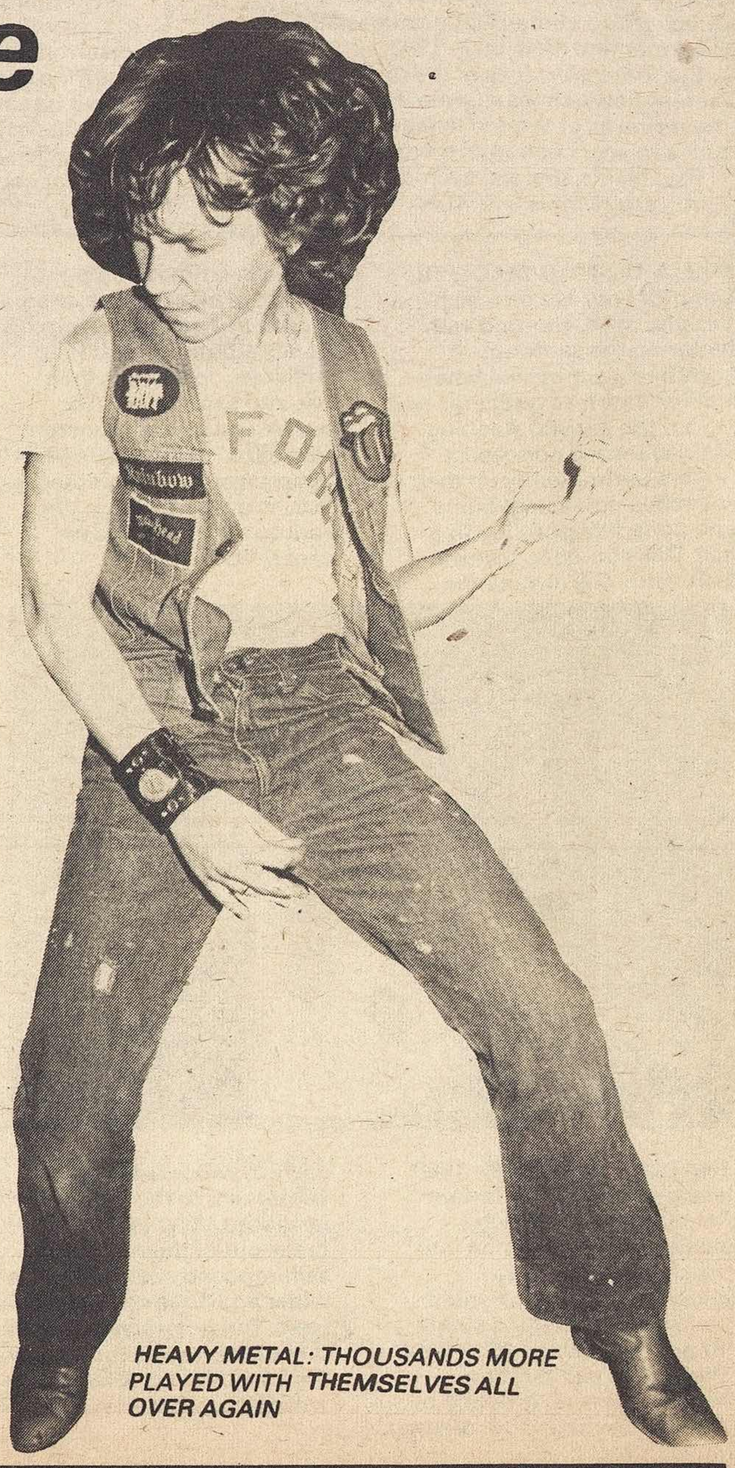
Heavy metal looked healthier, though equally short of ideas. Zeppelin split, AC/DC came back, a host of young new bands emerged — and, as ever, it was Motorhead who did it best, crowning the year with the classic 'Ace Of Spades'. Mostly it sounded like the same old thing, from Nugent's megawatt pantomime to the supposed infusion of fresh talent offered by Saxon and Iron Maiden and the others. The audiences went on buying the dated superiority complex: revelling in passive, abject self-surrender in return for the brief illusion of power and might that makes male adolescence easier to bear.

Sure, we take it all too seriously sometimes. Rotten rock music like most HM and 'real' punk may be a symptom of demoralised youth culture, but not a disease itself. Escapism wasn't what we really needed in 1980, it was positive solutions and hope, but blanket condemnations only reinforce the divisions. We'd better stop ignoring each other, and start talking. There's a lot to learn.

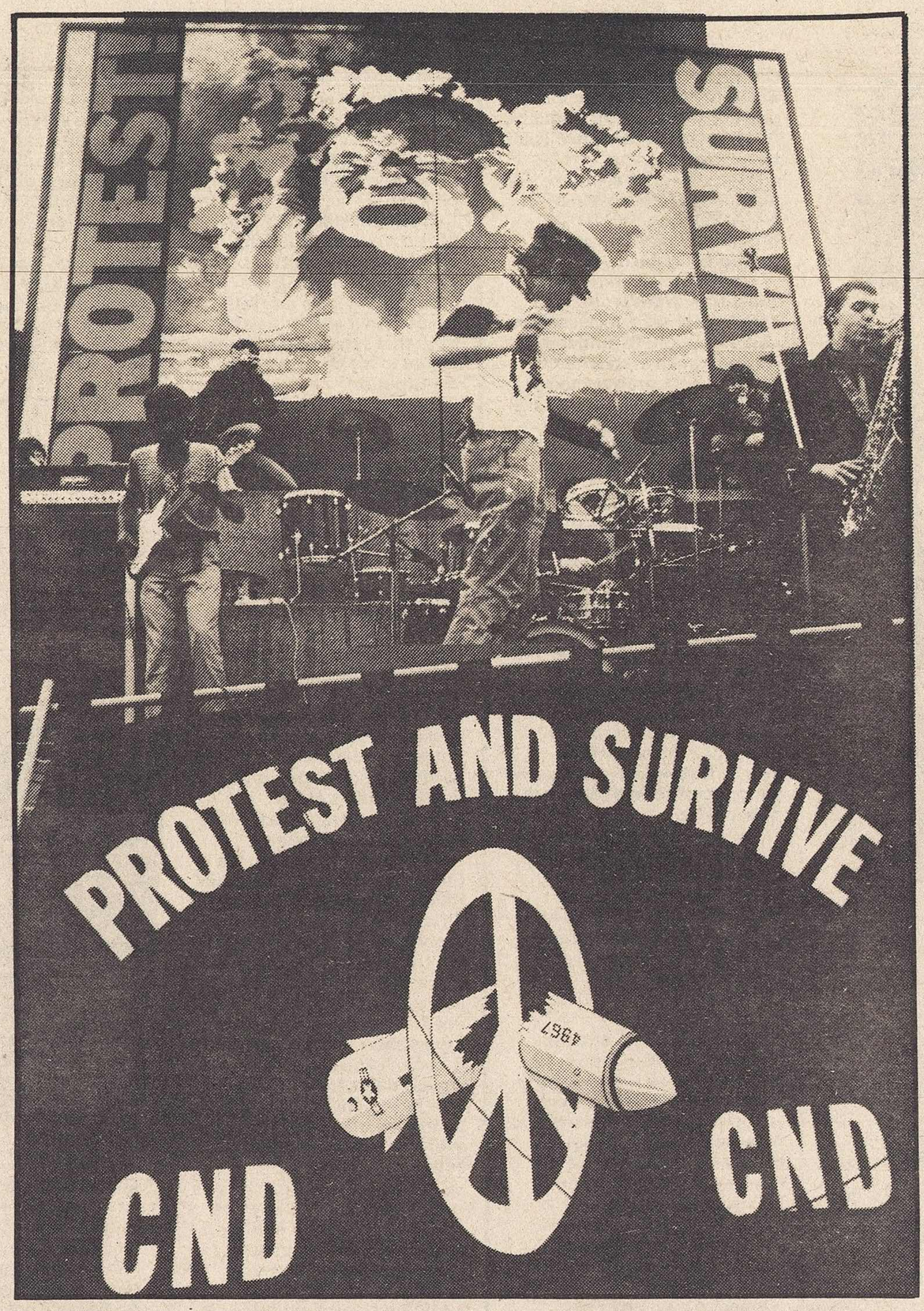
Paul Du Noyer

'OO SAID RUBBISH? COCKNEY REJECTS ATTEMPT TO PROVE THEY'RE REAL





HEAVY METAL: THOUSANDS MORE PLAYED WITH THEMSELVES ALL OVER AGAIN



Britain on red alert

I WAS trying to work out how we suddenly arrived at our present state of nuclear war panic when I saw the whole crackpot trail laid out in the *Daily Mirror's* excellent November 'shock issue' — *Britain and The Bomb.*

Our guide was Callaghan's former foreign secretary, David Owen. And he wrote:

'The roots of the present mood of genuine worry began when President Carter failed to persuade Congress to ratify SALT II (Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty) in 1978. Detente between East and West faltered. Mrs Thatcher irresponsibly polished her Iron Maiden image. The brutal Afghanistan invasion was wrongly depicted as designed to threaten Gulf oil supplies. President Carter hardened his image to win votes, detente suffered and Soviet missile deployment increased. The British Government talked glibly of limited nuclear war, accepted cruise missiles and ordered the expensive (£5,000m) Trident which we cannot afford.'

Owen was on a four-man Labour Government committee which, according to Lawrence Freedman of the Royal Institute of Internal Affairs, "took the crucial steps leading to Trident". But we can at any rate thank Owen for reminding us of the events to date.

The public reaction, understandably, has been to resuscitate the anti-nuclear movement. Labour voted at its annual conference to ban British nuclear weapons and 70,000 variegated Britons marched on October 26 from Hyde Park to Trafalgar Square under the auspices of the Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament.

The CND sees itself as *the* anti nuclear movement; well able to encompass the variety of views and doctrines currently prevalent. Its own strategy, as spelled out by Gen. Sec. Bruce Kent and by National Organiser Sally Davison, is one-step unilateralism.

This means you don't wait for the world to improve or for other nations to give up the bomb first. Britain takes the first step of rejecting the installation of American cruise missiles on UK soil and cancelling of Trident, the 'all British', American-made deterrent.

This is to be achieved by education and by unleashing what E.P. ("Intellectual guru") Thompson calls "a great democratic mass movement. Feel your own strength," he frequently exhorted at the Trafalgar Square rally. "I want you to feel your own strength."

Not everyone greets this public upsurge as a clever thing. Owen, for example, sees it as naive and unbalanced. We need American missiles pointing at Russia, he says, because Russia's got missiles pointing at us. We'll disarm if they disarm. But not before.

The technical term for this brand of petulance is "multilateralism". Multilateralism requires a simultaneous disarming of belligerent foes. The great hope in this direction is a United Nations special Disarmament Session in 1982.

But there are critics of the public "floodtide" far less hawkish than Owen. People who see the mood as grounded in fear, panic and a gross misconception of the prevailing forces.

Paul Elkins, general secretary of the Ecology Party, argued this line when he wrote to the *Guardian* last month and predicted that "when the floodtide recedes, as such tides inevitably do, so will Labour's commitment to disarmament — just as happened in the '60s."

Elkins speaks for earth friends everywhere when he says there will be no bomb banning until society changes its priorities.

"Politicians of every complexion," he wrote, "call for economic expansion as a cure for this country's ills. But this is an expansion that would increase our competitive thrust for world markets and for diminishing world resources and which could only possibly be fueled by nuclear power. If that's a recipe for world peace, I wonder what will cause the next world war."

With these thoughts in mind, some environmentalists tend to shun the CND and take up with the umbrella group, Anti Nuclear Campaign.

The ANC shares Elkins' perception of the "ruthless industrial ethos" and is obsessed not with bombs but with the "entire nuclear cycle" . . . from uranium mining to the effects on civil liberties.

This is not to say that ANC and CND are so incompatible that they couldn't co-operate in the staging of Trafalgar Square or in a number of publishing enterprises. They have and did.

The main doctrinal difficulties are perceived by many in the movement as coming not from environmentalists but from the Left, particularly the Socialist Workers Party and the International Marxist Group, both of whom were very visible at the CND November Annual General Meeting.

It was here the two groups were seen to combine on an emergency resolution which sought to catapault CND into the annual Mayday marches and thus into the very deepest political waters.

CND is shy of getting involved because of unhappy experiences with the Labour Party on its first time around (1959-1962). Much of its anti-nuclear energy in those days was spent arguing whether or not to partially or fully align with the Labour Party.

The issue was finally settled when Harold Wilson's new government of 1964 ordered four polaris nuclear subs from America, despite a manifesto promise of that same year to scrap the subs.

It took the air out of the old CND.

Labour conference has taken a decision this year to rid Britain of nuclear weapons and even though it's said to have been inspired by the grass roots rather than enforced from the top down, and even though long time nuclear activist Mikey Foot is now in charge, CND means to keep a steady beat.

"We will not," says Gen. Sec. Bruce Kent, "put all our eggs in one basket." This time, he says, the movement will rely on the plain folk who've recently swelled the CND ranks, what he calls "the grannies to the punks".

It's their continued involvement Kent feels, that will prevent a takeover by extremists.

"Certain radical groups like the ones you mentioned have shown a quite unprecedented interest in disarmament recently where none was shown before," he tells us. "But if their tack is to attempt a takeover then it is a very stupid move.

"We, after all, are also in the business of waking people up politically. But we are and have to remain a broad-based movement aligned to no one organisation."

Paul Holborow of the SWP, however denied both the johnny-come-lately jibe as well as suggestions that his party sought to take over CND.

"We are not interested in turning the CND into a revolutionary tool as you put it but we are interested in working with all sections of the labour movement for the aim of disarmament."

And Kent admits that there *will* be a time for radicalism. He sees a repetition of the Direct Action undertaken by the breakaway Committees Of One Hundred which, in the early '60s obstructed work on the American bases and frequently got themselves jailed or roughly handled as a consequence.

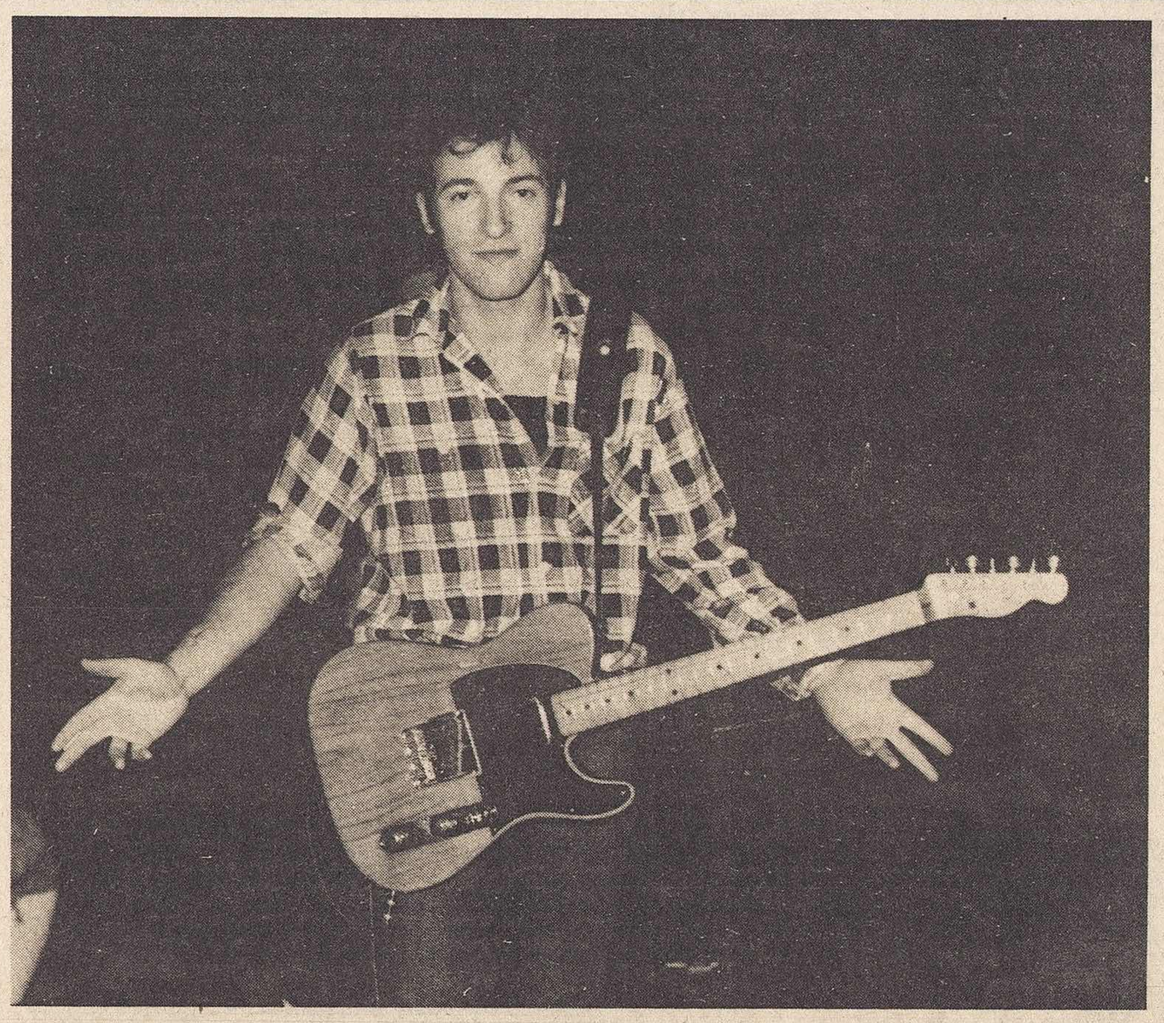
The new aim will be to rebuff cruise and Trident.

"But I am firmly opposed," he says, "to deliberate conflict with the police. Also to any form of personal violence."

Andrew Tyler

MAMA-OO-MAO-MAO!: The Gang Of Four are on trial here tonight, folks, charged with battering the same set — admittedly a great set when we first saw it several eras ago — into the ground, keeping their collective non-sexist fingers permanently up their collective non-sexist bums and generally grinding to a halt. Will someone please walk Andy Gill around the room a few times and pump him full of black coffee, drag Hugo Burnham away from his Stones albums, threaten to confiscate Jon King's long mac and prod Dave ("the bleakest and most industrial member of the group") a few times. C'mon, chaps, you can discuss ontology later. We want some music and we want it NOW.

THAT CERTAIN FUNK: 1980 was the year that A Certain Ratio stepped out of the shadow of Joy Division into the clearer light of an idiosyncratic, jazz-oriented funk with the Belgian single 'Shack Up' and the 12" 'Flight'. Their often exhilarating music, however, is belied by their demeanour both onstage and off, which is shy and withdrawn to the point of insularity. Whether they can break out of their self-imposed shell to reach a wider audience remains to be seen. The potential is certainly there and may be fulfilled by the forthcoming collaboration with Grace Jones.



WAS IT WORTH THE WAIT? Traditionally long in the making, Bruce Springsteen's 'The River' predictably varied little from the "more songs for grease monkeys and car mechanics" formula most successfully established two albums ago on 'Born To Run'. However, if it's traditional virtues you are after, Springsteen's romantic yearning for road mythology and his eye for evocative imagery ('Wreck On The Highway') means you probably won't mind waiting two years for the next one.

NO MESSIN': Madness made an LP which took their evolving heavy monster sound one step beyond skaville singalongs and into the domain of all-round family fun and pithy pen portraits. But the old nutty nuances die hard and the Coco Brothers and company were at their best on a quartet of infectious and cleverly-crafted pop singles 'My Girl', 'Work, Rest And Play', 'Baggy Trousers' and 'Embarrassment'.

KILLING JOKE Some of us don't get it.

ELEGY FOR LOST YOUTH:
Whatever happened to those patterned shirts?
Whatever happened to those commemorative badges?
Whatever happened to that chancy guitar sound?
What ever happened to the chills down the spine?

Whatever happened to the vision and vitality?
Whatever happened to the tension and the spite?
Whatever happened to BUZZCOCKS?
A group like any other!
Just lost.

BATTLE SKARS: 1980 was the year 2-Tone became just a stereotype. The label's momentum was lost as The Selecter felt too much pressure and left, The Bodysnatchers split, The Swinging Cats never really got off the ground and veteran trombonist Rico still awaits the big breakthrough.

But at the core, the band who began it all remained: The Specials broadened and adapted their sound as the active and wacky mind of General Dammers discovered sweet soul muzak and the collective came up with the brave 'More Specials' LP.

RADAR LOVE: Perhaps it was the best batch yet for the Captain. A new group, his first English visit in six years, and two well received albums. 1980 was the year when Beefheart could point to the successes of the new wave and say "bzzzzzzz. . ."

NEXT YEAR BOX: Howard Devoto — why isn't this man a fucking star!?

KID MAKES GOOD: After beinning 1980 in grand style with 'Brass In Pocket' topping the singles chart, and their debut album 'The Pretenders' going number one within a week of its release, The Pretenders lost ground when Chrissie Hynde took the boys home to the US. They made the cover of *Rolling Stone* among other conquests, but returned with some insignificant new songs, which suggest success will come a bit slower in '81.

CALLING ALL CABS: Cabaret Voltaire continued working in diligent seclusion in Sheffield, submitting an album, 'The Voice Of America', and several singles (including the 40 minute 'Three Mantras') as proof that aims are best pursued in isolation from music-biz excesses. Towards the end of the year, they toured America on the lowest of budgets, and released their best single to date in 'Seconds Too Late'. Meanwhile, their influence continued to be felt in the increasing numbers of DIY electronic rock bands surfacing throughout the year.

THIS WAS the year low-minded record business ethics attracted the interest of television news programmes and Fleet Street. Fixing the charts through bribes wasn't a new phenomenon but it was newly revolting to a public which saw itself biting on the recessionary bullet . . . so how come that lot get away with it?

The scandals helped to consolidate a new alternative trade association that would better suit the so-called indies.

A possible first recruit is Charisma boss Tony Stratton Smith, who's just fallen out with Polygram after three years of trying to forge a joint venture with the Euro-based transnational. He recently jotted down his feelings for *Music Week* and fairly scorched the page. He wrote of "conspiracy in this industry to take out the creative entrepreneurial spirit. . .of a pre-occupation with legal and accounting matters. . .great men reduced to drunks because they have become demoralised by layers of frustration built up by the majors. . ."

Others, though, like the new status quo: a situation whereby the 'indies' act as kind of talent scouts for home-nurtured talent while the majors sink their chops into the gilt-edged investments of the order of Abba and McCartney. Deals are struck whereby the indies would provide the young A&R ears and the majors the marketing and distributive muscle.

THE year was above all notable for the deep pangs of recession felt amongst most sectors

Record business implodes

stereotype of the modern record company chief — someone to replace the cigar-smoking rogue of the '50s and his successor, the dope-smoking middle-aged hipster. The new model is a hard flogging salesman "made good". A grey area man. His name is John Fruin.

Fruin was managing director of WEA Records and chairman of the British Phonographic Industry until he was struck down by an August hype special by the Granada TV show *World In Action*. It was a sharp half hour that included on-camera hype confessions by two of his former sales team, both of whom said they had been acting with the encouragement of head office.

This was all very distressing to the BPI, who were meantime trying to cultivate a strictly bland image so as to attract the winning eye of the Department of Trade and Industry.

It was from this quarter the trade association hoped to find crucial support for legislation that would grant a levy on blank cassettes. Incalculable millions were apparently being lost by persons taping their favourite music from the radio or records. The BPI was now trying to win back a portion of it — twenty to thirty pee being the anticipated surcharge.

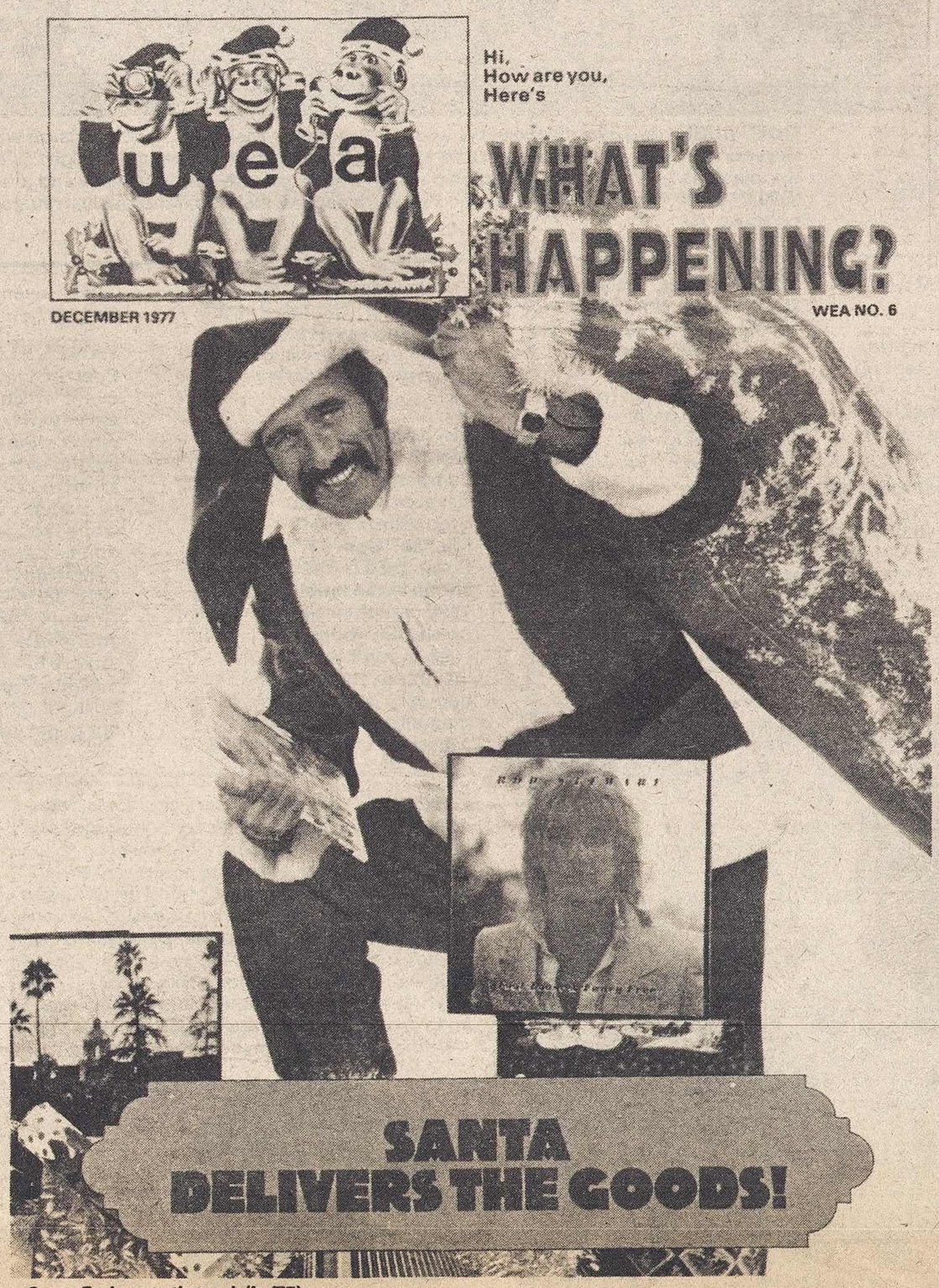
It was perhaps with this long fight in mind that the BPI launched a face-saving inquiry into the *World In Action* charges. The result was an equivocal report whose main recommendations were in any case overlooked by the BPI council.

The report was at first kept secret, even from the BPI's own membership. It was finally released for viewing on a rope at headquarters.

The Council's new chairman, Chris Wright of Crysalis recently acknowledged the necessity of refurbishing the industry's image and saw "members of the music business lecturing at colleges, universities and chambers of commerce. . .We must let people know that the music business is a serious industry, not a Mickey Mouse set-up."

One positive 1980 development has been the assimilation of the smaller companies into the BPI's decision-making process. Wright now promises them a 50 per cent representation on all sub-committees so as to avoid an "us and them situation".

So far as Riva Records were concerned the enticements came too late. The company resigned from the BPI ranks soon after it became apparent to them that "hyping was still very much going on and anyone who thought differently was being naive." Riva's boss, Billy Gaff, has subsequently made tentative steps towards the formation of an



Santa Fruin gets the sack (in '77)

of the business. Decca and EMI — the original British record industry — were both bought out, leaving a home market dominated by the European and American majors.

Most of these large transnationals, with their enormous infrastructure, their investment in plant and West End office blocks, suffered gravely. They were geared to the giddy times of maximum production and when the '70s boom ended they hadn't the reflexes to make the necessary adjustments. Mass redundancies began in 1979 and continued until the final months of the year.

There was less pain felt by the independents who had the mobility to capitalise on fresh home talent. Many were tied to a major and often received the benefits of near-the-knuckle 'direct marketing' techniques.

The power of the majors was undermined in other traditional preserves. The trend towards independent record distribution continued with companies like Spartan, Pinnacle and Stage One reporting successes. Rough Trade, Red Rhino and others also consolidated.

Damont — a record pressing firm in which the Fruin family own a parcel — also did quite nicely feeding on the scraps thrown to it by the majors as well as pressing for the 'indies'.

Not all the majors had a thoroughly lousy time of it however. CBS opened, on June 28, the world's most advanced, computer-controlled 200,000 sq.ft. record factory in Aylesbury, described by deputy president, Dick Asher as "almost awe inspiring".

Some persons would like to nurture the split between the majors and indies for a more wholesome and art-directed industry. Others take the view that to knock a good thing is self destructive.

October — December 1979. 23 million singles were sold, 13.2% down on the same period of the previous year. The cost to record shops was £14.7m, which was 8.6% more than they paid the year before. In the same period 28.3m albums were sold, down 13.6% on year before. Value was £66.3m, which was down 1.4%

January — March 1980. 19.6m singles, down 16%. Valued at 12.2m which was down 18.2%. Album sales were 14.8m, down 13%. Value £29.5m, down 11%.

April — June 1980. 16.4m singles, down 28.7% Value £9.8m, down 21.6%. Album sales 11.4m units, down 19.2%. Value £26m, down 17.5%.

July — September 1980. 18m singles, down 8.7%. Value £12.3m, up 4% on previous year. Album sales 13m units, down 13.1%. Value £28.4m, down 7.2%.

BABY BIO WORKS WONDERS: Attempts, last year, to portray Stevie Wonder as Serious Artist back-fired when his ludicrous 'Secret Life Of Fruit 'N' Vegetable' travesty became the bargain bin hit of that year. As a result, Wonder broke off an affair with a green pepper, checked out Bob Marley and Elvis Costello and came up with the vaguely catchy, if highly derivative 'Master Blaster Jammin'.' He also gave a few Wembley gigs and was joined onstage by Diana Ross who remembered the words of whatever it was they were all singing and Marvin Gaye who didn't.

MESSAGE FROM THE FALL

SUBSCRIBERS: This was the year the precincts filled up with young crims who hate the Dexys even though they're the people being searched for. These boys have no nerves left Monday. The toughs now dress like '30s faggots. Went to Holland and found something good in Britain's Victorianism. Highlights were: Kay and me ripping up a *Urgh! A Music War* film contract, and going to Eire.

This was the year of SHUT YOUR RAP LAD DON'T YOU KNOW THESE ARE HARD TIMES?!? and after doubting whether I was in the right media decided to rid myself of vamps, patronisers of the 'wee kids', and well-fed cult creeps.

Met and liked the new young kids around the country, and they'll be OK if they ignore the self-analysis and wholesale weeping being laid on them at the moment.

Started a night class and discovered people I didn't know existed. The drinking of the cursed classes kept us clever asses sneering at the literate classes! Go see 'em!

Round-up: Middlesboro', Saturday night — 500 people and 10 fashions from football fans to students, no applause, the audience was arguing within their own cults. There's something promising about that. Remember: religion costs much, but irreligion costs more.
Mark E. Smith

GOLD RUSH: Sun, sea, Stowaways and pirate tapes — McLaren's golden vision was wind-up of the year and Bow Wow Wow were its key. Led by teenage Annabella — the girl he found in a dry-cleaners — the group cut a dash through the UK grey. All swashbuckle and jungle thump, 'C30 C60 C90 Go' and 'Your Cassette Pet' were eager tribal bop, fabulously irreverent — a gilded bubble.

WILL(POWER) COX IT UP AGAIN? Toyah Willcox always did have ace taste in pop music. Her top ten for 1980:

1. Ashes to Ashes — David Bowie
2. Treason — The Teardrop Explodes
3. A Forest — The Cure
4. Israel — Siouxsie and the Banshees
5. Dog Eat Dog — Adam And The Ants
6. Runaway Boys — Stray Cats
7. Fashion — David Bowie
8. Private Life — Grace Jones
9. Electricity — OMITD
10. Get Up and Use Me — The Fire Engines

We wish she was a Radio One disc jockey as well as a talented actress and so-so singer. She popped up everywhere in 1980; in a lead role in *The Tempest*, in the stage version of *Sugar And Spice* and even in the BBC's *Dr Jekyll & Mr Hyde*. She also hosted a mildly disastrous *Friday Night And Saturday Morning* and had one of the best titles of the year in 'Sheep Farming In Barnet'.

DON'T WALK AWAY: The suicide of Ian Curtis was sickeningly unnecessary and broke our hearts. Ian's lonely, confused gesture savagely endorsed the exorcising yearning in Joy Division's music, and unnervingly challenged us to find hope. The Joy Division songs, with their terrible details and indelible imagery, demand retaliation, they dare to represent the human condition, they involve and hurt us: worlds like 'pessimism' and 'depressing' have no place. The music is there to lift us. 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', a timeless meloncholic love song, leaves us not with grief but with resolve. The music has not gone: the spirit has not disintegrated. New Order, with new fourth member, exist to stimulate and confound us. On the fringes of rock but deep in our hearts.

FILLING IN THE FORM: Mixing their persuasive poptones with some militant lyrical might and a few spoonfuls of dubwise home-production, UB40 deftly sidestepped 2-Tone mania and slipped into the top ten while everyone was looking the other way. By doing it all on the Dudley-based independent Graduate Records, the eight-piece from Moseley showed that steering clear of the major labels need not necessarily mean being condemned to the Alternative Charts for life.

BOB MARLEY, THE NABOB OF REGGAE: Jamaica's most global villager released one mightily militant album ('Uprising') and then withdrew early on from a US tour. 'Exhaustion' seemed to be something much more sinister, ironically raising the level of Marley appreciation yet further. Though it was Sly & Robbie's year for reggae (Tamlins, Viceroys, Black Uhuru), it was Marley's year as a soul survivor.

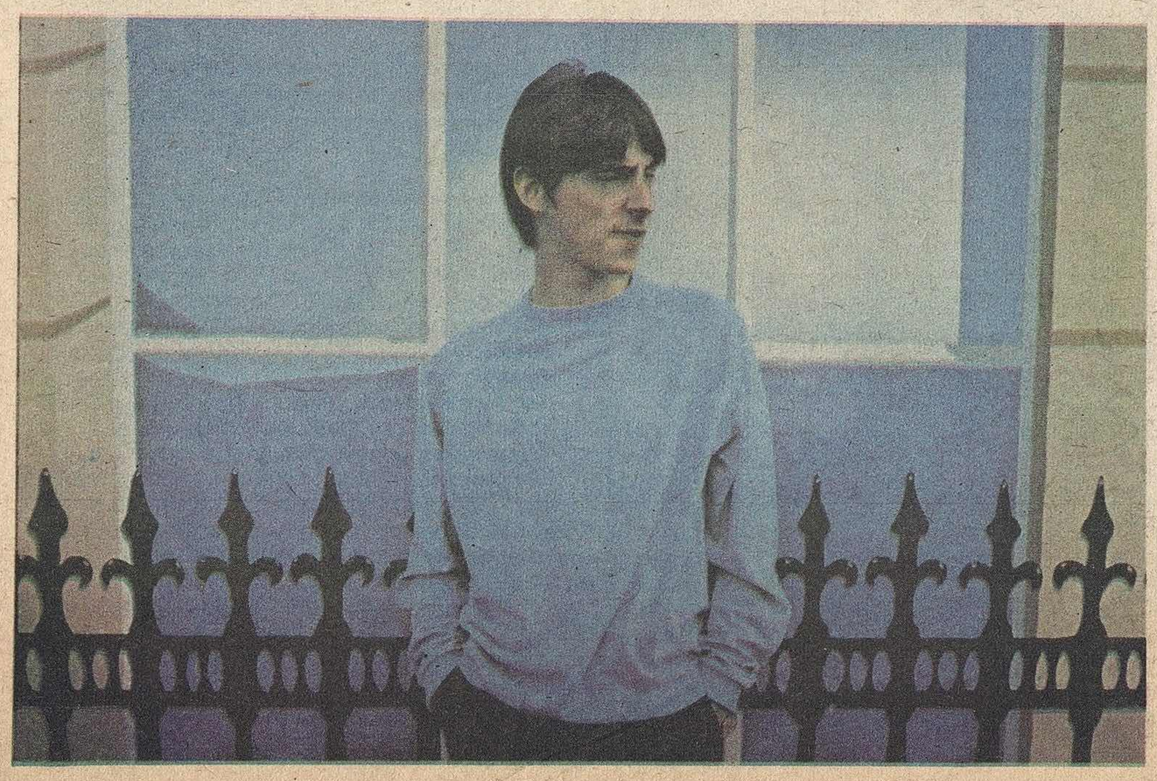
THE WHOLE WORLD IS AFRICA: Courtesy of big company interest (Island Records), Jamaican vocal group Black Uhuru — led by Michael 'Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?' Rose — shone in the limelight during 1980 with their Sly and Robbie produced album 'Sensimillia', even though by this time, inevitably, the group had begun to lose something of their allure on the reggae scene, with their best works 'Love Crises' and 'Shine Eye' already behind them.

WORDS IN A VACUUM: The Poetry Olympics were a media event which demonstrated exactly why poetry is — and why it shouldn't be — so insular and elitist: most poets seem to be talking almost exclusively to each other while wondering why they don't seem to be telling people anything they need to hear. John Cooper Clarke, Gregory Corso, Linton Kwesi Johnson and the Russian *emigre* Edward Livinov were the exceptions and no, Michael Horovitz, we weren't out to get you. Disappointed?

NEW BASS FOR OLD: Dexys came from the Black Country with scowls on their faces, pains in their hearts, overnight bags in their hands and chips on their shoulders. Truthfully, oppression and insensitivity frustrated them and they let it burn up inside

"SOME PEOPLE MIGHT SAY MY LIFE IS IN A RUT . . ."
Some people might have some justification in claiming that Paul Weller *should* perhaps strive for more. Nonetheless, 1980 was still another great year for The Jam.

They honed their sound to a new peak of precision and kept on keeping on with a consistency that would be boring were the songs not still so brilliantly incisive. They made a fine album in 'Sound Affects' and whacked out two number one singles, the first, 'Going Underground' hitting the topspot in the week of release for the first time since the Slade heyday. And while Weller has shown little inclination of departing radically from his own little niche, his creativity is hardly on the wane.

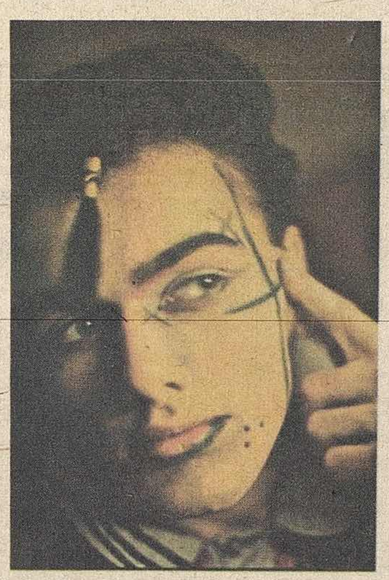


LABELS OF THE YEAR: There are labels that no longer deserve the dirty tag 'independent'. (there are some that do) and which are contributing more ideas, style, and variety of now musics than any lost London 'Major'. Rod Pierce's sophisticated **Fetish** released the very collectable Bongos 'Telephoto Lens' and Snatch's seamy, steamy 'Shopping For Clothes'. Coming: Bongos maxi single starring a lovely update of 'Mambo Sun' and an LP from Sheffield warriors Clock DVA.

Daniel Miller's **Mute** just kept releasing great records, consistently refining the electro-pop outlook: from DAF through Non and Silicone Teens to Fad Gadget and his Normal self.

Beggar Banquet's ECM-ish alter-ego **4AD** tried ambitiously to tap a contemporary spirit. They did well with Bauhaus, but came closest with Gilbert/Lewis. Never out of those alternative charts.

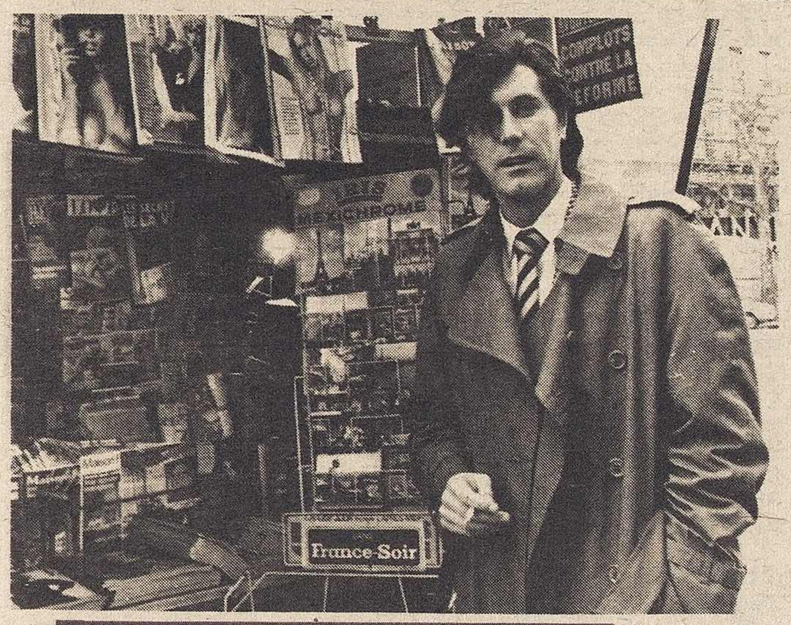
Bob last's **Pop: Aural** is formed and forming with quiet confidence: Pop-Aural's groups — bar Restricted Code — are not as attractive as



STALE GREASE? A Rockabilly renewal has been something of an ongoing situation for the past three years at least, though it has always lacked the style, substance and originality to cross over into the pop market where it surely belongs. But this year there were some signs of change in the emergence of transatlantic runaway trio, the slappin', howlin', yellin' Stray Cats, London combos like Whirlwind and The Polecats and mass adoption of the Mac Curtis crewcut.

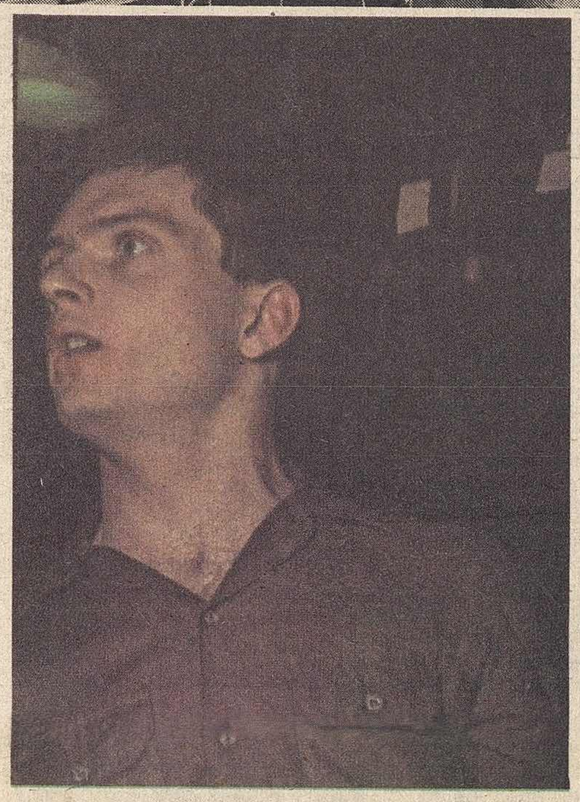
HEY, HEY, WHAT'S THAT SOUND? The new Merseybeat as established by the rise of Echo and Teardrop Explodes, isn't without its misgivings. Trying to score points off each other in needless rivalry, their live shows have become increasingly extravagant parodies of *Apocalypse Now* sets, thereby bringing back camouflage military chic, dry-ice and assorted psychedelic effects. But on the credit side, they both debuted with two of the year's more colourful albums, while the Bunnymen's Ian McCulloch and Teardrop's Julian Cope should become the matinee pin-up idols of '81.

King Of The Wild Frontier: From the most unpromising of starts — dumped by McLaren and robbed of his Ant-band — Adam Ant's year soared to triumphs unexpected by any but himself. Backed by a brand new outfit, the former darling of bondage punk re-emerged with a bold new image — brave warrior chic — a commercial sound as well. And he ended 1980 with a string of hits and a sell-out tour just to rub it in.



THE EFFETE DICTATOR: As Bryan Ferry slips even further into parody of his already heavily stylised self, Roxy Music have become less a group and more a successful starring vehicle for the singer. Drummer Paul Thomson's abrupt dismissal and the influx of session musicians diminish surviving members Manzanera and Mackay's roles on 'Flesh And Blood' — but it's runaway success ensures that Ferry won't relinquish his dictatorship or the name.

STILL GRUMPY: Deeds not words was Elvis Costello's *modus operandi.* No interviews and no controversial escapades may have projected a low-profile, but Costello continued to tour and record with all the obsession of a workaholic. Whilst others dabbled po-faced with old '60s soul imagery, EC not only rekindled the Spirit Of Stax in his own intense image ('I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down'), but changed record labels twice (from Radar to 2-Tone to F-Beat), demonstrated that it was possible to get 20 tracks on a single album ('Get Happy') without losing any sound definition, kept collectors happy with a picture disc single, collated any recorded loose-ends together on a cassette ('Ten Bloody Marys And Ten How's Your Fathers') and, above all, still managed to retain his credibility.



SHE'S GOT CONTROL: Almost as exciting as the Grace Jones/Russell Harty bout that rocked BBC decorum a few weeks back should be the forthcoming Jones/A Certain Ratio collaboration, which strengthens the Factory connection established by her inspired reading of Joy Division's 'She's Lost Control'. That, coupled on a single with a chilling version of Hynde's 'Private Life', made the breakthrough into mainstream pop when most disco voyeurs were prepared to write her off as little but a haunting physical presence on the scene's fringes.

BOMBS AWAY!: The B-52s went on prime time network TV in America one Saturday night and woke up on the following Monday to find Standing Room Only signs surrounding their latest album. 'Wild Planet' is almost identical to their first album, except it's a different colour. Nevertheless the Hammersmith Palais has hardly seen such commotion as greeted their only British gigs this year.

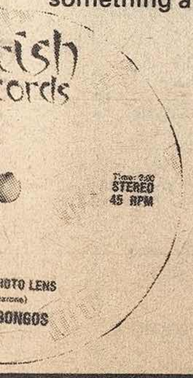
until it produced torrents of emotional music on 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels'. They were blighted by self-importance and a frontman who came over as a nutcase, finding hippies in the oddest of places and inventing charades like 'a new soul vision'. The result? Rowland's self obsession has succeeded in confusing everyone including himself and Dexys finish the year split in two's having released the turgid, depressing 'Keep It' as their closing stab.

they should be, but Last's involvement with TV 21 and the awe-inspiring Fire Engines, and his Pop: Aural packaging, show his judgment isn't as impaired as some suggest. Biding his time?

Richard Boon's **New Hormones** finally got active: it was worth the wait. Singles from Ludus (two), Diagram Bros and Eric Random surpassed all expectations.

Alan Horne's **Postcard** screamed for a return to excitement and brightness — and for something a little sinister — and put something where its mouth was by releasing six wonderful singles. Orange Juice (3 classics) teetered on the brink of greatness or disintegration and ended the year fittingly supporting The Undertones: you'll need them soon. Josef K (2) are an ultimate post-Velvets/Devoto band — an LP out in January. The Go-Between are from Australia: Alan Horne is not bothered about accents, just beats.

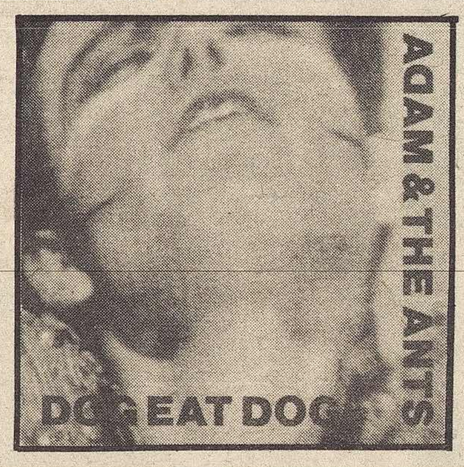
And then there was **Factory** . . . and look out for Brussels based Les Disques Du Crepuscule and Benelux.

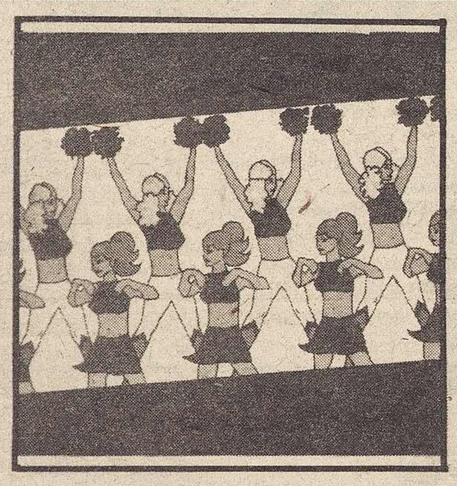


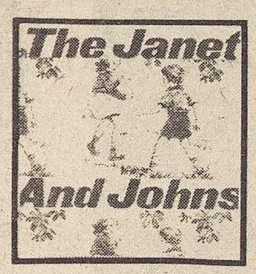
AND NOW A SPECIAL XMAS MESSAGE FROM NEXT YEAR'S LEADER OF THE WESTERN WORLD

WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT RONALD REAGAN CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

VINYL FINALS '80







THE PULSE OF CONFUSION

Adrian Thrills looks back over a bewildering display of disposable dazzle — singles of the year in the year of the single

MODERN POP might be a brave new world of sounds, singles and piracy for some, but there are still more than enough cloying musical hangovers from the not-so-swashbuckling mid-'70s.

The biggest of these myths is the over-riding importance of The Rock Album: for some reason — journalistic convenience perhaps? — the album is still the accepted yardstick by which the ultimate worth of a band is judged.

Take The Clash. For better or worse, their growth has been assessed in terms of their four albums, a gauge which completely ignores the fact that their greatest moments were arguably encapsulated in the quartet of golden singles between summer '77 and summer '78: 'Capitol Radio', 'Complete Control', 'Clash City Rockers' and 'White Man'.

The redundancy of looking to albums for the pulse of pop and regarding singles as no more than an attractive sideshow was never more obvious than during the past twelve confused and confusing months. As far as 45s went, I had little trouble in compiling a personal Top 50 listing of records which reverberated with wit, soul and imagination, from 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' at the top of the pile right through to 'Start!' at fifty. A vintage year. On the albums sheet, though, it was virtually impossible to begin looking beyond a top ten and even the lower reaches of that were patchy.

Okay, so it's all music. But 1980, even more than the three years preceding it, was a year of the single.

Continuing a trend that has been steadily growing since the tail end of '77, the singles chart became an increasingly good place to be in 1980 as it suffered a massive infiltration of decent music from Joy Division and The Jam to The Beat and UB40 to Adam and the Ants and The Skids.

Perhaps the most incredible chart success was that enjoyed by the half-dozen or so bands that grew either directly or indirectly from last year's 2-Tone explosion. The Specials, Dexys Midnight Runners, Madness, The Beat, UB40 and Bad Manners put quality dance floor pop on the radio and into the national top ten. Expect the Ants, Skids, Bow Wow Wow, Spandau Ballet and Stray Cats to do likewise in the coming months. Much of it might be strictly for the passing moment and ultimately hollow and disposable, but, as Joe Strummer once sang, at least it livens up the air(waves).

The two most consistent singles bands of 1979 in terms of quality — The Jam and The Undertones — had a relatively quiet time, although The Jam did begin the year just as they left off the last one with an instant classic in the clipped, brittle 'Going Underground', its crisp instrumentation and production and defiant message of hope and positivism adding up to what might just have been the most complete Jam single.

But the most consistent singles band of 1980, to my ears anyhow, were The Beat, who made four Go-Feet 45s of integrity and invention in 'Hands Off . . . She's Mine', 'Mirror In The Bathroom', 'Stand Down Margaret' and 'Too Nice To Talk To' while never losing sight of a quirky commerciality which ensured them a place in the hit parade.

There were also plenty of good records which don't even reckon in the lower echelons of the collective *NME* fifty, let alone the national charts. 1980, like any other year, saw its fair share of ones that got away, most of them released through the ever-spreading network of independent outlets, but not all necessarily recorded at Rochdale's Cargo Studios.

Independence isn't quite as fashionable these days, with all those shortsighted jibes of bohemian drabness, but at least a couple of bands did prove in 1980 that it could be ultimately successful, Joy Division and UB40 both achieving sizeable hits on Factory and Graduate Records.

JD hit with this year's anthem 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' — the single of the year in a year of the single — and would surely have done the same with 'Atmosphere' had Factory had the guile to give it a full seven-inch release. UB charted with a trio of mellow meisterworks in 'Food For Thought', 'My Way Of Thinking' and their current release 'Dream A Lie', lyric-wise the corniest love song Pete Shelley never wrote: *"Every night I call your name/We're still together just the same/And in the morning raise my head/A lonely room, an empty bed!"*

Rough Trade's pre-eminence as the doyen of the indies slipped slightly as they failed to get themselves a decent-sized hit single. They also lost their two best chart bets as Athletico Spizz '80 and The Mo-Dettes defected to A&M and Deram, although the two bands then proceeded to lose whatever it was that made them potentially great in the first place.

■ *Continues page 44*

THE NME'S RECORD OF THE RECORDS OF THE YEAR

EVERY YEAR after we print our traditional Yuletide critics' poll, we get literally thousands of letters asking us who exactly chose what. Usually we don't reply. After all, if there's one thing we here at NME stand against, it's the Cult of the Personality. (Ahem). But this year, just for a change, we thought we'd at least say who went for whom for their top slot hotshots of a highly vinylised year. . .

HOW THEY VOTED!

SINGLES

Charles Shaar Murray, Paul Du Noyer, Paul Morley, Adrian Thrills, Lynn Hanna: 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' Joy Division (Factory).
Chris Bohn: 'Atmosphere' Joy Division (Factory).
Neil Spencer: 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down' Elvis Costello (F-Beat).
Max Bell: 'New Amsterdam' Elvis Costello (F-Beat).
Nick Kent: 'Clubland' Elvis Costello (F-Beat).
Tony Stewart: 'Going Underground' The Jam (Polydor).
Chris Salewicz: 'Start!' The Jam (Polydor).
Monty Smith: 'Ashes To Ashes' David Bowie (RCA).
Roy Carr: 'Fashion' David Bowie (RCA)
Phil McNeill, Gavin Martin: 'Dance Stance' Dexys Midnight Runners (Oddball).
Julie Burchill: 'Too Nice To Talk To' The Beat (Go-Feet).
Tony Parsons: 'Rescue' Echo and the Bunnymen (Korova).
Paul Rambali: 'Funkytown' Lipps Inc (Casablanca).
Caramel Crunch: 'Games Without Frontiers' Peter Gabriel (Charisma).
Ian Penman: 'Maladie d'Amour' Kid Creole and the Coconuts (Ze).
Graham Lock: 'Your Cassette Pet' Bow Wow Wow (EMI).
Cynthia Rose: 'Bloody Hammer' Roky Erikson (CBS).
Richard Grabel: 'The Breaks' Kurtis Blow (Mercury).
Andy Gill: 'Independence Day' Comsat Angels (Polydor).

ALBUMS

Paul Morley, Paul Du Noyer, Chris Bohn: 'Closer' Joy Division (Factory).
Neil Spencer, Tony Stewart, Charles Shaar Murray: 'I Just Can't Stop It' The Beat (Go-Feet).
Max Bell, Chris Salewicz: 'Crocodiles' Echo and the Bunnymen (Korova).
Monty Smith: 'Shiny Beast' Captain Beefheart (Virgin)
Paul Rambali: 'Doc At The Radar Station' Captain Beefheart (Virgin).
Phil McNeill: 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' Dexys Midnight Runners (Parlophone).
Roy Carr: 'Scary Monsters' David Bowie (RCA).
Adrian Thrills: 'Signing Off' UB40 (Graduate).
Nick Kent: 'Get Happy!!' Elvis Costello (F-Beat).
Andy Gill: 'Waiting For A Miracle' Comsat Angels (Polydor).
Cynthia Rose: 'The River' Bruce Springsteen (CBS).
Vivien Goldman: 'Sinsemilla' Black Uhuru (Island).
Graham Lock: 'Blues For The Fisherman' Milcho Leviev and Art Pepper (Mole Jazz).
Ian Penman: 'Goes To Washington' Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah Band (Elektra).
Fred Dellar: 'Movies' Holger Czukay (EMI).
Lynn Hanna: 'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' Adam and the Ants (CBS).

ALSO MENTIONED

SINGLES

Cartrouble Adam and the Ants (Do It); **Kings Of The Wild Frontier, 'Antmusic'** Adam and the Ants (CBS); **Baltimore** Tamlins (Taxi); **Lovely One** The Jacksons (Epic); **Rapp Payback** James Brown (Polydor); **Three Mantras** Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade); **Bankrobber, The Call-Up** The Clash (CBS); **Keep It Part Two** Dexys Midnight Runners (Parlophone); **Elastic Man** The Fall (Rough Trade).

Holiday '80 EP Human League (VIrgin); **There Goes Concorde Again** And The Native Hipsters (Heater Volume); **Let Me Talk** Earth Wind And Fire (CBS); **Kebabtraume** D.A.F (Mute); **Politics** Girls At Our Best (Record); **You Gave Me Love** Crown Heights Affair (De-Lite); **Blue Boy, Falling And Laughing** Orange Juice (Postcard); **Enola Gay** Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (DinDisc); **Radio Drill Time** Josef K (Postcard); **Whip It** Devo (Virgin); **Requiem** Killing Joke (Malicious Damage); **Hunter Gets Captured By The Game** Grace Jones (Island); **Soul Kiss** Chris Stamey (Shake); **Arauco** Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade).

Final Day Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade); **Hi-Fidelity** Elvis Costello (F-Beat); **I Want To Be Straight** Ian Dury (Stiff); **Stereotype** The Specials (Two-Tone); **Let's Get Serious** Jermaine Jackson (Motown); **Cheap Sunglasses** ZZ Top (WEA)! **Talk Of The Town** Pretenders (Real); **Seven Minutes To Midnight** Wah! Heat (Inevitable); **Heyday** The Sound (Korova).

ALBUMS

Real People Chic (Atlantic); **Gyrate** Pylon (Armageddon); **Off The Coast Of Me** Kid Creole and the Coconuts (Ze); **Absolutely** Madness (Stiff); **Black Sea** XTC (Virgin); **Travelogue** Human League (Virgin); **Return Of The Durutti Column** (Factory); **In Performance** Donny Hathaway (Atlantic); **Phantom Tracks** Roy Loney (Sold Smoke); **The Long Riders** Ry Cooder (WEA); **Deguello** ZZ Top (Warner Bros); **The Art Of Walking** Pere Ubu (Rough Trade).

Night In The Ruts Aerosmith (CBS); **Jeopardy** The Sound (Korova); **Rev Up** The Revillos (Snatzo); **Betrayal** Jah Wobble (Virgin); **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark** (Din Disc); **Cristina** (Ze); **Do Animals Believe In God** Pink Military (Erics); **Boy** U2 (Island); **Peter Gabriel** (Charisma); **Argybargy** Squeeze (A & M); **Taking Liberties** Elvis Costello (F-Beat); **Commercial Album** The Residents (Ralph).

□ And a nod to Adam and the Ants, The Beat, Elvis Costello and Dexys Midnight Runners for each scoring nominations for four separate singles. More end-of-year charts on page 44.

VINYL FINALS '80

SINGLES

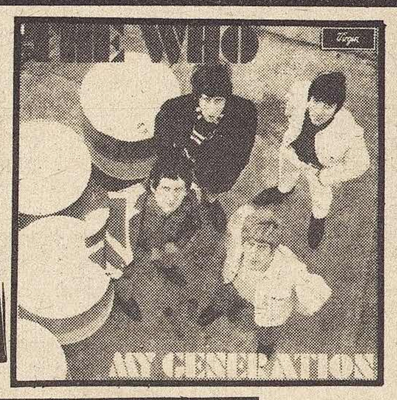
1 JOY DIVISION **Love Will Tear Us Apart** (Factory)
2 THE JAM **Going Underground** (Polydor)
3 THE BEAT **Mirror In The Bathroom** (Go-Feet)
4 JOY DIVISION **Atmosphere** (Factory)
5 DAVID BOWIE **Ashes To Ashes** (RCA)
6 BOW WOW WOW **Your Cassette Pet** (EMI)
7 GRACE JONES **Private Life** (Island)
8 DAVID BOWIE **Fashion** (RCA)
9 BOW WOW WOW **C30 C60 C90 Go** (EMI)
10 STEVIE WONDER **Master Blaster** (Motown)
11 THE TEARDROP EXPLODES **Treason** (Zoo)
12 DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS **Geno** (Parlophone)
13 THE JAM **Start!** (Polydor)
14 UB40 **Food For Thought/King** (Graduate)
15 ELVIS COSTELLO **New Amsterdam** (F-Beat)
16 A CERTAIN RATIO **Shack Up** (Factory/Benelux)
17 ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN **Rescue** (Korova)
18 UB40 **My Way Of Thinking/I Think It's Going To Rain Today** (Graduate)
19 KURTIS BLOW **The Breaks** (Mercury)
20 THE BEAT **Best Friend/Stand Down Margaret** (Go-Feet)
21 ELVIS COSTELLO **I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down** (F-Beat)
22 THE CRAMPS **Drug Train** (Step Forward)
22 THE FALL **Fiery Jack** (Step Forward)
24 DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS **Dance Stance** (Oddball)
25 ROBERT PALMER **Johnny & Mary** (Island)
26 THE BEAT **Hands Off . . . She's Mine** (Go-Feet)
27 THE SUBTERRANEANS **My Flamingo** (Demon)
28 MAGAZINE **A Song From Under The Floorboards** (Virgin)
29 COMSAT ANGELS **Independence Day** (Polydor)
29 THE UNDERTONES **My Perfect Cousin** (Sire)
31 THE STRAY CATS **Runaway Boys** (Arista)
32 ROBERT WYATT **At Last I Am Free** (Rough Trade)
33 ROBERT PALMER **Looking For Clues** (Island)
34 DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS **There, There, My Dear** (Parlophone)
35 MADNESS **My Girl** (Stiff)
36 SQUEEZE **Another Nail In My Heart** (A&M)
36 A CERTAIN RATIO **Flight** (Factory)
38 THE AU PAIRS **Diet/It's Obvious** (Human)
39 TOM BROWNE **Funkin' For Jamaica** (Arista)
39 CABARET VOLTAIRE **Seconds Too Late** (Rough Trade)
41 DIANA ROSS **I'm Coming Out** (Motown)
42 ELVIS COSTELLO **Hi-Fidelity** (F-Beat)
43 ASWAD **Warrior Charge** (Island)
44 RICHARD HELL **Love Comes In Spurts** (Shake)
45 SMACK **Edward Fox** (Asprin)
46 THE POLICE **Don't Stand So Close To Me** (A&M)
46 BETTE BRIGHT **Hello I'm Your Heart** (Korova)
48 LINX **Rise And Shine** (Chrysalis)
49 SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES **Happy House** (Polydor)
50 ADAM AND THE ANTS **Dog Eat Dog** (CBS)

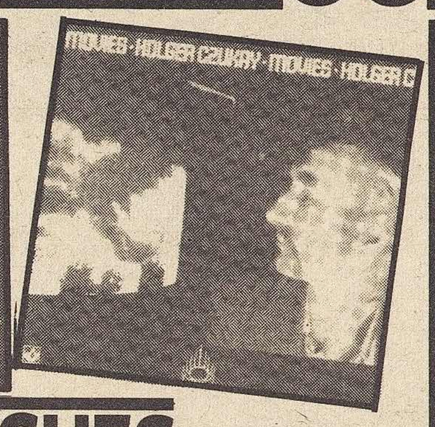
ALBUMS

1 JOY DIVISION **Closer** (Factory)
2 ELVIS COSTELLO **Get Happy!!** (F-Beat)
3 THE BEAT **I Just Can't Stop It** (Go-Feet)
4 BLACK UHURU **Sinsemilla** (Island)
5 HOLGER CZUKAY **Movies** (EMI)
6 TALKING HEADS **Remain In Light** (Sire)
7 ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN **Crocodiles** (Korova)
8 RY COODER **Borderline** (WEA)
9 DAVID BOWIE **Scary Monsters And Super Creeps** (RCA)
10 DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS **Searching For The Young Soul Rebels** (Parlophone)
11 THE JAM **Sound Affects** (Polydor)
12 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN **The River** (CBS)
13 UB40 **Signing Off** (Graduate)
14 MAGAZINE **The Correct Use Of Soap** (Virgin)
15 THE CRAMPS **Songs The Lord Taught Us** (Illegal)
16 IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS **Laughter** (Stiff)
17 WEATHER REPORT **Night Passage** (CBS)
18 JOHN MARTYN **Grace And Danger** (Island)
19 SIMPLE MINDS **Empires And Dance** (Arista)
20 SUICIDE **Suicide** (Ze)
21 BOB MARLEY **Uprising** (Island)
22 SMOKEY ROBINSON **Warm Thoughts** (Motown)
23 YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS **Colossal Youth** (Rough Trade)
24 PUBLIC IMAGE LTD **Printemps Au Paris** (Virgin)
25 CABARET VOLTAIRE **Voice Of America** (Rough Trade)
26 GRACE JONES **Warm Leatherette** (Island)
27 D.A.F. **Die Kleinen und Die Bosen** (Mute)
28 IGGY POP **Soldier** (Arista)
29 TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS **Toots Live** (Island)
30 LOU REED **Growing Up In Public** (Arista)
31 CAPTAIN BEEFHEART **Doc At The Radar Station** (Virgin)
32 THE SPECIALS **More Specials** (Two Tone)
33 BLUE OYSTER CULT **Cultosaurus Erectus** (CBS)
34 THE TEARDROP EXPLODES **Kilimanjaro** (Mercury)
35 MILCHO LEVIEV & ART PEPPER **Blues For The Fisherman** (Mole)
36 CAPTAIN BEEFHEART **Shiny Beast** (Virgin)
37 THE DISTRACTIONS **Nobody's Perfect** (Island)
38 STEVIE WONDER **Hotter Than July** (Motown)
39 JOHN COOPER CLARKE **Snap Crackle & Bop** (CBS)
39 LINTON KWESI JOHNSON **Bass Culture** (Island)
41 ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK **Organisation** (DinDisc)
42 THE TWINKLE BROTHERS **Countrymen** (Virgin/Front Line)
43 DEVO **Freedom Of Choice** (Virgin)
44 JAMES BLOOD ULMER **Are You Glad To Be In America** (Rough Trade)
45 DIANA ROSS **Diana** (Motown)
46 JONI MITCHELL **Shadows And Light** (Asylum)
47 SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES **Kaleidoscope** (Polydor)
47 COMSAT ANGELS **Waiting For A Miracle** (Polydor)
49 TOM WAITS **Heartattack And Vine** (Asylum)
50 ETTA JAMES **Changes** (MCA)

Joy Division, January 1979. Picture by Kevin Cummins

VINYL FINALS '80





COMPILATIONS

JIMI HENDRIX **Boxed set** (Polydor)
VARIOUS **R&B Series** (Charly)
THE BYRDS **Original Singles** (CBS)
VARIOUS **Hicks From The Sticks** (Rockburgh)
LOVE **Best Of Love** (Rhino)
EDDIE COCHRAN **20th Anniversary Album** (UA)
VARIOUS **Catch This Beat** (Island)
VARIOUS **The Bristol Recorder** (Wavelength)
VARIOUS **Creation Rockers Volumes 1-6** (Trojan)
VARIOUS **Michigan Rocks** (Seeds & Stems/Import)

REGGAE

PENNY REEL'S CHOICES

1 ROY DOBSON **Jah Children Rising** (Black Pearl)
2 DENNIS BROWN **Blood City** (High Times)
3 RAS IMRUH ASHER **Four Fold Runner** (Selatone)
4 PRINCE ALLAH **Lot's Wife** (Redemption Sounds)
5 ARCHIE & LYN **Rat In The Centre** (High Note)
6 PRINCE ALLAH **Bucket Bottom** (Redemption Sounds)
7 ERROL DUNKLEY **OK Fred** (Third World)
8 TWINKLE BROTHERS **Never Get Burn** (Virgin)
9 HORACE GROSSETT SMARTEST **Go Downtown** (Stepping Lightning)
10 PABLO ROOTS **Reggae Mr. Operator** (Stepping Lightning)

VIVIEN GOLDMAN'S CHOICES

1 ASWAD **Warrior Charge** (Island)
2 BLACK UHURU **Sinsemilla** (Island)
3 MOTION **Walk On By** (Blue Ink)
4 FREDDIE McGREGOR **Jogging** (Island)
5 TAMLINS **Baltimore** (Taxi)
6 DENNIS BROWN **Sitting & Watching**
7 BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS **Redemption Song (Instrumental)** (Island)
8 GREGORY ISAACS **Wailing Rudie** (African Museum)
9 CULTURAL ROOTS **Mr Boss Man** (Germain)
10 DESI ROOTS **Weed Fields** (Hawkeye)
11 JOHNNY OSBOURNE **Folly Ranking** (Greensleeves)
12 BUNNY WAILER **Crucial** (Solomonic)

FUNK

1 KURTIS BLOW **The Breaks** (Mercury)
2 SUGARHILL GANG **Eighth Wonder** (Sugarhill)
3 TOM BROWNE **Funkin' For Jamaica** (Arista)
4 GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE **Superappin' (Enjoy)**
5 HARRY THUMANN **Underwater** (Uniwave import)
6 KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS **Off The Coast Of Me** (Ze/Island)
6 KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS **He's Not Such A Bad Boy After All** (Ze/Island)
8 LIPPS INC **Funkytown** (Casablanca)
9 WAS NOT WAS **Wheel Me Out** (Ze/Antilles import)
10 JAMES BROWN **Rap Playback** (TK import)
11 GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE **Freedom** (Sugerhill)
11 FAMILY **Family Rap** (Sound Of New York USA)
13 A CERTAIN RATIO **Flight** (Factory)
14 ROBERT PALMER **Looking For Clues** (Island)
15 CHIC **Rebels Are we** (Atlantic)
15 KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS **There But For The Grace Of God Go I** (Ze/Island)
17 JAMES BLOOD ULMER **Are You Glad To Be In America?** (Rough Trade)
17 THE WHISPERS **And The Beat Goes On** (Solar)
17 WENDER AND LEWIS **Willie And The Handjive** (AVI import)
20 BANDIT WASNOT **Looking For Cults** (Fantasy import)

(Compiled by Ian Penman, Richard Grabel, Vivien Goldman and Robert Elms)

EUROPE

1 YELLO **Solid Pleasure** (Ralph)
2 THE NIPS **Tent** (CBS — Holland)
3 AQSAK MABOUL **Un Peu De L'ame Des Bandits** (Crammed)
4 THE YOUNG LIONS **No News, Strange Rumours** (Plurex)
5 STEVE REICH **Octet** (ECM)
6 MINNY POPS **Live** (Plurex EP)
7 FAUST **Party, Extract Two** (Recommended EP)
8 PLASTIC PEOPLE **Egon Bondy's Happy Hearts Club Banned** (Scopa)
9 THE TAPES **Party** (Passport)
10 MECANO **Untitled** (Torso 12" EP)

(Compiled by Andy Gill)

REISSUES

THE WHO **My Generation** (Polydor)
SMALL FACES **For Your Delight The Darlings Of Wapping Wharf Launderette** (Immediate/Virgin)
VARIOUS **Atlantic Masters 10-EP series** (Atlantic)
GANG OF FOUR **Damaged Goods EP** (Fast Product/EMI)
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD **Memphis Plus** (Mercury)
SUICIDE **Suicide 1** (Passport)
BAREFOOT JERRY **Watchin' TV** (Criminal)
VARIOUS **Club Ska '67** (Island)
THE STOOGES **Fun House** (WEA)

JAZZ

1 ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO **Full Force** (ECM)
2 ARTHUR BLYTHE **Illusions** (CBS — import)
3 CECIL TAYLOR **One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye** (hat Hut)
4 STEVE LACY **The Way** (Hat Hut)
5 JULIUS HEMPHILL QUARTET **Flat-Out Jump Suite** (Black Saint)
6 ART PEPPER **So In Love** (Artists House)
7 MILCHO LEVIEV QUARTET **Blues For The Fisherman** (Mole Jazz)
8 SAM RIVERS **Contrasts (ECM)**
9 BILLIE HOLIDAY **I'll Be Seeing You** (Commodore reissue — import)
10 ART PEPPER **Landscape** (Galaxy)
11 WALT DICKERSON TRIO **To My Son** (SteepleChase)
12 JAMES BLOOD ULMER **Are You Glad To Be In America** (Rough Trade)
13 ERIC DOLPHY **Stockholm Sessions** (Enja)
14 MUSIC REVELATION ENSEMBLE **No Wave** (Moers Music)
15 DEXTER GORDON **Great Encounters** (CBS)
16 JACK DE JOHNETTE **Special Edition** (ECM)
17 AIR **Live** (Black Saint)
18 ORNETTE COLEMAN, CHARLIE HADEN **Soapsuds, Soapsuds** (Artists House)
19 PHARAOH SANDERS **Jouney To The One** (Theresa)
20 MUTHAL RICHARD ABRAMS **Spihumonesty** (Black Saint)
21 LEO SMITH, PETER KOWALD, GUNTHER SUMMER **Touch The Earth** (FMP)
22 JACK DE JOHNETTE **New Directions In Europe** (ECM)
23 BOOKER ERVIN **The Freedom And Space Sessions** (Prestige — reissue)
24 ART PEPPER **Live At The Village Vanguard** (Contemporary — import)
25 MINGUS DYNASTY **Chair In The Sky** (Elektra/Asylum)
26 WAYNE SHORTER **The Soothsayer** (Blue Note Classic)
27 CHET BAKER **Once Upon A Summertime** (Artists House)
28 LESTER YOUNG **The Lester Young Story Vol. 5** (CBS)
29 ED BLACKWELL, DON CHERRY, CHARLIE HADEN, DEWEY REDMAN **Old And New Dreams** (ECM)
30 GEORGE ADAMS, DANNIE RICHMOND **Hand To Hand** (Soul Note)
30 RAY ANDERSON **Harrisburg Half Life** (Moers Music)

(Compiled from votes by Richard Cook, Graham Lock and Angus MacKinnon)

DISCO

DANNY BAKER'S CHOICES

1 DYNASTY **I've Just Begun** (Solar)
2 STACY LATTISAW **Jump To The Beat** (Atlantic)
3 LINX **You're Lying** (Chrysalis)
4 LIQUID GOLD **Substitute** (Polo)
5 GEORGE BENSON **Love Times Love** (Warner Brothers)
6 TOM BROWNE **Funkin' For Jamaica** (Arista)
7 KURTIS BLOW **The Breaks** (Mercury)
8 GEORGE BENSON **Give Me The Night** (Warner Brothers)
9 LINX **Rise And Shine** (Chrysalis)
10 RAH BAND **Falcon** (DJM)
11 SHALAMAR **I Owe You One** (Solar)
12 DONNY HATHAWAY/ROBERTA FLACK **Back Together Again** (Atlantic)
13 ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK **Enola Gay** (Din Disc)
14 STEVIE WONDER **Master Blaster** (Motown)
15 AVERAGE WHITE BAND **Let's Go Round Again** (RCA)

GERMANY

1 DEUTSCH AMERIKANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT **Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen** (Freundschaft)
2 DER PLAN **Geri Reig** (Warning)
3 HOLGER CZUKAY **Movies** (EMI)
4 S.Y.P.H. **Pst** (Pure Freude)
5 PYROLATOR **Inlands** (Warning)
6 DIE FEHLFARBEN **Monarchie Und Alltag** (EMI Electrola)
7 NEU **Hallogallo** (Brain reissue)
8 DIE WIRTSCHAFTWUNDER/RADIERER **Die Limburger Pest** (Zickzack double single)
9 XAO SEFFCHEQUE UND DIE POST **Deutschland Nicht Uber Alles** (Rondo 10")
10 PHOSPHOR **Firsch Und Furchtig** (No Fun)

(Compiled by Chris Bohn)

A SINGULAR YEAR

■ *From page 42*

In their place, however, the Ladbroke Groovers snaffled up The Fall — always a good singles band as they proved with 'Fiery Jack' and 'How I Wrote Elastic Man' — on a free transfer from Step Forward and unearthed their purest pop band yet in Girls At Our Best! from Leeds. Though they have yet to play a gig, their two singles, that startling debut 'Warm Girls' and the subtly raunchy follow-up 'Politics', rank alongside the year's best.

Their fellow cityfolk Delta 5 set their sexual rants and personal politics to a sparse funky backdrop and confirmed their promise with the 'You'/'Anticipation' single (Rough Trade), although the recent follow-up 'Try' was a disappointment, despite singer Bethan's valiant attempt at a Julie Andrews' vocal impersonation.

On Merseyside, the underdogs at Eric's/Inevitable took over from their more fancied neighbours at Zoo as the most invigorating independent music makers. Wah! Heat — the band to watch next year — came up with two belters in 'Better Scream' and the apocalyptic 'Seven Minutes To Midnight' while Pink Military surprisingly stretched themselves to only one single, 'Did You See Her?'. Modern Eon did likewise with the overlooked but utterly compelling 'Euthenics'.

Both Modern Eon and Wah! Heat, incidentally, also cropped up on the underrated 'Hicks From The Sticks' compilation on Rockburgh, a venture which produced a hatful of singles of its own as various individual tracks were given separate release, by far the best being Radio Five's spiralling, insistent 'True Colours'.

A remarkable range of new Scottish bands announced their arrival via independent singles in 1980, only to be casually lumped together as part of some unwieldy and unwelcome Tartan Scene by some observers.

The activities of Alan Horne's Postcard set-up — Orange Juice, Josef K, The Go-Betweens — have been well documented, but the Glasgow label's half-dozen singles are really only the tip of an iceberg, drops in an ocean which engulfs bands as diverse as FK9, The Cuban Heels, TV21 and The Hollow Men.

Stirling's FK9 — the name comes from the town's postcode — faintly echoed early Wirisms on their 'Stranger At The Heart' (A Bigger Splash) while Glasgow's Cuban Heels transformed themselves from a dodgy modish bunch into a far more original funk-inclined group on 'Walk On Water' (Cuba Libre).

The majority of the Scottish independents, however, were pure and simple pop efforts like The Hollow Men's 'The Future' (Big League) or TV21's punchy Powbeat pair 'Playing With Fire' and 'Ambition', the latter in particular marrying an Undertonish pop tension with an unaccustomed flair for musical invention.

TV21's Powbeat label was distributed by Bob "Fast" Last whose own Pop: Aural label underwent a renaissance which, if it didn't quite rekindle the glories of 1978 (Human League, Gang Of Four, Mekons), was still extremely refreshing.

Concentrating largely on local Edinburgh-based talent, Pop:Aural brought us the second and last Flowers single 'Ballad Of Miss Demeanour', two curt, caustic Boots For Dancing singles — the second, 'Rain Song', featuring one-time Rezillo Jo Callis — and records by Restricted Code, The Fire Engines and Drinking Electricity.

The Joy Division epics aside, Factory's finest moments came with two excellent dance floor 12-inchers, A Certain Ratio's 'Flight' and the X-O-Dus skank 'English Black Boys', the new face of northern grit and soul.

Towards the end of the year, the Manchester branch of the set-up were complemented and to a degree even overshadowed by their European cousins at Crepescule, the Belgian label which doubles as Factory Benelux. After announcing themselves with A Certain Ratio's mid-'70s funk cover 'Shack Up', Crepescule exported singles by Vini Reilley, Section 25 and Michael Nyman and the superbly-packaged 'From Brussels With Love' cassette, and have 45s from Orange Juice, Josef K and Repetition in the pipeline.

Less hip, more real punk, but arguably just as vital to the independent panorama in 1980 were labels like the Edgware Road-based Fresh. The beguiling Family Fodder's 'Debbie Harrry' (sic) and UK Decay's totally unmoronic 'For My Country' paved the way for the label's best single of the year, the loping economic raunch of Manufactured Romance's 'Time Of My Life'.

No doubt we'll hear more of Eric's, Inevitable, Postcard, Pop:Aural, Facory, Crepescule and Fresh bands in 1981. What happens next year to some of the more obscure, transitory outlets and one-non-hit-wonders of 1980 remains to be seen.

What price, for instance, And The Native Hipsters — who rose above the indulgent twaddle of the majority of D-I-Y aficionados to inflict the bittersweet 'There Goes Concorde Again' (Heater Volume)? Or their Northampton sister band The Mystery Guests, whose more conventional 'Wurlitzer Junction' (Boy's Own) had, if nothing else, a title worthy of a Clash single.

With the disappearance of The Mekons and Swell Maps from the forefront of primitivism, the minimalists of the year were Burnley's Notsensibles, whose bloodcurdling 'I Thought You Were Dead' was leagues above their Snotty Snail label's only other release of note, the dour Tyger Tails' 'Words Without Conviction'.

The family tree of bands to spring from the almost-legendary TV Personalities/'O' Level school of positive garageland thought continued to prosper: Nicholas Parsons re-emerged from premature retirement to inaugurate The Missing Scientists with a dinky cover of Dandy Livingstone's 'Big City' (Rough Trade) and Russell Harty adapted the name of their old band to give us The Teenage Filmstars' 'Odd Man Out' (Wessex).

Round-ups such as this one can make no pretensions to being definitive gazes across the independent landscape, being too subject to one individual's quirks of taste, and space dictates that this is becoming little more than a list.

There were plenty of other bands who released worthy independent singles in the past twelve months. Birmingham's Janet And Johns mixed electronic and trad-folk styles on their impressive 'I Was A Young Man' (Vindaloo), French singer Hermine adapted the Everly Brothers' 'Torture' (Salome Disc) to the qualms of a David Cunningham production. The Distributors made the year's two best Gang Of Four records in 'TV Me' and 'Lean On Me' (Red Rhino) with Swansea's DC 10's doing likewise for Wire on 'Bermuda' (A Certain Euphoria).

And they weren't the only ones. Just ask The Dead Beats (Red Rhino), The Spectres (Demon), The Chefs (Attrix), The Bees (Paw), Kleenex, Cabaret Voltaire, Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade), Ludus, Dislocation Dance (New Hormones), Erzatz, The Dogma Cats (Leisure Sounds), Vice Versa (Neutron), The Au Pairs (Human) . . .

Holgar Czukay? Weren't they the team that Ipswich Town just knocked out of the UEFA Cup?

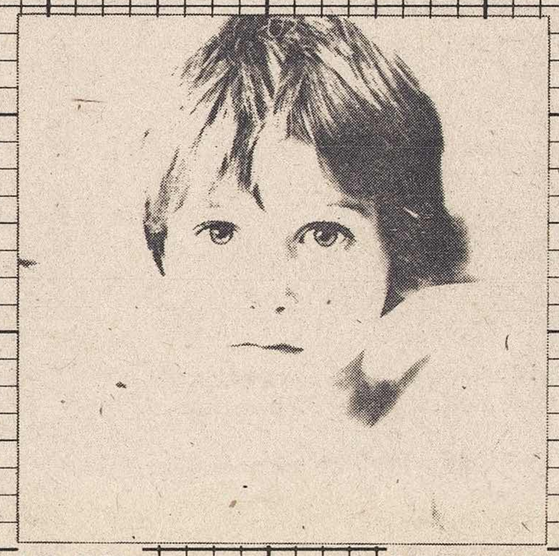
BETTER TO GET

FIRST ALBUM EMC 3330

EMC 3351

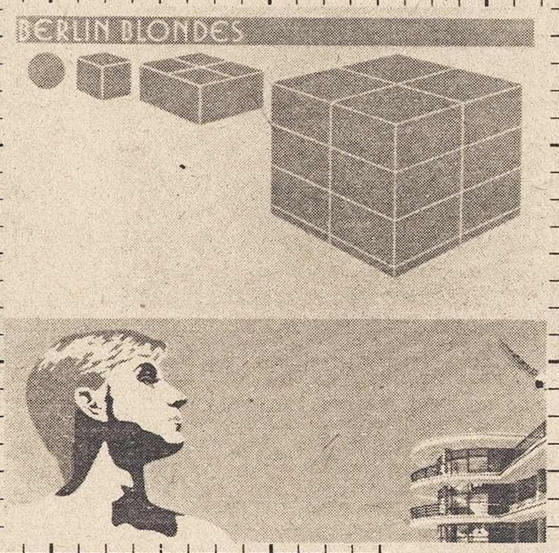
CWK3015

DOUBLE ALBUM SHDW 412



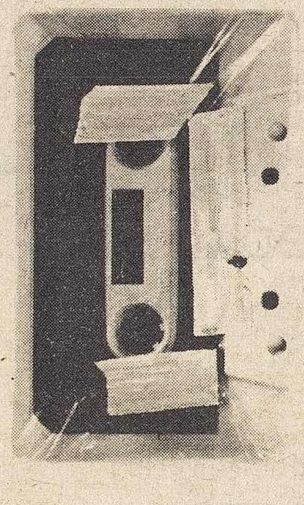
U2 · BOY ILPS 9646

WOW 1



EMC 3346

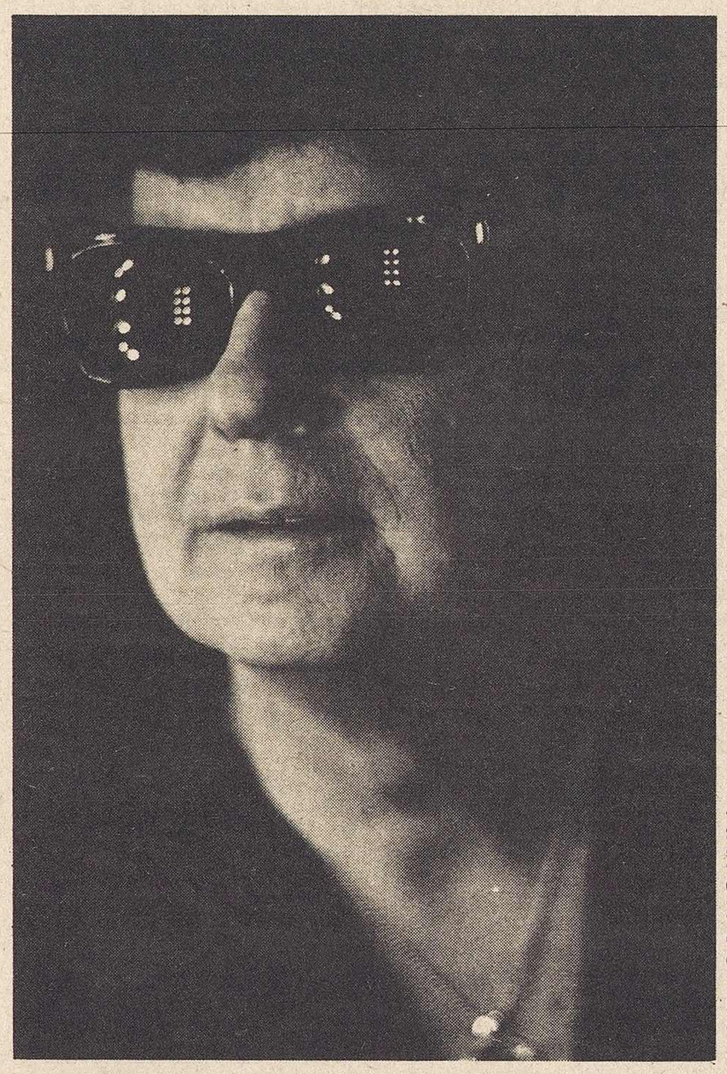
THAN TO GIVE



THE SEX PISTOLS
THE HEYDAY
A Documentary Cassette
£2·99

Ooby Dooby Archives presents

THE STORY OF O



ANTON CORBIJN

The Roy Orbison Interview by Penny Reel

From Presley to the present via The Beatles and '60s beat, the legend of the Big O is a fascinating vision of over two decades of rock'n'roll

"I MADE my first money at a medicine show. I didn't know there were such things except in movies or in films until I was about nine or 10 years old.

"I was sort of persuaded to go into this contest and they set up a stage and a microphone and a lot of benches; it was actually a travelling medicine show, they had an elixir they sold. The prize was 15 dollars. I sung a couple of songs. I was 10 years old like I say, and I split the prize. I got seven dollars and 50 cents, and a 15-year-old boy got $7.50. So we were the two winners. It was a tie."

Can you recall what songs you sang?

"'Jolie Blon' was one of 'em. It was very difficult to learn to sing that song. It's a cajun song, a cajun being a French . . ."

Louisiana . . .

"Pidgin French-English, and whatever you want to say. I only could learn it by slowing down the record. I would put my finger on the record and slow it down, and even then just word for word.

"That was the song that did it for me. It was, is still, one of my favourite songs."

Do you still do it ever?

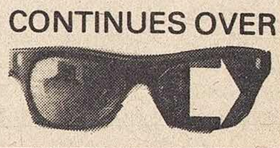
"No, I haven't tried to do it. In fact, the words that were so painfully put together have fallen by the wayside and I don't remember it. I remember the melody and some of the expressions in it, but it made no sense. That's why I can't remember it. Absolutely no sense."

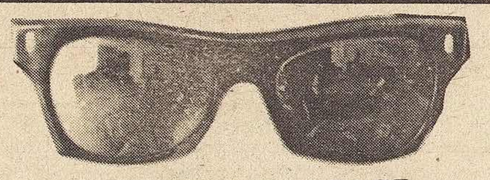
ROY ORBISON sits talking in a hotel room in Luton shortly before he's due to go onstage in the town during his UK tour earlier this year. He looks sure and fairly solid, but worn in lineament. A weighty silver bracelet inscribed ROY clasps his wrist like a shackle. His voice is deliberate, with a husky quality and slight twang upon emphasis; the manner is considerate, intelligent, just slightly imperious.

"It all started with me walking down a dusty road with my father, and him asking me what I wanted for my birthday, my sixth birthday coming up, and me saying I want a mouth-organ. He asked me if I wouldn't rather have a guitar and, well, I jumped at the guitar.

"We moved to Fort Worth, Texas. My father got a job in a defence plant, and our place was

CONTINUES OVER





FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

a gathering place for all the young guys, like cousins and uncles. I remember two or three uncles in particular and cousins, and they happened to play guitars.

"My father played a bit; he taught me the basic chords on the guitar. Nothing intricate. 'You Are My Sunshine' was the first thing he taught me. It was in the chord of G, which I made with just one finger: *'you are my sunshine, my only sunshine'* and *'happy'* is the change. So you change on *'happy'* and *'when stars are'* and then you change again on *'grey'*.

"That's how I learned to play the guitar and sing at the same time. So that from the very beginning I was a singer-player as opposed to just being a guitar picker, or singing and then picking up the guitar, or whatever. From the very first moment it was me and the guitar, playing and singing.

"That was it like I say at the age of six, and just before six, just after, and the soldier boys would come by, soldiers and sailors, and they'd be going to one theatre or the other of the war. And there were generally only two topics of discussion, and that was music, and we'd play and sing, or they'd talk about the war. This was World War II. It was just sort of at the beginning of the war for the US, we'd been in it a couple of years, and so I think we're talking about 1942.

"I developed a lifelong interest in history through that, and a lifelong interest in music, playing with the adults as opposed to hiding somewhere. I got to stay up late, and join in the party and everything, and even drink whisky.

"I had a big drink of whisky once. I asked my father what it was and he told me, and I said can I have some, and he said sure. So I slugged back a big shot of whisky, and I think I was sick for about six days. So that turned me off of drink forever. I still don't drink.

"It turned into what would be professional because my father asked me. After a year or so in Fort Worth we moved back to Vernon, Texas, which was where I was born. There was an epidemic of infantile paralysis, polio, in Fort Worth and other areas, but not in Vernon where we had lived. They sent the kids back, me and my brother, to Vernon with my grandmother. And he asked me about that time.

"See, through my interest in history, that's how I correlate things. I get one thing that makes me think of another.

"He asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, and I told him I'd be a singer. I knew he meant professionally; what was it that I would do for a living."

HOW DID you come to record for Sun?

"I went to Sun Records in umm . . ." Pause. "Tell them to be correct about this!" Further pause. "I'd been with them 30 days of when I went . . . I made a recording.

"First of all I graduated from high school, Wink High School, Texas; and at Denton, Texas, where North State Texas is, there were two boys who'd written a song called 'Ooby Dooby'. And each Saturday night we had a free show, the school sponsored band and orchestra. So it was a free show to go to. I heard a couple of other singers, I was very interested in music but I was gonna go and see if I could have something to fall back on. And these two boys stepped out on the stage with a guitar and sang 'Ooby Dooby', and they just knocked me flat. I was astounded, because they made more music than the whole orchestra.

"I finished that year at school, and that summer I started a television show in Odessa Midland, and I was singing this song the whole time. In fact, that was a nickname for awhile . . ."

The Big Ooby Dooby.

"Television was very new to West Texas and, uh, I'm sort of drawing this out . . . because I knew that I could record any time I wanted to, I figured that I could. Only, by gauging what I was doing by what other people were doing."

You were sure of your own talent?

"Huh. Yeah. I was sure of what I was doing. So anyway, through this television show I sang this song 'Ooby Dooby' and some people wanted to make a record. The closest place to make one was Clovis, New Mexico. So I went to Norman Petty's and made this recording. It was his first custom session. He built the studio I think for the Norman Petty Trio, to record them and to have his own studio, but we were the first paying customers to go in and pay him and then walk away with the product.

"On this television show I had, all the performers who were playing Odessa Midland would come by and as a promotional thing they would be on my show; Johnny Cash, for instance, and people like that. It was *The Pioneer Furniture Show,* and me and The Teen Kings, that was my group at the time, were the stars of the show. That's where these people heard us and we went to make this record.

"In the meantime, I had talked to Johnny Cash and a couple of the other guys, and he said just tell Sam I told you to give him a call about getting on record. So I called Sam Phillips and he said: 'Johnny Cash doesn't run my record company'.

"Back at Norman Petty's, I made the record and then I took it to the local record store to see what Poppa Hollerfield thought of it. He was the only record man I knew, and he just owned a record store, that was all. He played this thing for Sam on the phone, and Sam said I can't hear it, you'll have to send it to me. So we sent it, and then Sam called him back and asked if we'd be there in three days to make this record."

So the Norman Petty sessions was just an acetate, a demo?

"It was a proper session paid for, but it was meant to be put out locally, and I didn't want to be local. I didn't call Sam, Poppa Hollerfield did that, he was the one who thought I ought to be on a big label, and Sun was a very tiny label, but a lot bigger than just West Texas.

"We then went to Sun and made the record, and I wasn't of age so we didn't have any problem with the thing we'd already done with Norman, except they continued to sell it, bootleg it so to speak."

And sell it just in West Texas.

"Everywhere, really. Eventually I think somebody signed it with Imperial, and they released it under another name, but it was my track. The Petty story is long and involved, and I was there back and forth, off and on.

"Anyway, the first record was a hit, so the Norman Petty stuff would've been around either December '55 or January '56. I was 18."

SO YOU got off to a good start from teen age.

"Yes. Uhuh. We had a very good group by the time I was 15 years old. 'Ooby Dooby' was released in April I think of '56 and it was a hit straight away. It wasn't a smash, it sold about three or 400,000. So I was fortunate, or unfortunate, that the first record I ever made was a hit. But then we kinda knew that everybody liked it.

"Things went downhill after that recording, because of what I wanted to do and what Sam wanted me to do. He wanted everything up and fast, or in a particular vein. Our version of rock'n'roll at the time. He had just sold Elvis to RCA, and Carl Perkins then won the first number one in country, rhythm and blues and pop with 'Blue Suede Shoes'. So it was that type of stuff. And 'Ooby Dooby' was big, so he wanted to continue along those lines, and I had already been thinking ahead.

"You can maybe tell by what I've already said that if I knew at the age of six I was going to be a singer, and I knew in '54 and 'five that I could record anytime I wanted to then I was thinking way ahead of the Sun period at the time. I was frustrated in my attempt to do anything other than . . .

"In fact, they said never try to sing a ballad. Sam didn't, but one of his friends did, a fellow who worked there. Jerry Lee came by and they started recording, and he was doing rock'n'roll, and the fellow who recorded 'Whote Lotta Shaking', Jack Clement, a good friend of mine and always has been, said never try to sing a ballad. He said, you weren't cut out for that. I've seen him since, I saw him just a few weeks ago, but he always says, 'You still trying to sing those ballads?'

"I made very much the same move that Elvis made when I went to Nashville after Sun, and that Johnny Cash made, and everybody else I guess. It was a great little creative area to be working in, but the studio was about this size," Roy indicates the hotel room.

Limiting.

"Yes it was. Fortunately, I'd been singing so long that I could sing with a lot of power, and I had to sing above the drums, and like I say the studio was this size, almost exactly.

"So to get drums and everything in, and get them recorded, was a chore, and there were no strings, there were no professional . . . When I say professional I mean . . . what do I mean by that? I mean people who could really play."

You mean everything was kind of impromptu, by way of suggestion.

"Yes, it was. We were based in Memphis, and we'd go on tour and write a song, I'd write in the car. Even when we'd take a break alongside the road I'd jump on the fender or the wing of the car and play the guitar and sing, and then we'd go back and get somebody to turn on the machine and we'd play this thing in some form or the other to see if it would make a record, and then we'd say no that won't make it, so then we'd go out again and do the same thing. All of those things have since come out — even a demo where it was just me."

Yes. I've heard some of these recordings that are just you accompanying yourself on guitar. *(Roy Orbison, 'The Big O', Charly 30008 Mono).*

"Just purely demo. In fact, right in the middle of one of them I said 'crap'. I missed a chord. I was asked by the president of my Dutch fan club what that meant. He said, what is the word 'crap'? And then I told him the story about Sir Thomas Crapper, you know, and how the English boys brought the expression over from World War I.

"All those things since have sold well over a million, maybe two million, maybe three or four even. Each and every one of them. In LP form.

"You see when I was saying professional musicians, I meant someone who had been in the business and knew what the business was about. Now that could have been the secret of all our sound success. It could have been that for the lack of professional musicians, or . . . Professional doesn't cover . . . is not the word I'm looking for. D'you like one of these?" He proffers a cigar.

"We had to make do. I had to write the songs, sing the songs, arrange the songs and play the guitar on the songs. So out of necessity grew something that has since become very important, musicwise. I'm glad now there was no one to call on to play a saxophone even. There was no sax player, there were no strings, there were no background singers.

"I was reading the Buddy Holly story the other night, and my second record on Sun was a song called 'Sweet And Easy To Love'. It has a group called The Roses on there, which I brought from West Texas. They sang on four or five of Buddy Holly's hit records, so they went to Clovis after that. What I am saying is I had to transport even background singers all the way to Memphis. So there was just no help. I guess it's good that it happened the way it did."

You created a sound by yourselves.

"By ourselves, yes. I think that Sun, as opposed to being a wonder place that bred all these people, we had to make do. Johnny I mean used two musicians, Johnny Cash. He used Luther Perkins on guitar and Marshall Grant on bass. That's all he had. That's what Elvis started out with, just guitar and bass."

DID you know Elvis at all when he was at Sun?

"Yes. I didn't know him before he left Sun, because he left at the end of '55 and I didn't get there until two or three months later, but the first tour I went on was booked from Charleston, South Carolina, all the way through the South and winding up at Memphis, and when I got to Memphis 'Ooby Dooby' was number one and Elvis came to the show, and so we formed a friendship then.

"There are two photographs taken with Elvis only ever, just the two shots. One with a polaroid camera in '56, and then one with a little whatever they are now, these little instamatic things, in '76, December. Well, he died in August of '77. So we were lifelong friends. From '56 to '76."

What do you think of Elvis' achievement?

"It's uh phenomenal, astronomical what he has achieved. He was the firstest with mostest, and uh . . . Elvis was uh . . . I mean, we don't have time to go into all of that. He was, uh, a wonderful fellow, a magnificent man, and a great raw talent. He would have been a success; don't make any difference had he gone with Sun or had he waited five years.

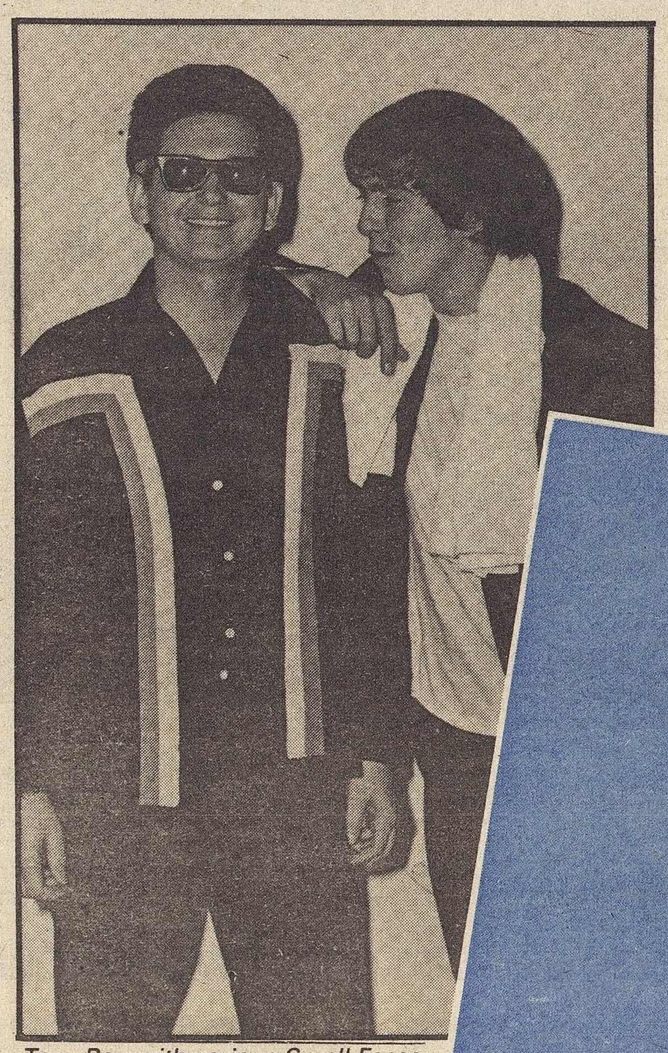
"But the phenomenon he became had to do with the times. Every so often the time is right and the circumstances are right, the talent is there, and everything just happens almost like it was planned. It wasn't planned. Every once in awhile the world will push up an Elvis Pesley or a Beatles. But that's really outside the realm of showbusiness."

Do you think you would have got so so far in your own career had it not been for Elvis?

"I like to think so. I may be wrong but I think I would have, because what I did and what I'm doing now is fairly far removed from Elvis. The basic difference was that Elvis was surrounded by black music almost exclusively, black music and country music was just beamed every day in his area. But in my area no, that wasn't the case. I got a mixture of everything. I got some black music, some Mexican music, some country music, some pop music . . .

"All the same pattern was there with me and Elvis. I went to Sun. He went to Sun. Sam

"I happened to lose a pair of glasses before I did the Beatle tour in '63. So I did it in dark sunglasses, which was embarrassing. But it was so successful that I was stuck with them"



Top: Roy with various Small Faces and Ryan Twins. Left: With George Harrison. Right: With Del Shannon. Bottom: Without the shades — lonely and blue.

ANTON CORBIJN

"Just before I left to come over here we did a California tour with The Eagles. That was very much like the old days over again. It was a lot of fun. I've always wanted everyone to like the music."

brought out Arthur Crudup's '78 of 'That's Alright' and said sing like that, and he brought out 'Mystery Train' and said sing like that. I went on tour with the same manager that Elvis had, and I think the first girl I dated on tour was the first girl he dated on tour and so forth. But musically I was going my own way.

"I only gravitated towards Nashville because of a song I had written. In '57 Sam and I had such a falling out that I quit the business. After which I went home to West Texas and wrote a song called 'Claudette', stopped by Memphis and put it on tape, just to get a tape. By that time Bill Justis was there: he's been a lifelong friend as well. So I expected to get the tape, and never did.

"I was on my way to Indiana to play a show, so I borrowed the money to play the show. There I met the Everly Brothers backstage, and they asked me did I have any material. I said I've got one song, and I played it to them and they wrote it down on the top of a shoebox, took it to Nashville and recorded it. And then their manager sent me a contract, a song contract, and said come and see me. So that's how I wound up in Nashville."

Did you write 'Claudette' about the woman you subsequently married?

"Yes. I was married to her at the time. We were married in '57, and shortly thereafter I wrote the song. That gave me enough money, that and also the fact that Jerry Lee didn't have a flip side for a song called 'Breathless' that he did. When I recorded 'Ooby Dooby', on the other side was a song I'd written called 'Go Go Go', and Jerry Lee learned enough of it to thrown in *'down the line'*. 'Down The Line' is now the accepted title of the song.

"That all happened about the same time. The Everly Brothers' record sold two million immediately and internationally it was as strong as 'All I Have To Do Is Dream' (its flip). So that gave me enough money to move to Nashville."

THINGS REALLY took off for Roy Orbison, however, in 1960 with 'Only The Lonely', didn't they?

"Mm hm. Yeah. I had one record before that which was a good set-up recording called 'Uptown'. It got to about number 40 in the charts. I was an avid follower of the charts back then. I lived by them until 'Only The Lonely' hit, and then I didn't look at them any more."

You still don't look at the charts?

"I still don't. No."

You're not interested?

"No. Don't wanna know! I would look to see if they reviewed the song, and if they did review it was it good or bad, and after it was reviewed did it go in the charts, if it did where, and where did it go next week, and so forth and so on.

"So that drove me crazy. It was just too much anxiety. It was, oh, a big, big part of my life, looking through those magazines and things. So they had to call me from then on, they'd call me and say, hey so and so just went to number one. I'd say terrific. So I still don't . . . I don't even allow them . . . I don't like people to read them when I'm in the room.

"It's not that I don't like the magazines. They're, uh, they're very important in fact; it's just that thing where I got so fed up with it, I let it rule my life from '56, and then on occasion in '57 and eight, to '59 and '60.

"When 'Only The Lonely' was released it broke in the charts at like 80 and 70 in two different magazines. 'Cause I read them all then. It had broken in with a bullet or spotlight, all that stuff, and I was overjoyed. I said well they can't back out now, they've committed themselves that much. This is how much I was into it. I said if they committed themselves to 70 and 80 they'd look awful bad if they dropped it back to 81, or if it just stayed the same. It'll have to go a little bit.

"Then the next week it split itself, it went to 35 and 40, so I knew what was to follow then. That was the last time I looked to see whether it was on the rise or what. I know now since then, through interviews and scrapbooks and things that people send me, what all the records have done. But that was after the fact."

I've all your British hits here. It's quite an impressive list. Some 30 chart entries, three number one hits with 'Only The Lonely', 'Oh Pretty Woman' and 'It's Over'. But you don't like the charts. I respect that.

"No, I love the charts. It's just that I don't like to look at them, get anxious over them or . . . Really it's very much like reading reviews of a show you do. If you get a bad one you say what am I doing wrong; if you get a good one you say I must be doing everything right. And you're wrong on both counts."

WITH 'ONLY The Lonely' and from then on with 'Crying', 'Running Scared', all your songs had a kind of pop operatic feel to them. Is this something you aimed for with your co-writer — or what?

"We first wrote for the song itself. I ain't had any formal training. I'd been in various school glee clubs and things like that, but if there was any music theory taught I don't remember it. What happened was, when I would write a song, I mean I was going to be the singer of the song. I was the one who had the contract. So I took the song where it needed to go, not knowing what the range was, or what the voice was really like. So there was no limitation.

"For a baritone to sing as high as I do is ridiculous. It only comes from the fact that I didn't know what I was doing."

It's technically wrong, you mean.

"Technically it's not supposed to be able to be done. And so I still try to stay as innocent as I can when writing or performing even. In writing a song, like I say, it was for the song's sake. When we did the session some of the things that I had planned in what is called falsetto voice couldn't be heard because of the recording facilities, but then there was that Sun training and the honky tonks in Texas, all the way back to when I was six years old. So I was just singing for the voice, didn't make any difference what note it was.

"It wasn't a contrived or planned career. I didn't have a manager to tell me what to do. I had a mamanger, but he was and still is a publisher. Musical guidance I really didn't have. I just did whatever I felt like doing. And than writing the songs, the records were the end result of that."

When writing a song like 'Crying', did you know even before it was orchestrated that it was going to end on a huge climax?

"No. I had no idea. I started writing the song for Don Gibson and the title of the song was 'Once Again'. As were were singing along, I think Joe Meltzer my co-writer, I think Joe said, *'Once again I'm crying, once again I'm crying.'* It just stuck in my mind that we needed to switch straight away to the word *'crying'*, and write this song.

"Immediately I thought of a past experience and just retold that, was the way that came about. It was the retelling of a thing with a girlfriend that I had had. I couldn't tell you right now what notes I hit at the end of the song, or anything.

"Also, I was a bit worried about 'Crying', because 'Running Scared' came just before that and it was number one, and record companies and everybody else in the business they say you don't follow a ballad with a ballad. You got to do something different. So I was a bit worried whether it was going to do as well as 'Running Scared', but I thought it was a good song. It went straight to number one, so there was no bother there.

"But with the songs or with my visual image, or any of that, nothing has ever been by design. Nothing that was successful."

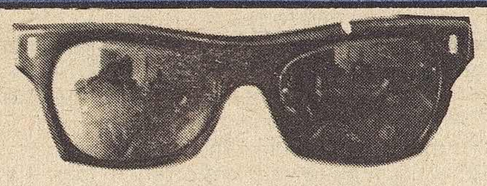
You had to wear glasses, for instance.

"Yeah, I just happened to have to wear glasses since I was four years old. And I happened to lose a pair of glasses before I did the Beatle tour in '63. So I did the tour in dark sunglasses, which was embarrassing. But it was so successful, that these photographs went around the world, and I was stuck with them."

Do you think your visual image has contributed to your success?

"Probably so. I think you're very fortunate if someone sees you one time and the next time they see you they know that they've seen you

CONTINUES OVER



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

before. In fact, that's what I thought when Norman Petty played back the songs for me, when I made the first recording. I didn't criticise the voice in the way most people might. I didn't try to figure out whether it was sharp or flat or tender, or whatever it was. It just hit me that if I heard that person sing again I would know that I heard that person before. In that I was very lucky as well. I think that's true with a lot of singers . . ."

Gene Pitney, Elvis Presley . . .

"Yeah."

Definitely, distinctive voices.

"Very distinctive, yeah. Johnny Cash! If you hear John once, you hear him again, you know that's the same singer. So that works in your favour. It won't get you a hit record, but it will help build if you have the rest of the goods. I mean, if you've ever seen Peter Sellers one time, the next time you see him you know you've seen that fellow before. There are other faces on the screen that just sort of blend in. Anyway, those things work in your favour.

"They can be planned and have been in the past. It has been planned and worked. But in my case I didn't plan anything. I didn't have a public relations person until around '65, I guess, and that was only in England, and that was only to organise the press. I remember in the '60s they would call and say for a certain amount a week we can make sure you get your name and picture in *Teen* magazine, or whatever it is, this magazine or that, and I said no thank you. I didn't want to do that. I didn't want to pay to get my name in the papers or magazines."

Those old payola roll blues.

"And I didn't want to go on promotion tours. I did one promotion tour for about four or five days. It's commonly assumed I think by a lot of people that if I come to England I got a new product to sell, but I never have done that, either. I've hardly ever been here when I did have a hit record."

Why do you come to England?

"It's a place that I started coming initially because of three people really. Four, sorry. Buddy Holly, The Everly Brothers and Del Shannon. What happened was I was talking with The Everly Brothers at Nashville, and Buddy walked in. He had a chart, a lot of charts under his arm, he was real proud of what he was doing, and showed us where his record was number one in England. And my manager, who was the Everly's manager, told the boys, look if you toured England you'd have number ones. So then they came over and did very well.

"Now a lot of people had come over and didn't do well, so I was hesitant. That's why it took me so long to come — from '60 to '63. But I had inadvertently picked up this magazine. See, every once in awhile even I glance through something. It said highlight of the evening was Del Shannon's version of Roy Orbison's 'Crying', or 'Running Scared', or something like that. Or both. And I got to thinking that maybe if he did that well with my songs, I might do as well if I came over. I was asked to come over each year from '60, and in '63 I accepted.

"Then they asked me to come back 90 days later, after the Beatle tour. It's very much like second nature to me now to come to England, or go to Australia, or do whatever I do, even to go to the Post Office. I came this time in particular because I'd been away too long, I thought. I missed England, and normally I'd come once a year at least, and this time it was three years difference, so I just figured I was overdue."

YOU SAY your songs are not contrived, yet a lot of them deal with images of loneliness. There is always this certain quality in your songs. Is this you, a projection of you? Why have you written so many songs with lonely themes?

"I think that maybe, well there again it's the voice. The voice has a great deal to do with it, because in the case of 'Running Scared' for instance, it's a happy song. It has a happy ending. And with 'Candy Man' and 'Mean Woman Blues' and 'Dream Baby' and even 'Pretty Woman'. There's a ballad in the mid-section of it there: he's very sure of getting the girl when he first sees her, and then he's not so sure, and then he gets desperate, and then he says forget it, and then she comes back. It's quite complicated, but it's probably in the presentation, or if I'm really singing like I know I can and I'm doing the job that I should be doing, then it could be that the voice quality in parts has a melancholy something."

It sounds like a coyote or something.

"Yes. Along with the fact that if the first hit had been 'Pretty Woman' as opposed to 'Only The Lonely' you might not think that. 'It's Over' is a lonely type song, but it's not over if you listen to the lyrics very closely. Well, in fact it is over, but I don't know it, and I'm telling everyone it's over. I was trying to say that certain things are over before you realise it, before anybody realises it."

There is nevertheless in your songs a whole aura of loneliness and desolation. And your voice is not a warm voice either.

"No, it's not a breathy, warm type voice that lends itself to up things. A lot of people have said that I do a rock thing as well as I do a ballad, but I don't list other people's views, I really never have.

"Take a song like 'Blue Bayou' for instance, that's simply a song about being on the road. And that is really a happy song. It probably sounds very strange to you for me to say that. The fellow's bound and determined to get back to where you sleep all day and the catfish play and the sailing boats and the girls and all that stuff. It's a beautiful thought. Now granted that it is a sad song, a lonely song, but it's a loneliness that precedes happiness. And I'm not sitting here trying to tell you that I don't sing lonely songs or anything like that."

You have after all been described somewhere as one of the most miserable singers in popular music.

"Yes, well that would be terribly untrue because I usually only sing about love relationships, and I happen to know by chance that there is a song recently very close to the top of the British hit parade about living underground in a cave because of an atomic holocaust. ('Going Underground' by The Jam.) Now that's miserable. That's really miserable! It's unbelievable that anyone would write a song and sing it about us all having to live underground. That would be awful. A thought like that to me is really miserable. But lonely on the road and missing your sweetheart, you know it's misery and it hurts, but it's not like you're never gonna get back there because of all the neutrons in the air that you burn up before you ever reach.

"I've always been very content when I wrote all those songs. By this I'm saying that a lot of people think you have to live through something before you can write it, and that's true in some cases, but I remember the times that I was unhappy or discontent, and I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I couldn't communicate, and I certainly couldn't write a song, no way."

So your miserable songs were written when you were content.

"Yes," Orbison chuckles, "all my miserable songs. Heh heh heh. All the songs I wrote that were successful were written when I was in a contented state of mind."

WHAT WERE you trying to do on a composition like 'Southbound Jericho Parkway'?

"I thought the story itself was really good."

Did you write the story?

"No, I didn't"

Did someone else write the lyrics beforehand?

"Yes. The whole thing was put together. That to me could have been compressed into, I guess, having to deal with single records, that story could have been told in a much shorter time, I think. And more commercially so. I try to think commercially. I'm not one of these artists who say that I don't care if my songs are hits or not, because if they're not a hit, then no one's going to hear them. If you write a song and sing it, and it's a tremendous smash then everybody gets the message. Everybody gets to hear what you're doing. And if, on the other hand then, it's not a hit and you say you don't care and you're doing it for yourself, they why did you sign the contract, and then why did you go to studio, and why did you ask someone to put the thing out commercially?

"I'm not one of those type of people, I would love everything I did to be at least number one. My first chart record was in '56, and my last chart record was in '79, so . . ."

'79?

"Mm hm."

Where?

"In the States."

So you're still having hit records in the States. Were you throughout the '70s?

"No. I didn't record for a while, for quite a few . . . I was going to say quite a few months, but it was 36 months, and then 42 months, and that all of a sudden turned into years. I've made very little product lately, but that will change."

Who are you with now? What record company?

"I'm currently with Elektra Asylum."

You made an album for them, last year was it?

"Yes, but it's a thing where I can either stay or go, contractually. So I'll see how it feels when I get ready to do my project. In between times I've had a hit somewhere in the world, of late it's been by somebody else, but from '70 to '76 or so I would have like a number one record in Australia, a huge record, and a mild record in England or Scandinavia — somewhere in the world there would be some activity."

'Penny Arcade' was the last hit you had over here. Ten years ago.

"Yeah, probably would be. 'Cause that's when I stopped my, when I say stopped, I ended my association with the record company. I had two contracts, one with the US and Canada, and one for the rest of the world. But since then, everything's sold a million two or three times again, because of steady product selling. It's gone about a million in the last ten years at least, and then all of a sudden this double LP in '76, it was a television thing, it sold well over a million. So there again all the singles, collective singles, sold a million again."

Do you not miss having three or four hits a year like you were once wont to do?

"Only in that I feel very strongly about what I do release. If I put a record out I like to say I do want it to be number one. Everywhere. Otherwise I could just keep them at home, you know. I only ever done one thing on record that I didn't care whether anybody heard or not, and that was a thing I did last year. It was a tribute to Elvis called 'Hound Dog Man'. You can do that on an album, you can have a private track I think. It was just something I wanted to do, and I waited long enough afterwards for it to be not exploiting anything."

A YEAR or so ago there was a girl raped on a train bound for Hertfordshire and thrown overboard. As a result she was in a coma for some weeks, and her life feared for. Roy Orbison being reportedly her favourite singer, a tape of his music was played to her while she lay in this comatose state, and eventually she recovered consciousness. Does Roy know this story?

"Yes. Mm hm."

Can I have your comments, please.

"Well, I was casually asked the other day what was the best, not the best but the most thrilling fan letter ever, and the question doesn't mean much. But my thought was that the most interesting fan response and the biggest thrill for me was when I sent this tape to Michelle when she was in the coma and all I did was invite her to a concert the next time I came to England. Then a couple of weeks later she rang me on the 'phone from hospital, and she was very lucid and said thank you for sending the tape, and thanks for the many hours of pleasure and all that.

"I saw her as well when I first arrived in England, and she came to at least one of the concerts. I was recovering myself at the time, so I sympathised with her a great deal. I was not in good shape. I think I was only six weeks after having open heart surgery at the time."

Did you have a heart attack?

"I didn't have. What happened was, that August was when Elvis died. Then at the end of that football season, which is about three months long, they have the top ten or top 15 college football teams play in what we call bowl games. This was the Liberty Bowl in Memphis and it was dedicated to Elvis Presley. So his family asked if I would come and sing at half-time. There's a half-time show at each one of these things. I agreed to do that.

"I did the rehearsal thing and then I ran out to the stadium, and it holds 60,000 I guess, so I don't know how far I ran to the top, but I felt quite strange when I got to the top. I went on into the press box where my wife was with Vernon Presley and I told her that I felt real strange. And she said don't worry about it.

"We went to Honolulu for a break, and I went to hospital there and just had a check-up anyway. And then coming back from Honolulu I had to call the doctor and she told me to go ahead to hospital, and they checked me again and said you can go home and watch the Super Bowl, which would be like the Cup Final.

"They ran some tests on Monday and on Tuesday the doctor said I had to have open heart surgery because of the blockage. I said OK, leave me a nice scar at the top, because I wear open-neck things and I don't like ties, and he looked at me like I was crazy. I guess I was, probably.

"They did the surgery. There was no heart damage whatsoever, and they increased the blood flow by 60% to my brain, and everywhere else. And I could think better, see better, smell better, everything. It was unbelievable. Back like I was 19 again.

"The heart wasn't damaged and I was touring 90 days later. I spent about a year and a half making an album, writing a couple of songs, negotiating, doing this, that and the other. The tour started this year, we started in January and we haven't been home yet. We did Canada and some dates in the US. Just before I left to come over here we did a California tour with The Eagles. That was very much like the old days all over again."

What age group audience?

"In some cases the oldest would have been 23, 24. There would have been some not even born, and some just babes, when I did 'Only The Lonely'. I pick up each year another generation of people who had just turned a certain age to come, or gotten interested in the music. You do, you go through that stage when you're at a certain age."

A teen audience, for instance?

"Oh yes, they're fine. I just did Oakland in California. I guess the smallest crowd we played to — of course it was on the strength of The Eagles' *na-ame!* because they would be the most played group in America — they were all teenagers, practically. And, uh, it was terrific. I had to work a little bit harder; when I say that I mean it wasn't bang, go, fantastic all the way through responsewise. It started off pretty good and then got great. Which was very good for me. It was also good that we could keep up the pace.

"It was very, very much like, only it was larger scale, playing with The Beatles and The Rolling Stones and The Beach Boys, and like that. It was a throwback to yesterday, but it was modern day thing, and it was a lot of fun. So I guess if I was a teenager I would prefer a teen audience. I don't know. I've always wanted everyone to like the music.

"Like I say, I've always thought ahead. Not necessarily made that many plans, but I've moved a year in advance at least.

WHAT DO you envisage for Roy Orbison in the '80s?

"Phenomenal success. Much more so than I've ever had before."

On the strength of what? The new material you're now writing?

"That, the new material, plus. You know I was telling you a lot of people lately have had huge records with songs that I have written. Linda Ronstadt for one had the record of the year with 'Blue Bayou'. This was in America. And then I think 'Pretty Woman' has been on the German charts as a disco number for a year and a half now. 'Blue Bayou' then again, who's the French girl who sings so beautifully? Has bangs. Mirielle Matthieu! She had a number one in France with 'Blue Bayou', and someone else had a number one in Germany with 'Blue Bayou'. Then Don McLean had a hit with 'Crying' at number one. So all of this activity, plus doing The Eagles' tour, like I say they're played more than any other group in the world in the States.

"The reason I feel so good about what may take place in the future is like for four, five or six years the Sun period was unknown. All of a sudden it became instant history. The people who were recounting the '50s with *American Graffiti* and stuff like that thought the whole era was a milestone of some sort. I don't know the varying links of epochs and eras and things like that, but then people started sort of rediscovering me as an artist of the early '60s, which was a bit false, it was the first half of the '60s. In fact, from '60-'68. So it was all of the '60s practically. And now there seems to be another discovery going on."

What about the new material you're writing now? You say you've worked on new songs. You have an LP lined up. In what vein? Is it in a different vein from the past?

"No. Uh, I probably won't ever change."

Do you write your songs on guitar?

"Yes. Uhuh. I don't think I would, unless there's a change that takes place inside of me, then I definitely won't change. It's just that the quality needs to be there. And in order for the quality to be there you have to spend a little bit of time at it. And you can't do that while you're touring, y'know. We've been really going at a fast clip since January. If I can slow down long enough to get the things right.

"See what I used to do was I would have like two or three, three releases a year maybe. So that's how many songs I had to write. And then after a couple or three years we could release an LP of songs that were hits. Which is what we did. That's how I got my first gold album. Which was a long time in coming because albums weren't the thing then."

'Lonely And Blue', was it?

"No, it was a greatest hits album of ten songs. I think it was on the chart for five years, something like that. Unless I have a complete turnabout within me, then I'll go ahead and do what I've been doing."

DO YOU do anything outside music?

"Not lately. Nothing that's super important to me, except the family."

Are you a wealthy man?

"Am I a wealthy man? Yes, Uhuh. I'm not super rich. I wouldn't be a J Paul Getty, I probably wouldn't even be a . . . uh I think Paul McCartney's supposed to have something like a hundred million dollars! I'm not in his class at all, not in his league; not moneywise anyway," wryly.

What did you think of The Beatles?

"They impressed me very much like Elvis Presley did, but it was a more complex thing because there were four of them. They were not as professional or polished when we did our tour as I would like to have seen them, or as they became a couple of years later.

"As boys they were terrific, they just sparkled, they were really exciting. Very rough when we did our tour, it was quite rough, but they had the magic there. Then everything they did from '63 to '67 or 'eight I just loved. Everything."

What did you think of the punk phenomenon that took place in this country a few years ago? Did you understand it at all?

"Not really. There's a similar thing going on now, isn't there? New wave is it, something like that?

"I don't know, it's just a bunch of . . . Right now, a bunch of fresh, new people trying to do their thing like we did in '64. We were called everything in the world. Disgraceful we were, degenerates, because we played that kind of music and everything. So that's exactly what they are, what we were then. New people trying new things, trying to get something going for themselves.

"In the States at least there are groups who claim only to want to play to like a 100 people. They only want to play to a very, very small audience. And that will change very quickly; when they get very popular they'll want to play to a 100,000 if they can. I do though, I can relate to what they're saying, or what is being said."

Can you actually listen to the music that they are creating?

"Some of it is quite good. Some of it's horrible, some of it's totally bad. Some of it's really, really very good. Really inspiring."

And what keeps you going?

"Om". He ponders. "I suppose it's a love of uh, for what I am doing. I can't think of any other reason."

THE END

DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

SAYER, SEDAKA, CAMPBELL, TUCKER

It's spring on the circuit

LEO SAYER plays a four-night engagement at London Victoria Apollo from Wednesday to Saturday, May 6-9 — and tickets are already on sale priced £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50. This will be the highlight of a UK tour which Sayer is undertaking, though details of his provincial concerts — for which tickets aren't yet available — won't be announced until the New Year.

NEIL SEDAKA is also playing a four-night stint at the London Apollo, and he's there from Thursday to Sunday, April 9-12 — though in his case, tickets are not yet available. He's also expected to do some provincial dates, though this is still subject to confirmation . . . And among other acts booked into the Apollo in the early spring are MANHATTAN TRANSFER, though the exact period isn't yet known.

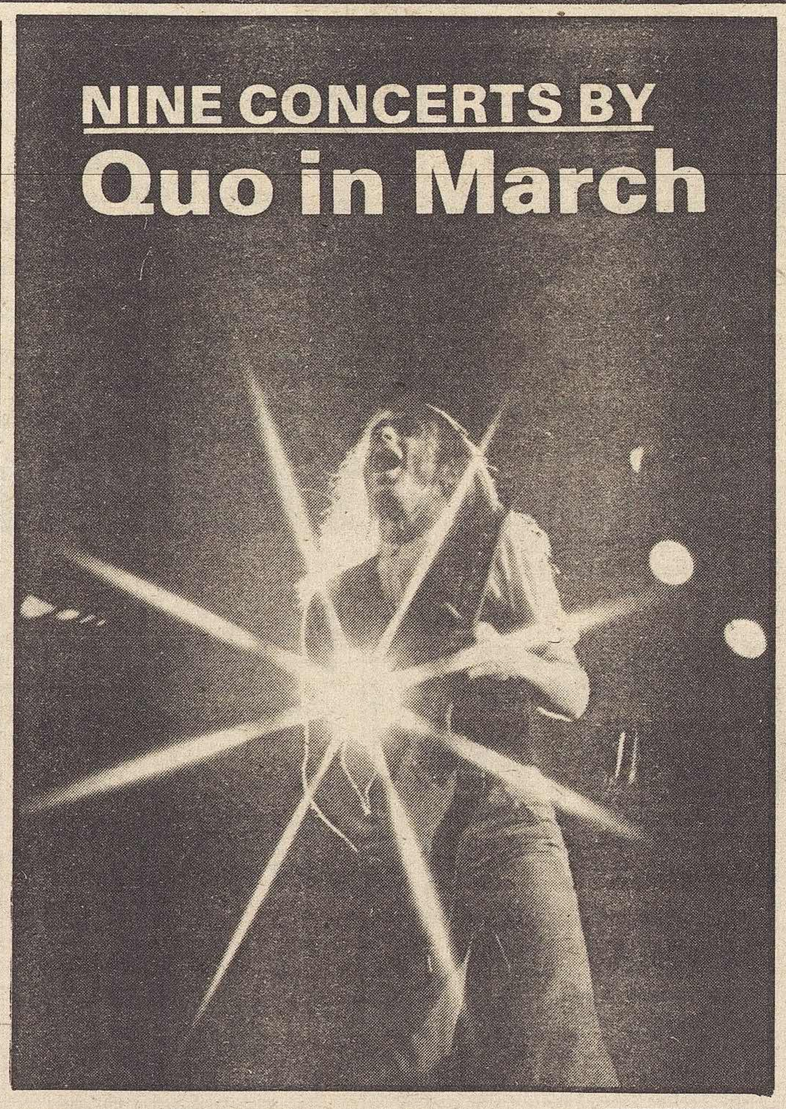
● Soon after the above engagements, the Victoria Apollo will cease to function as a concert venue — at any rate, for a lengthy period. The theatre opened in September as "London's newest rock centre", and has been booked almost solidly from the outset through to mid-1981. But next August, a brand new production of *The Sound Of Music* — starring Petula Clark — moves into the Apollo. And bearing in mind that the original London show ran for six years, it seems that rock promoters will again be faced with the limited choice of either the Rainbow or Hammersmith.

GLEN CAMPBELL returns to the UK in the spring for a series of concert appearances, with Tanya Tucker as special guest on all dates. They visit Halifax Civic Theatre (April 23), Manchester Free Trade Hall (24), Preston Guildhall (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Dublin Stadium (28), Belfast Grosvenor Hall (29), Poole Arts Centre (May 1), Windsor Blazers (2), Eastbourne Congress (3), London Royal Albert Hall (5 and 6), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (8) and Norwich Theatre Royal (10).

Tickets are now available from the various box-offices, except the Royal Albert Hall, where it's postal application only to The Kruger Organisation, P.O. Box 460, Brighton BN1 5BB — postal orders only made payable to "Kruger Organisation (Concert Promotions) Ltd.", and Albert Hall ticket prices are £10, £8.50, £6.50, £5.50, £4.50, £3 and £2. This is the first in a series of major 1981 tours by U.S. artists being lined up by promoter Jeff Kruger.

● DIANA ROSS, who's sold a million singles in Britian this year, will be touring here in 1981. And Motown say that tours are also being set up for BILLY PRESTON & SYREETA, THE COMMODORES and RICK JAMES. No precise periods have yet been fixed, though they'll be "sooner rather than later", and spring seems the most likely time in all cases.

TANYA TUCKER



NINE CONCERTS BY

Quo in March

STATUS QUO go back on the road in March to play their first live dates in almost two years. They'll be doing nine major concerts in Britain, at the outset of a lengthy European tour, which subsequently takes in 11 other countries.

Their UK dates are St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (March 6 and 7), London Hammersmith Odeon (13 and 14), Manchester Apollo (15 and 16), Glasgow Apollo (18 and 19) and Birmingham International Arena at the National Exhibition Centre (21). It's possible that one or two more dates may be slotted in later.

Tickets are priced £5.50 and £6 (St. Austell); £6 and £5 (Hammersmith and Glasgow); £6 only (Manchester); and £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (Birmingham). They're on sale now to personal callers at the respective box-offices, except Birmingham (post only) and St. Austell (box-office opens this Sunday).

Birmingham tickets are only available by mail order from FTMO, P.O. Box 4NB, London W1A 4 NB — enclose s.a.e., and make cheque or postal order payable to "FTMO". The tour is promoted by Quarry Productions, and Quo will be playing the entire show with no support act.

MANNERS MANIFESTO '81

BAD MANNERS — who are touring extensively this month, right up to Christmas Eve — continue their almost non-stop travels with a further string of 19 nationwide dates in the New Year. Just confirmed this week are Aberdeen University (January 30), Glasgow Strathclyde University (31), Fife St. Andrew's University (February 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (3), Sheffield Polytechnic (4), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (5), Liverpool University (7), Bristol Locarno (8), Cardiff Top Rank (10), Poole Arts Centre (11), Norwich East Anglia University (13), Nottingham Rock City (14), Leeds Tiffany's (15). Doncaster Rotters (16), Manchester Rotters (17), Loughborough University (18), Birmingham Top Rank (20), St. Albans City Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Palais (23).

Sabbath gigs re-scheduled

BLACK SABBATH have been forced to postpone their UK tour by about three weeks, while bassist Geezer Butler's broken finger mends — the fracture occurred while he was practising Kung Fu in Japan, and he was subsequently advised to rest his hand for seven weeks. The band's British gigs were due to start immediately after Christmas, but have now been re-scheduled to begin in mid-January, and tickets already purchased will be valid for the revised dates — which are:

London Hammersmith Odeon (January 18 to 21), Bridlington Spa Hall (23), Leeds Queens Hall (24), Stafford Bingley Hall (25), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (28), Southampton Gaumont (30), Crawley Leisure Centre (31), Poole Arts Centre (February 1) and St Austell New Cornish Riviera (2).

Motorhead frightener

MOTORHEAD'S extensive UK tour came to a disagreeable end at the weekend, when drummer Phil Taylor broke his neck in an accident. The band played their final gig in Belfast on Saturday night, and the next morning Taylor fell down a flight of stairs at their hotel. Fortunately, his condition is not critical and — although he can't be moved at the moment — it's hoped to transfer him to a London hospital before long. Deciding against engaging a deputy, Motorhead cancelled their French tour due to begin this week.

LIVE ROUND-UP

☐ **HAZEL O'CONNOR** has cancelled the first three dates of her New Year tour (January 16-18), as she has sustained an ankle injury, which has thrown all her commitments behind schedule. All her other previously reported dates go ahead as planned, except that Uxbridge Brunel University (February 4) is cancelled due to technical difficulties, and she now plays Portsmouth Guildhall on that night.

☐ **WHITESNAKE** were forced to cancel the remainder of their European tour with AC/DC, when front man David Coverdale sustained a torn cartilage in his knee. His leg is now in a plaster cast, which he has to wear for six weeks. There are plans to re-schedule the cancelled gigs early next year.

☐ **IRON MAIDEN,** already set to play their Christmas party concert at London Rainbow this Sunday, have now slotted in two nights at London Marquee Club this Friday and Saturday (19-20). And GIRLSCHOOL have slotted in two nights at the Marquee on December 29 and 30.

☐ **SUPERCHARGE,** now with new bassist Kenny Shearer replacing Paul Ambrosius, are playing a string of dates this month to promote their first album for Criminal Records — titled 'Now Jump', it's out this week. They visit Liverpool Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), Dudley J.B.'s (Saturday), Burton 76 Club (December 23), Kirklevington Country Club (Boxing Day), Leeds Fforde Hotel (28), London Fulham Golden Lion (29) and London Camden Dingwalls (30).

LINDISFARNE'S CLUB VENTURE

LINDISFARNE — who'll be playing to nearly 30,000 people in their home city of Newcastle over the holiday period — go to the other extreme in the New Year, when they embark on a tour of London-area clubs. Their ten shows at Newcastle City Hall (December 20-30) are now sold out, so they've added an eleventh concert on New Year's Eve, and tickets are only available by personal application to the box-office.

Then they come south to do the rounds of the clubs — where, they say, they've really wanted to play for years. They visit Aylesbury Friars (January 3), Marquee Club (4), Fulham Greyhound (5), Camden Dingwalls (7), Woolwich Tramshed (8), Fulham Golden Lion (9), Crystal Palace Hotel (10), Victoria The Venue (11) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (13 and 14). This will be followed by a major 40-date nationwide concert tour.

April Wine in January flow

APRIL WINE, the Canadian heavy rock outfit rapidly emulating the success of their compatriots Rush, return to the UK in the New Year for an 11-venue concert tour. They play Bradford St. George's Hall (January 13), Birmingham Odeon (14), Derby Assembly Rooms (15), Sheffield City Hall (17), Liverpool Empire (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Edinburgh Odeon (20), Manchester Apollo (21), Southampton Gaumont (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27).

Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 at all venues — except Hammersmith (£3.75, £3.25, £2.75 and £2.25) and Derby (all at £3). The Hammersmith show is being videotaped for a North American TV special.

CAMEL TREKKING IN UK

CAMEL spend much of next year touring the world, and the first leg of their travels — opening in Stockholm on January 30 — takes in no less than 14 different European countries. Their schedule includes 16 concerts in Britain, and these are: Manchester Apollo (February 15), Preston Guildhall (16), Edinburgh Usher Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Aylesbury Friars (21), Bristol Colston Hall (23), Ipswich Gaumont (24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Gloucester Leisure Centre (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (March 1), Leicester De Montfort Hall (2), Liverpool Empire (3) and Portsmouth Guildhall (4).

Tickets are on sale now at all venues, priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except Hammersmith (£4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50) and Croydon (£4, £3.50 and £3). The tour ties in with the release of their follow-up album to 'The Snowgoose' — titled 'Nude', it's said to tell a unique story (the mind boggles!), and it's issued by Decca on January 23.

Slade extend

SLADE, currently on the road to promote their 'Slade Smashes' album, have found themselves in such demand that they've now lined up another series of dates in the New Year — and these are all at major venues. They play Guildford Surrey University (January 16), Ipswich Gaumont (17), Nottingham Kimberley Leisure Centre (18), Peterborough Wirrina Stadium (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Edinburgh Odeon (22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Aylesbury Friars (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25) and London Hammersmith Odeon (26).

Beat are full of surprises

THE BEAT are planning a number of "surprise" gigs in the New Year, with the object of trying out the new material they've written for their next album — they won't be hush-hush or unadvertised, but they're likely to be last-minute bookings with only a few days' notice. The LP itself will be recorded in February, and the band's next official UK tour is scheduled for the early spring to coincide with the album's release — and it's expected to be a fairly comprehensive outing.

Meanwhile, The Beat have just handed over a cheque for £15,000 to the treasurer of the Anti-Nuclear Campaign. They had promised all their royalties from their last single 'Best Friend' to this cause, and this cheque (which also includes some of the record company's and producer's royalties) is the result — and it only covers UK Sales, with overseas cash still to come. Which is why they were in festive mood this week, as our picture shows — though their young friend doesn't seem any too pleased with Santa Saxa.

RECORD NEWS

● **Praying Mantis,** previously with Gem Records, release their first single on the Arista label on January 16 — 'Cheated' / '30 Pieces Of Silver'. And it comes complete with a bonus free single, featuring two tracks from their upcoming self-titled album, 'Flirtin' With Suicide' and 'Panic In The Streets'.

● The potential hit single 'I.O.U.' by **Jane Kennaway & Strange Behaviour,** previously independently available through Pinnacle, has now been picked up by Decca's Deram label.

● The delayed second single by **Grand Prix** 'Which Way Did The Wind Blow' is now set for January 16 release by RCA. But they won't be around to promote it, as they'll be touring Europe with Manfred Mann for 2½ months.

● **Phil Collins** of Genesis has signed a solo deal with Virgin, who release his single 'In The Air Tonight' on January 9. It will be followed soon afterwards by his debut solo album.

● **Hazel O'Connor's** new single 'Time' is now available as a 12-inch in a new picture sleeve, and with two different tracks on the B-side — they are 'Ain't It Funny' and the previously unissued version of Bowie's 'Suffragette City', both recorded live at London Dominion Theatre on December 6.

● Virgin have decided to drop **The Professionals'** track 'Kick Down The Doors' from their sampler album 'Cash Cows'. This follows legal action by the band's former bassist Andy Allen, who wrote the song with Steve Jones and Paul Cook, and now claims it was used on the LP without his permission. He obtained an injunction to prevent the sale of the album, and this has since been upheld pending a High Court hearing. So rather than wait for the eventual outcome, Virgin are replacing the offending track with 'Permafrost by **Magazine,** and the revised LP should be back in the shops right after Christmas.

● A cassette of the current **Blondie** album 'Autoamerican' has been made available by Chrysalis in a six-inch square package, of the type currently being tested in the States. The 6 × 6 gives more area for graphics, and allows a direct 50 per cent reduction of the album artwork, with all the information on their LP sleeve reproduced on the cassette.

● **Tom Browne's** new Arista single 'Magic' appears in 12-inch form on January 9, with the seven-inch following on January 16, the same day as his album of the same title.

● Cherry Red have re-packaged their two most successful compilations, 'Business Unusual' and 'Labels Unlimited', on a double album issued this week. It contains 30 indepedent singles, including debut tracks from **UK Subs, Girlschool, The Piranhas, Spizz, Throbbing Gristle** and **Poison Girls.**

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 18th Dec — Adm £2.00

SIMPLE MINDS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri 19th & Sat 20th Dec — Adm £2.50

IRON MAIDEN
Plus Friends & Jerry Floyd

Sun 21st & Mon 22nd Dec — Adm £2.00

BUDGIE
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Tues 23rd Dec — Adm £2.00

ANGELWITCH
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Wed 24th Dec (Open 7-12 pm)
Christmas Eve Soul Party

Q TIPS
plus SPECIAL GUESTS
& Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets To Members £3.00
To Non Members £3.50

Thurs 25th & Fri 26th Dec
CLOSED — MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

Sat 27th Dec — Adm £2.00

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Sun 28th Dec — Adm £2.00

ATOMIC ROOSTER
Plus Support & Mandy H

Mon 29th & Tues 30th Dec

GIRLSCHOOL
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to Members £2.25
Non Members on door £2.50

Wed 31st Dec (Open 7 pm — 1 am)
New Years Eve R&B Fun!

9 BELOW ZERO
Plus SPECIAL GUEST
& DJ Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets: To Members £3.00
Non Members £3.50

Thurs 1st Jan
CLOSED — HAPPY NEW YEAR

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

STEVE HARLEY and cockney rebel

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

The Hit Men — LYCEUM STRAND, W.C.2 — FISCHER Z

SUNDAY 21st DECEMBER at 7·30

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

MUSIC MACHINE

CAMDEN HIGH ST. Opp. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE
TEL: 01·387 0428/9

Thursday 18th — Adm £1.70

THEATRE OF HATE
+ The Ides Of March
+ The Precious Few

Friday 19th — Adm £2.20
Easter Party

WASTED YOUTH
+ Johnny Hollidays
Escape Club
+ Depeche Mode

Saturday 20th — Adm £2.20
From USA

PYLON
+ Method Actors
+ Medium Medium

Sunday 21st — Adm £1.00
Neil Kays

HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
Late licence applied for

Monday 22nd — Adm £1.20
Pre Christmas Party

NICK TURNERS INNER CITY UNIT
+ Dangerous Girls
+ Bob Calvert

Tuesday/Wed/Thurs/Friday
CLOSED FOR XMAS HOLIDAYS

Saturday 27th

RING FOR DETAILS

Sunday 28th — Adm £1.00
Neil Kays

HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
Open 7.30 till 11.30

Monday 29th

RING FOR DETAILS

Tuesday 30th

CLOSED

Wednesday 31st — Adm £2.50
New Years Eve Party

GENO WASHINGTON
+ Crying Shames

DINGWALLS

RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE

THURSDAY 18 DECEMBER
LAST CHANCE TO CATCH 'EM THIS YEAR CHRISTMAS PARTY NIGHT WITH
THE ONLY ONES

SATURDAY 20
GONZALES
SUPPORTED BY
THE LEMONS

SUNDAY 21
IT'S HIS "GETTING MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS" SHOW
JOHN COOPER CLARK
PLUS COMEDIAN KEITH ALLEN

MONDAY 22
THE PRETTY THINGS

TUESDAY 23/DINGWALLS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY NIGHT
STRAY CATS
ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE
WED 24/THURS 25/FRI 26
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS
SAT 27/BACK FROM CHRISTMAS WITH
THE FLATBACKERS
AND
THE MIGHTY STRYPES

MONDAY 29/ROCKABILLY NEW YEAR PARTY
LEVI DEXTER & THE RIPCORDS

TUESDAY 30
PRE NEW YEAR PARTY WITH THE ONE 'N' ONLY
SUPERCHARGE

WEDNESDAY 31
DINGWALLS NEW YEARS PARTY NIGHT
THE Q-TIPS
PLUS SUPPORT — ADVANCE AVAILABLE
THURS 1/SPECIAL HANGOVER PARTY NIGHT — CLOSED!

CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

Venue

160 Victoria St., SW1
(Opp Victoria Tube Station)
01-834 5882
Food, Drink, Live Bands, Dancing 7pm-3am

MAIN BANDS ON STAGE 9.00 PM

Thursday 18th November — Ring box office for details
Late night — £2.00
THE ELEKTRO DISKOW

Friday 19th December — £3.00
FAMOUS NAMES CIRCUS

Saturday, 20th December — £3.50
HINCKLEY'S HEROES
featuring Tim Hinkley, Poli Palmer, Mel Collins, Steve Simpson, Henry McCullough, John Halsey, Mitch Mitchell, Boz Burrell, Roger Chapman.

Sunday, 21st December — £4.50
BURNING SPEAR

Monday, 22nd December — £4.00
THE BLUES BAND CHRISTMAS PARTY
featuring Paul Jones, Tom McGuiness, Dave Kelly, Gary Fletcher, Hughie Flint.

Tuesday, 23rd December — £2.50
THE DANCE BAND

Late night: — £2.00
THE VENUE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Wednesday, 24th December — £3.00
LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Thursday 25th December & Friday, 26th December
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS

Saturday, 27th December — £3.00
RICO

Monday, 29th December — £2.00
TRIBESMEN

Tuesday, 30th December — £2.25
FABULOUS POODLES

Tickets available for all London Concerts of the following

DEC 17, 18 YES IN CONCERT AT THE RAINBOW

DECEMBER
17, 18 Yes
17 Orchestral Manoeuvres
18 Steeleye Span
20 Saxon
20 Gary Glitter
21 Iron Maiden
21 Steve Harley
22 XTC
22, 23, 24 Ian Dury
24 Madness
30 Siouxsie & The Banshees

JANUARY
4 Sweet
17 Boomtown Rats
18, 19, 20 Black Sabbath
20 — 31 Billy Connolly
23, 24 Cliff Richard
26 Slade
28, 29 UFO

FEBRUARY
7 Japan
9, 10 Emmylou Harris
27 Camel

SAT, 27th DECEMBER — ELVIS COSTELLO / UB40 / ROCKPILE — Birmingham National Exhibition Centre

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
General enquiries Tel 01-439 3371. Instant Credit Bookings 01-240 1369/0681. Postal Bookings 96 Shaftesbury Ave. W.1. Personal callers 31 Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus and 42 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, Tel 01-437 5150

DEREK BLOCK presents
GLITTER OVER CHRISTMAS
GARY GLITTER
THE REVILOS
PROTEX
Paris 9
SATURDAY 20TH DECEMBER 7 P.M.
Rainbow THEATRE 232 SEVEN SISTERS RD. LONDON N4
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00.
From Box Office 01-263-3148/9;
London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Ticket Machine

Rainbow THEATRE — OUTLAW AND PHIL McINTYRE PRESENT
AN OVER THE TOP HEAVY METAL CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA
IRON MAIDEN
SPECIAL LOW PRICE GIG. YOU ARE BEING FILMED
D.J. NEAL KAY
SUNDAY 21ST DECEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £2.50, £2.00
FROM BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT & USUAL AGENTS
SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES!

ROCK WEEK PLUS

ICA

Sat 27 Dec THIS HEAT / MASS / LEMON KITTENS
Sun 28 Dec ESSENTIAL LOGIC / ALTERED IMAGES / OUT ON BLUE SIX
Tue 30 Dec CABARET VOLTAIRE / SPEC RECORDS / IL Y A VOLKSWAGENS
Wed 31 Dec DOLL BY DOLL / THE SOFT BOYS / AFGHAN REBELS / THE FLATBACKERS
Thur 1 Jan THE PASSAGE / CRISPY AMBULANCE / BITING TONGUES
Fri 2 Jan THE SOUND / THE CRAVATS / THE JUMP CLUB
Sat 3 Jan BASEMENT 5 / REDBEAT / DISLOCATION DANCE
Sun 4 Jan JOSEF K / ORANGE JUICE / BLUE ORCHIDS
Doors open 7.30. Box Office 01-930 3647
Tickets £2.00 (ICA Day Membership 40p)
Sponsored by **Capital Radio**

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS
THE MALL SW1

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block in association with Dave Woods presents
Siouxsie and the Banshees
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
TUESDAY 30th DECEMBER 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.50
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM PALAIS 01-748-2812, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, VIRGIN TICKET UNIT, HONKY TONK RECORDS, ALSO ON NIGHT

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE! PAGES,
Phone 01-261 6153

DATA CONTROL — NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

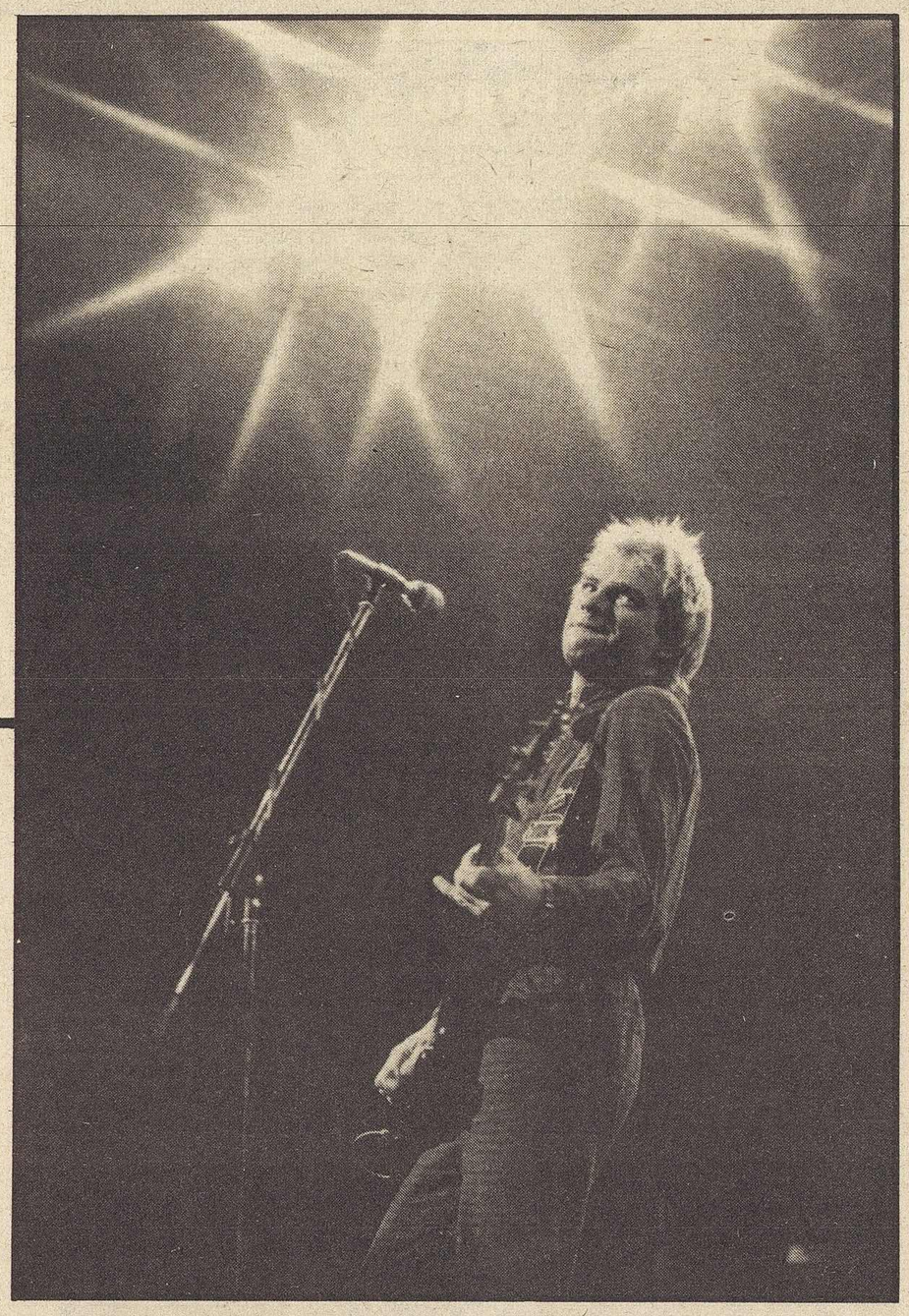
Dury, Madness in town, and

No new tours starting this week, obviously. But those already on the road reach their climax in a string of Christmas specials, and London benefits most from these seasonal high jinks — with **IAN DURY and the Blockheads** playing four shows (three at the Michael Sobell Centre, one at the Dominion), **MADNESS** topping three concerts (at Hammersmith Odeon) and **DIRE STRAITS** also doing three (at the Rainbow).

Additionally, there are Yuletide crackers in town by the likes of **GARY GLITTER, XTC** and **THE ONLY ONES,** to name just a few. You'll find all the details if you peruse the day-by-day listings below. There's plenty of activity in the provinces, too — certainly enough to get you in the mood for a Happy Christmas. Which is what we on the *Nationwide Gig Guide* wish all our readers and contributors.

The Police are up the Bec

Arguably the outstanding pre-Christmas events are the two London shows by **THE POLICE,** if only because of their unique setting. Sting (pictured right) will be in action in a giant 5,000-capacity supertent pitched on Tooting Bec Common — that's on Sunday and Monday. And on Tuesday they move into the more orthodox surroundings of Stafford Bingley Hall, where 10,000 Midlanders will be De Do Do-ing.



Thursday 18

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Stares**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Airphix**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Kinks**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Gonzalez**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Dangerous Girls**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Doctor Max**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **The Amyl Dukes**
Chatham Scamps: **Kicks**
Clydebank The Atlantis: **The Radio Ghosts**
Conbridge (Glam) Junior School: **The Industrial Chipmunks**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Climax Blues Band**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Bow Wow Wow**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Nelson's Column Big Band/Madeline Bell**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The O.K. Band**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Spoilers**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Future Date**
Hull Wellington Club: **Pylon**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Knife Edge**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Slade**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Acton White Hart: **3A.M./The Form/Red Shift**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Geoff Castle Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Only Ones**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Monsters**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunel**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Thieves Like Us/The Thompson Twins**
London Dalston Pembury Tavern: **Avenue**
London Film Co-op (Gloucester Ave., N.W.1): **Kan-Kan/Calling Hearts**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Park Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Chris Hunt's Cable Car/Press Gang**
London Fulham The Cock: **Route 66**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Suttel Approach**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Roy & The Rovers**
London Hammersmith and West London College: **Revelation/Tribulation/Magnum**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Black Market**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Cuddly Toy/The Significant Zeros**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Mike Hart & The Road Runners**
London Islington Pied Bull: **One On One**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town The Forum: **The Tremeloes**
London Leicester-Square Notre Dame Hall: **The Cure & Guests**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Hawkwind/Chevy**
London Marquee Club: **Simple Minds**
London North-East Polytechnic: **Victims Of Pleasure**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **O-Jah**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Kraze**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Nightdoctor**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Lane Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Yes**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio (for three days)**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Freddy 'Fingers' Lee**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Tigers/The Wasters**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Delta 5/Orange Juice**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Saxon**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Blurt**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **No Mystery**
Manchester Pinkies Place: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Roy Wood's Helicopters**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Accident On The East Lancs**
Manchester Rafters: **The Revillos**
Newcastle St. Mary's Boys Club: **Stiletto**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Rock City: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Gary Glitter**
Oxford RAF Benson: **Soul Direction**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Chasar**
Preston Warehouse: **The Diagram Brothers/Dislocation Dance**
Salisbury Technical College: **Bad Manners**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Generation X**
Sheffield The Marples: **Artery/The Tremmers/Divine Comedy**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Dire Straits**
Southampton The Haymarket: **Games To Avoid/The Bitter Lemmings**
Street Strode College: **Chris Barber Band**
Walkden Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Whaley Bridge White Hart: **Permanent Wave/Jaywalkers**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Switch 7**
Wokingham Rock Club: **Pengis Fet**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Pånther 45**

Friday 19

Aberdeen University: **Positive Noise**
Ashford Stour Centre: **Slade**
Birkenhead Hamilton Club: **Rivals**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Bow Wow Wow**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Dangerous Girls/Denizens/Soft Asylum**
Birmingham Knowle Village Hall: **Distort Resort**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool Jenk's: **J. G. Spoils Rock Band (for three days)**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Switches**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **Whitefire**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Ammonites**
Callander Tanoch Restaurant: **The Deft Jerks**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Simple Minds**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Orange Juice/Rhesus Negative/Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Glasgow University: **Frankie Miller Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Spider**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Chicken Shack/4 A.M.**
Harrogate Crown Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Pylon/Medium Medium**
Hythe Youth Club: **The Pulsaters**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **The Reluctant Stereotypes/Assyne**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Vin Garbutt**
Lancaster Catholic Club: **Johnny Storm**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Life of Riley/Dead Aped**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Supercharge**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
London Brixton Town Hall: **The Thompson Twins**
London Camden Music Machine: **Wasted Youth**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Huang Chung/Philip Gayle**
London College of Printing: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London Fulham The Cock: **Jazz Sluts**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Gun Control**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Saxon**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Kicks**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Elgin Marbles**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie & Guests (two days)**
London Marquee Club: **Iron Maiden**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Shader/New Era Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **John Spencer's Spectacles**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band/Sam Mitchell Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Broadcast**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Victoria The Venue: **Famous Names**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Richard Stange/Mind Troop**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Hi-Tension**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Munchies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Kevin Coyne**
Luton Blowins: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Bad Manners**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **XTC**
Manchester Fun House: **The Notsensibles**
Manchester Mayflower: **The Notsensibles/The Localeroes/Nova Vaga/The Hoax**
Matlock Northwood Club: **Manitou**
Newcastle Bath Lane Arts Centre: **Danger In Paradise**
Northwich Memorial Hall: **The Salford Jets**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Kinks**
Oswestry Memorial Hall: **Prefix**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Snapshots/Defiant Pose**
Pembroke Doke Pater Hall: **The Exploding Seagulls**
Penryn School: **Chris Barber Band**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Performing Ferrets**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Budgie**
Reading Cap & Gown: **Midnight Sun**
Retford Porterhouse: **Wah! Heat**
Scarborough Taboo: **Generation X**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Slough Merrymakers: **The Mighty Strypes**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind/Chevy**
Southend Crocs: **AllZ**
Southport Floral Hall: **Dick Smith Band**
Stockton The Teessider: **Equinox**
Stroud The Shambles: **Fast Action**
Sunderland Locarno: **Taurus**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Andy Pandemonium/Graham Larkbey/Spiv**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Worthing Balmoral Bar: **Panther 45**

Saturday 20

Ashford (Kent) Bockhanger: **Transcendents/Metalic PooPoos**
Aylesbury Friars: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel**
Basingstoke Magnums: **Panther 45**
Birmingham Aston Arts Centre: **African Star/Alien Kulture**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Bogarts: **No Faith**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Pinkies/Fast Relief/Opel Flutes**
Birmingham (Digbeth) Eagle & Tun: **Soft Asylum**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Distort Resort/Saturday The 14th**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Slade**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Airphix**
Bolton Sports Centre: **The Buzzcocks**
Brighton Alhambra: **Eye To Eye**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Juan Foote & The Grave/ The Wild Beasts**
Bungay Kings Head: **Frequency Band**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **The Cheaters**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Chiddingly Hall: **Going Straight**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Blind Alley**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Budgie**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **Suspect**
Dawlish Warren Langstone Cliff Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Doncaster Tally Ho: **Whammer Jammer**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Supercharge**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Simple Minds**
Haslingden Tankards: **Whitefire**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Burning Spear**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **First Aid**
Kirkcaldy Dutch Mill: **Dick Smith Band**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Agony Column**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Blurt**
Liverpool Brady's: **Generation X**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Gonzalez/The Lemons**
London Camden Music Machine: **Pylon/The Method Actors/Medium Medium**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chicken Shack**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Trimmer & Jenkins/ The Spoilers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham, 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers (lunchtime)/Deaf Aids & Nauty Culture (evening)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bauhaus**
London Dalston Cubies: **Misty in Roots**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sore Throat/Way Of The West**
London Fulham The Cock: **Hi-Fi**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Moontier**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wall St**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Saxon**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Extension**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Lee Centre: **Billy Adams Band**
London Marquee Club: **Iron Maiden**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Oral Exciters**
London N.W.2. Hog's Grunt: **The West End Stompers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Earl Okin**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gary Glitter/The Revillos/Protex**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Sanity Clause**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hinkley's Heroes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Sound/The Decorators**
London W.1. Comic Strip: **Bow Wow Wow**
London W.10 Acklam Hall (afternoon): **The Androids Of Mu/Brian Brian/The O12/Blue Midnight etc**
Luton Christchurch Civic Centre: **Essential Logic**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Bad Manners**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Proposition 31**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Wah! Heat**
Newcastle City Heat: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton The Roadmender: **UK Decay/Trance/The Mystery Guests**
Nottingham Boat Club: **More**
Nottingham Rock City: **XTC**
Oakham Empingham Hall: **Manitou/Skeleton Crew**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Pallas**
Pembroke Dock Pennar Palladium: **Boxcar Willie/Colarado**
Plymouth Fiesta Suite: **Creation Rebel**
Reading Balimore Hall: **Lethal Dose/A Fast Chord/The Pierres**
Rochdale Roch Bar: **Accident On The East Lancs**
Rochdale (Whitworth) Rawstron Arms: **Stalk**
Rowledge Cherry Tree: **Prime Suspect**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The MP's**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Madness**
Southend Top Alex: **Spider**
Stoke New Penny: **Vermilion Hair**
Sunderland Mayfair: **Soul Direction**
Taunton Market Tavern: **Asylum**
Taunton Odeon: **Hawkwind/Chevy**
Torquay 400 Club: **Geno Washington Band**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Ware College: **The Plugs**
Wilshaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Mighty Strypes**

Sunday 21

Aberdeen Copper Beach: **Positive Noise**
Ayr Pavilion: **Frankie Miller Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Brimingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Repertory Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Brighton Jenkinsons: **Bad Manners**
Bromley The Northover (Lunchtime): **Bill Scott / Ian Ellis**
Burntwood Troubadour: **Victorian Parents**
Bury The Bridge: **Two-Tone-Pinks**
Cardiff Top Rank: **XTC**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **The Business / Bad Publicity**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Slade**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Wah! Heat**
Hailsham Crown Hote: **The Regiment**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazzband & Guests**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Switches**
Leeds Queen's Hall: **Hawkwind / Praying Mantis / Chevy / Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Madness**
Liverpool The Masonic: **England's National Sport**
London Acton Kings Head: **Brian Brain / B Film**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Brecknock: **The Chevrons & B Film / Red Box**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter / Stolen Pets**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Johnny G Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Local Heroes / The Heartbeats**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Temporary Title / Bang Gang / Leisure Lotion**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Realists / Auto de Fe / The Reflections / Better Days / P.J. & The Holograms**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Dance Band**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / The Selecter / Basement 5 / Blurt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Roger Ruskin Spear & His Kinetic Wardrobe**
London Fulham The Cock: **M.G.A. Group**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hayes Brook House: **Spider**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Thompson Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Yakety Yak**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch**
London Putney White Lion: **The C-Sharps**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
London Richmond Brollys: **L.A. Hooker / Chris Hunt's Cable Car**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ron Rubin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Fast Action**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel / Fischer-Z / The Hitmen**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tooting Bec Common Supertent: **The Police**
London Victoria The Venue: **Burning Spear**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Pylon / The Soft Boys**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Bathroom / Jerking In Braille**
Manchester Midland Hotel: **Johnny Storm**
Middlesbrough Empire Hotel: **Dave Barbarian presents Pandemonium**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Lovely Bodies**
Nottingham Kimberley Recreation Centre: **Saxon**
Oakham Rutland Angler: **Skeleton Crew**
Oxford Penny Farthing: **Charisma**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Anaconda (lunchtime) / Saigon (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Watersons**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **The Great Mistakes**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Q-Tips / The Cheaters**
Twyford Kings Arms: **Motley Crew**
Woking The Cricketers (lunchtime): **The Mighty Strypes**

Monday 22

Bath The Bell: **The Rockets**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **The Undertones / Orange Juice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Manningford Hall: **Distort Resort / Lost World Troupedores / Degotees / Lowdown**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Cryer**
Bolton Rockquarius: **Rockin Horse**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Srivington Spyke & The Reporters**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **The Localeroes**
Brighton New Regent: **Ammonites / JCB / Cliffhanger / The Happy Endings**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Hawkwind / Chevy**
Croydon The Ship : **Pyewackett**
Doncaster Institute of Higher Education: **The Revillos**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Deft Jerks**
Grimsby Central Hall: **Slade**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Johnny Storm**
London Acton White Hart: **Spider**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pretty Things**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

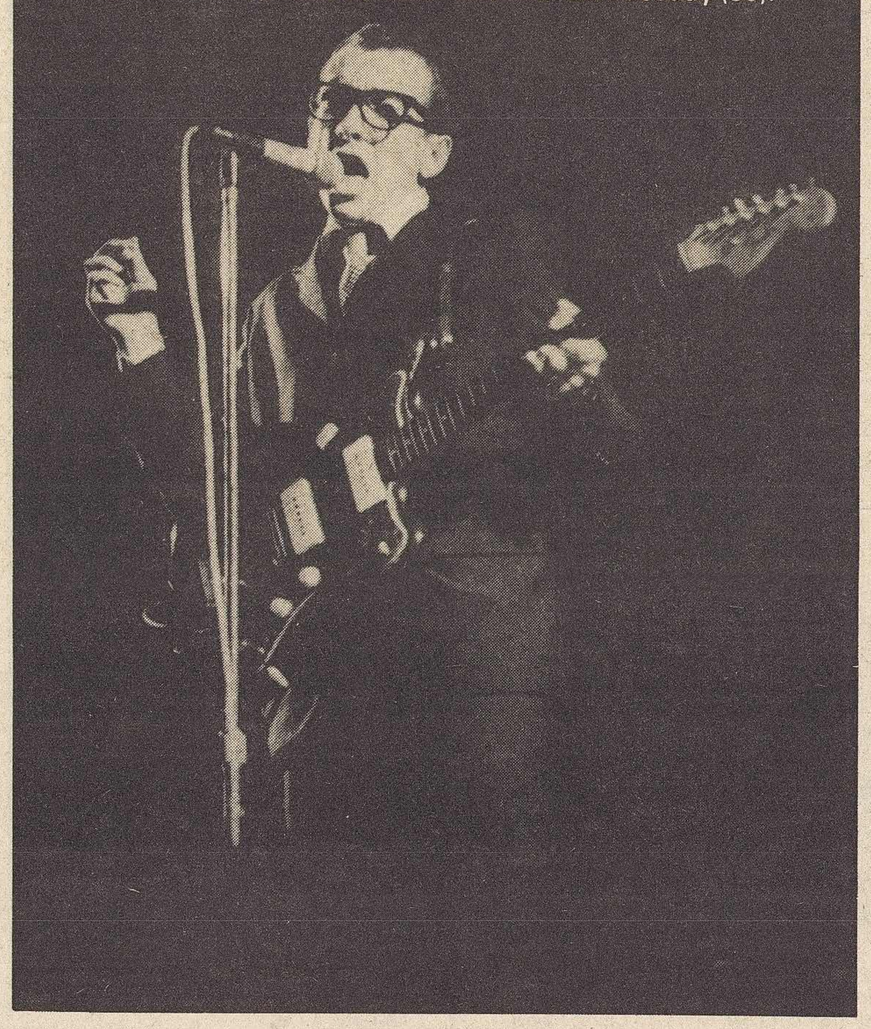
London Camden Music Machine: **Inner City Unit**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Works / Sunny Clarke Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Les Apaches**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads / The Selecter / Basement 5 / Blurt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Elgin Marbles / The Creamies**
London Fulham The Cock: **Answer**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Madness**
London Hammersmith Palais: **XTC / Blue Orchids / Modern Man**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **O-Jah / The Breakfast Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Purple Hearts**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Johnny Parker & Stan Greig (two days)**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The London Apaches**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Bluesblasters**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dire Straits**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Sons Of Cain**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London Tooting Bec Common Supertent: **The Police**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Johnny G Band / Furniture**
London W.1 Gilbray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Coolies**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Furious Pig / The Work / Atom Of Doubt**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Rock City: **Q-Tips**
Peterborough Wirrina Stadium: **Saxon**
Rugby Benn Memorial Hall: **The Lambrettas**
Scunthorpe King Henry XIII: **Product Of Reason**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **The Active Gliders**
Slough Studio One: **The Mighty Strypes**
Southend Zero 6: **The Flatbackers**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Body**
Watford Bailey's: **The New Seekers (for a week)**
Worcester Tramps: **Switches**
York Jaspers: **Anti-Pasti**

Tuesday 23

Belfast Ulster Hall: **The Undertones/Orange Juice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Bristol Granary: **Sweet Substitute/Pat Halcox**
Burton 76 Club: **Supercharge**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Rat Fink A Boo Boo**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Human Beings**
Hereford Castle Hall: **The Enid**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
Hull City Hall: **Saxon**
Liverpool Brady's: **Rage/Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Stray Cats**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **UK Decay/The Dark**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jackie Challoner Band/Phallacy**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Orange Cardigan/Sanity Clause**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/The Selector/Basement 5/Blurt**
London Fulham Greyjound: **The Fabulous Poodles/The Fix**
London Fulham The Cock: **Good Question**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Madness**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **O-Jah MGA Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Commuters**
London Kentish Town The Forum: **Marmalade**
London Kingsbury Bandwagon: **Triarchy**
London Lee Old Tiger's Head: **Yakety Yak**
London Marquee Club: **Angelwitch**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Prize Guys/Poseur**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Wah! Heat**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dire Straits**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Tooting The Castle: **Brunel**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Mysterons/23 Skidoo**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Dance Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **John Stevens Away/Naked Lunch**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Form/Red Shift/3 A.M.**
Malton Milton Rooms: **Bad Manners**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Zanathus**
Manchester (Ashton) GMT Club: **Bax Rafter**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Cheaters**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Rock City: **Hinkley's Heroes**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Q-Tips**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Exploding Seagulls**
South Shields St. Hilda's Youth Club: **The Fauves**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Police**
Swansea White Swan: **Doctor Sunshine's Pavement Show**

Elvis tops Brum superbill

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions top one of the most star-studded Christmas rock bills ever assembled at Birmingham's vast National Exhibition Centre on Saturday, December 27, with Madness, Rockpile, The Selecter, Squeeze and UB40 completing the line-up. And this one-off bonanza shines out like a beacon in the gloom, because there ain't much else happening right after the holiday — specially now that Black Sabbath have postponed their tour. The only exception is SIOUXSIE at Hammersmith on Tuesday (30).



Aldenham Red Lion: **Toad The Wet Sprocket**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Quads**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Wide Boys/The Xpertz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Callander Tanoch Restaurant: **Frenchways/Spies**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Olmwood British Legion: **The Igloos**
Coventry General Wolfe: **God's Toys**
Dymchurch The Neptune: **The Pulsaters**
Exeter Tiffany's: **Soul Direction**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
Lancaster Queelly's Club: **Mistress**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Metro Glider/Red Diesel**
Liverpool Brady's: **Dead On Arrival**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Dick Smith Band**
London Acton Kings Head: **Furniture/The Decorators / Guy Jackson**
London Crystal Palace Hotel: **Nine Below Zero**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Irene & Doreen Chanter & Friends/Tangent**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Madness**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Jazira**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Monty Sunshine Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Bluesblasters**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Dire Straits**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Basement 5/Blurt**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Sheena Easton (for a Christmas season)**
London Victoria The Venue: **Light Of The World**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dumb Blondes/Special Guests**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Cheaters**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Bad Manners**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Sounds Ltd**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Rock City: **Gary Glitter**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Those French Girls**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Naked Housewives**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**

Boxing Day

Another quiet day, but no doubt you'll welcome the opportunity of getting over the excesses of the night before. But we've managed to get together a limited selection of gigs for your seasonal pleasure.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **Spider**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chevy**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Die Laughing/The Pulsaters**
Kingston Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
Kirklevington Country Club: **Supercharge**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Stun The Guards**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy Jam/Paul Jones/Chris Thompson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Rue-De-Marx**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Lennie Felix & Guests (until Tuesday, except Sunday)**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Long Run/Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Charlesworth Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Renegades/The Passage/The Liggers**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Radars**
Scarborough Taboo: **Head Hunter**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Buzz**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Whitefire**

Saturday 27

Ashford Stour Centre: **Taurus**
Aylesbury Friars: **The Piranhas**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions / Madness / Rockpile / The Selecter / Squeeze / UB40**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Limelight**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **Rivals**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chainsaw**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Dead On Arrival**
Feltham Football Club: **The Purple Hearts**
Kingston The Grove Tavern: **Avenue**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Spider**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Knife Edge**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Notsensibles**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Flatbackers / The Mighty Strypes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **'Mystery Band'**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dave (lunchtime) / True Life Confessions (evening)**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Jabula**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Polecats**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Red Beans & Rice / Steve Hooker & The Shakers**
London Fulham The Cock: **Hi-Fi**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Five Pliers / Last Orders**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Black Market**
London Marquee Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Monkey / West End Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Charlesworth Quintet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Effect**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London S.W.11 The Pine Tavern: **Brunel**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **This Heat / Mass / Lemon Kittens**
London Victoria The Venue: **Rico**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald Group / Moving England**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **O-Jah**
Maidenhead Leisure Centre: **Light Of The World / Hi-Tension / Mirage**
Midhurst Egmont Hotel: **Switches**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Witchfynde / Heritage**
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **Rockin Horse**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Red Ellis**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bullock Smithy**
Scunthorpe King Henry VIII: **Famous Names**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Lazers**
Stockport Ups & Downs: **Xerox Playroom**
Winsford W.L. Club: **Vermilion Hair**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

Sunday 28

Aylesbury Friars (lunchtime): **John Otway**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Brighton Alhambra: **Daddy Yum Yum**
Bury The Bridge: **The Index**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Radio Ghosts**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Hestenga**
Kettering Kings Arms (Lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazzband & Guests**
Loods Fforde Green Hotel: **Supercharge**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Acton King's Head: **Auntie Pus/Dr Mix & The Remix**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Black Market/Nitty Blue**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Roger Ruskin Spear & His Kinetic Wardrobe**
London Fulham The Cock: **MGA Band**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Charge/The Managing Directors**
London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Mighty Honky Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Lennie Felix**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Essential Logic/Altered Images/Out On Blue Six**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Chicken Shack/The Swim**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Dirty Tricks**
Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre: **Neville Dickie Trio**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne (until Wednesday)**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **No Tigers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **HUD**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Mad Avenue (lunchtime)/XS Discharge (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **The Teeside Fettlers**
Saltburn Zetland Hotel: **Equinox**
Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Stirling Stuarthall Tavern: **The Deft Jerks**
West Cornforth Rock Club: **Whitefire**
Weybridge National College of Food: **White Light**

Monday 29

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Quartz**
Boston Folk Club: **Steve Turner**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ilford Room at the Top: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Levi Dexter & The Rip Cords**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chas & Dave**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Scoop**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Disruptive Patterns/Burma Blur**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Supercharge**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/Escalator**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Soul Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Joe Broadbury & The Stand-Outs**
London Marquee Club: **Girlschool**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Stratford Green Man: **Telemacque**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Lemons/The Singles**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **Limelight**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **The Active Gliders**
Southend Zero 6: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
Wallasey Labour Club: **The Belishas**
Watford Bailey's: **Gary Glitter (for a week)**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**

Tuesday 30

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **U.X.B.**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **Rhesus Negative**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Supercharge**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chas & Dave**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Rubber Johnny**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **X-Effects/Touch**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Icarus/Richmond**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Temporary Title**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Siouxsie & The Banshees**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Transit Company**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Tea Set**
London Marquee Club: **Girlschool**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Stampers**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Prize Guys/Poseur**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Vibrators**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London The Mall I.C.A Theatre: **Cabaret Voltaire/Spec Records**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **London All Stars Steel Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Spiders/Red Letters**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Chris Barber Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **White Light**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Positive Noise**

New Year's Eve

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Dansette Damage**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M. S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bridport Askers Roadhouse: **Nite Life**
Brighton Alhambra: **Midnight & The Lemonboys**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Davidston Village Hall: **Metro Glider**
Dublin National Stadium: **Dire Straits**
East Cowes Town Hall: **Feedback/Owen Lee**
Gainsborough Marshall Social Centre: **The Igloos**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **H20**
Gloucester Cinderford Rugby Club: **Soul Direction**
Kenilworth Chesford Grange: **Chris Barber Band**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Bricks/Dead Apel**
Liverpool Brady's: **Alvin The Aardvark & The Fuzzy Ants**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Q-Tips**
London Clapham 101 Club: **R.P.M.**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bluesblasters**
London Dalston Cubies: **Rico**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller Band**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **No Idea**
London Hayes Brook House: **The Attendants**
London Highgate Jackson's Club: **Seven Year Itch/Guy Jackson/Straight From The Ground**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lee Old Tiger's Head: **Yakety Yak**
London Marquee Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Jo-Ann Kelly/Tucker Finlayson Band**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Doll By Doll/The Soft Boys/The Flatbackers/Afghan Rebels**
London Waterloo National Theatre Foyer: **The City Waites**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Altered Images/The Repetition**
Loughborough Town Hall: **Yakety Yak**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Reading Cherry's Wine Bar: **Motley Crew**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Linda & The Dark/Fear Of Flying**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Limelight**
Youlgreave Bulls Head: **Union Blues Band**

And at this point, we take time out to wish you peace, love and happy gig-going in the New Year. We look forward to maintaining our comprehensive coverage of events on the circuit, as we go into 1981 with the Nationwide Gig Guide. . .

Christmas Eve

Not so long ago, Christmas Eve was always regarded as a good night for gigs. In fact, there are 50 per cent more gigs this year than last December 24 (which was on a Monday) — but even so, it's not a patch on the good old days. And one of the main reasons is that public transport comes to a grinding halt very early this evening. So if you go to a gig tonight, make sure you can get home all right.

Christmas Day

This is the one day of the year when traditionally everything closes, and you're left to your own devices. It's all down to TV, radio, gluttony and debauchery. You may be lucky enough to find the odd gig here and there — notably in Northern social clubs and, of course, in Scotland — but we haven't been advised about any. Sorry, but there's no escaping Christmas tea with Auntie Edna.

ENTRIES FOR THE NEW YEAR

The next Gig Guide, in two weeks' time, will cover the week of January 1-7. This has already gone to press, and we regret that no more entries can be accepted for that period.

We are now taking dates for the gig week of

JANUARY 8 to 14

and we'd like to receive your entries as quickly as possible. The absolute deadline for this period is New Year's Eve. But don't leave it till then, 'cos you'll probably forget all about it over Christmas — get them in the post right away.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

SWEET

duran duran

THE Dumb Blondes

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

SUNDAY 4th JANUARY at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245 OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

CAROLINE Roadshow

Thurs 18th Dec
CHANCELLOR HALL CHELMSFORD

Sat 20th Dec
RHODES HALL BISHOP'S STORTFORD

Fri 19th Dec **STOUR CENTRE, ASHFORD, KENT**
with Special Guests of the Caroline Roadshow
SLADE
+ THE DRILL
Doors open 7.30 pm. Adm £2.50

Sat 27th Dec
ST IVO CENTRE, ST IVES, CAMBS

Wed 31st Dec
CORN EXCHANGE MAIDSTONE, KENT

CAROLINE BRITAIN'S BEST ROCK ROADSHOW WITH DJ'S ROBB EDEN BRIAN MARTIN & TOM ANDERSON
DOORS OPEN 8pm — BAR — Adm £2.00

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 17th December £1 — **LEE KOSMIN & FRIENDS**	Tuesday 23rd December £1 — **THE COMMUTERS**
Thursday 18th December £1 — **MIKE HART & THE ROAD RUNNERS**	Wednesday 24th December £1 — **LITTLE ROOSTERS**
Friday 19th December £1 — **HANK WANGFORD BAND**	Closed Christmas Day & Boxing Day — ***MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!***
Saturday 20th December £1 — **RICKY COOL & THE RIALTOS**	Saturday 27th December £1 — **BLACK MARKET**
Sunday 21st December £1 — **THE THOMPSON TWINS**	Sunday 28th December £1 — **BIM**
Monday 22nd December £1.25 — **PURPLE HEARTS**	Monday 29th December £1 — **THE TEA SET**
	Tuesday 30th December £1 — **LEVI DEXTER & THE RIP CHORDS**
	Wed 31st & Jan 1st — *CLOSED* — ***HAPPY NEW YEAR***

KAN KAN

Dec 18 & 20 **LONDON FILM COOP**
Dec 19 **'NO NUKES' BRIXTON TOWN HALL**
Jan 4 **AFRICA CENTRE, COVENT GARDEN**
Jan 6 **THE ROCK GARDEN**

SECRET MUSIC PRESENTS
Thursday 18th December 8.00 pm
DELTA 5
ESSENTIAL LOGIC
VINCENT UNITS
Acklam Hall, Acklam Rd, W 10
Tickets £2.00 from Rough Trade or at door

REGGAE AT THE
100 CLUB
100 Oxford St., London W1

Thursday 18th December
Gala Reggae Christmas Party starring
SANTA NIGHT DOCTOR
+ Support
8pm till 1am. Adm. £3.00

NEW WAVE AT THE
100 CLUB

Tuesday 23rd December
Special New Wave Christmas Party starring
WAH! HEAT
+ Support
8 till 12. Adm. £2.00

Tuesday 30th December
THE MO-DETTES
+ Support
8 till 12. Adm. 2.00

Please phone before setting out! check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THU. 18th. **the UPSET**
FRI. 19th. The Basement is closed for a private party. Restaurant OPEN!
SAT. DEC 20 LUNCHTIME 4 to 14 YEAR OLD's **DISCO** The "DARTS" will be there to sign autographs and Santa Clause, Soft drink cocktails, dance competitions and lots more 12 till 3p.m. 75p. All proceeds to charity.
AND SATURDAY NIGHT: **BAUHAUS** Stripped down visuals; intense music; uncompromising stuff. Currently heading both Alternative singles & L.P. charts.
TEMPORARY TITLE SUN. 21st. "Breathless teenarama .... ..as bright as a lightsabre up the bum and just as sharp," SOUNDS reported. plus. BANG GANG & LEISURE LOTION.
LES APACHES MON. 22. The New Psychedelia but not over burdened with self-indulgent synth & guitar, instead very tightly drawn.
THE ORANGE CARDIGAN TUE. 23. "Acolytes of the stark guitar and lateral bass, said SOUNDS of this shadowy lot: "Tunes had immediate appeal"
WED 24th. BASEMENT IS CLOSED - BUT RESTAURANT OPEN TILL MIDNIGHT! CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY & BOXING DAY
THE POLE CATS SAT. 27. "An evening of pink suits & Mac Curtess hair cuts, a slapped double bass and a Eddie Cochran Grech twanged to perfection." reported N.M.E.
MON. 29. 4 A.D. RECORDS AUDITION WITH DISRUPTIVE PATTERNS & BURMA BLUE
TUE. 30. **X-EFFECT** + SUPPORT
THE ROCKGARDEN NEW YEARS EVE PARTY WITH THE FAMOUS **BLUES BUSTERS** Featuring a line up that has touched practically every important British blues band- Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Savoy Brown, Fame's Blueflames plus sessions with U.S.A.'s Coasters, Phone for more info but as well as the finest, down-the-line R&B our ticket price inc. a 3-course meal & coffee!! BOOK NOW! 9 GNS. INCL. HORS, VAT & SERVICE
LOCAL HEROES S.W.9 FRI. JAN 2. Reggae/dub/80's rock with a West Coast guitar sound. The year for heroes? We think so.
The Doors open 8:45 till late, except Sunday when it's 7:30 till 12. Real Ale & Cocktails right thru. Our restaurant is open 7 days a week- 8:30AM till 6:00AM. most days. Phone for details We are on the corner of King St. & James St. old Covent Garden (100 mtr. from tube Station). PHONE: 240 3961

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.6.

Wednesday 17th December £1.50 — **BLUE ORCHIDS** + Huang Chung
Thursday 18th December £1.50 — **THE TIGERS** + The Wasters
Friday 19th December £1.50 — **RICHARD STRANGE** + Mind Troop
Saturday 20th December £1.50 — **THE SOUND** + The Decorators
Sunday 21st December £1.50 — **THE SOFT BOYS** + Special Guests **PYLON**
Monday 22nd December £1.50 — **JOHNNY G** + Furniture
Tuesday 23rd December £1.50 — **JOHN STEVENS AWAY** + Special Guests **NAKED LUNCH**
Wednesday 24th December £1.50 — Christmas Party — **THE DUMB BLONDES** + Special Guests + Disco
CLOSED CHRISTMAS DAY & BOXING DAY
Saturday 27th December £1.50 — **THE PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP** + Moving England
Sunday 28th December £1.50 — **CHICKEN SHACK** + The Swim
Monday 29th December £1.25 — **THE LEMONS** + The Singles
Tuesday 30th December £1.50 — **THE SPIDERS** + Red Letters
Wednesday 31st December £1.50 — New Year's Eve Party — **ALTERED IMAGES** + The Repetition
Thursday 1st January £1.50 — **BRIAN BRAIN** + The Rest

101 CLUB
101 St. John's Hill.
Tel: 01-223 8309
101 LABEL WEEK

Thursday 18th December — **THOMPSON TWINS** + Thieves Like US
Friday 19th December — **HUANG CHUNG** + Philip Gayle
Saturday 20th December — **THE DEAF AIDS** + Nauty Culture
Sunday 21st December — **LOCAL HEROES SW9** + The Heartbeats
Monday 22nd December — *The Works Xmas Party with:-* **THE WORKS** + Sonny Clarke Blues Band
Tuesday 23rd December — **THE GAS** + Phallacy
Wednesday 24th, Thursday 25th, Friday 26th — **CLOSED**
Saturday 27th December — **THE TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS**
Sunday 28th December — **BLACK MARKET** + Nitty Blue
Monday 29th December — **THE SCOOP**
Tuesday 30th December — *'Pavement Benefit' Featuring* **THE FLATBACKERS** + Answer
Wednesday 31st December — *New Years Eve With* **RPM** + Dirty Strangers
Thurs 1st — CLOSED
Please note we are open Saturday Lunchtimes from 12 till 3 with a live Band + Pub Price Drinks

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts

Friday 19th December £2.00 — **WAH! HEAT** + The Frantic Elevators
Saturday 20th December £2.00 — New Musik Package — **RICHARD STRANGE + ERIC RANDOM + SOFT SOUND**
Wednesday 24th December £2.00 — Xmas Eve — **PRISONER**
Friday 26th December — Boxing Day — *Ring Venue For Details*
Saturday 27th December £2.00 — **MUD**
Wednesday 31st December £2.00 — *New Years Eve* — *Ring venue for details*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE
Annerley Road, Upper Norwood SE19 *(Crystal Palace Roundabout)*

CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY NIGHT, 24th DEC.

9 BELOW ZERO

Late Bar till Midnight

JOHN BULL
590 Chiswick High Road, London W4
(Opposite Gunnersbury Station)

Fri 19th Dec £1 — **FLATBACKERS**
Sat 20th Dec £1 — **TRIMMER & JENKINS** *Christmas Party — Miss It!*
Sun 21st Dec £1 — **JOHNNY G**

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane
West Hampstead NW6

Thursday 18th December £1 — **BLACK MARKET**
Friday 19th December £1 — **60's NIGHT** (Members Only)
Saturday 20th December £1 — **EXTENTION** (R&B Soul)
Monday 22nd December £1 — *Phone Club For Details*
Tuesday 23rd December £1.50 — **0 – JAH** (Afro – Jazz) + **The MGA Band** (Jazz Rock)
Wednesday 24th December £1.50 — **JAZIRA** (Afro Fusion)
Saturday 27th December £1 — **60's SOUL NIGHT** (Members Only)
Monday 29th December £1 — **THE SOUL BAND**
Tuesday 30th December £1 — *Phone Club For Details*
Wednesday 31st December £1 — **NO IDEA** (R&B – ex backing band to Quo) + Support
Thursday 1st January £1 — **EXTENTION** (R&B Soul)
Friday 2nd January £1.50 — **NO IDEA** (R&B – ex backing band to Quo) + Support
For Information Ring Peter 01 624 7611

THE KENSINGTON
Russell Gardens W14
603 3245

Thursday 18th December 75p — **CHUCK FARLEY**
Friday 19th December 75p — **THE MUNCHIES**
Saturday 20th December £1 — **BASIL'S BALLS-UP BAND**
Sunday 21st December £1 — **DAVE ELLIS BAND**
Monday 22nd December 50p — **SKETCH**
Tuesday 23rd December 50p — **THE C SHARPS**
Wednesday 24th December £1 — **THE EXCITERS**
Saturday 27th December £1 — **BASIL'S BALLS-UP BAND**
Sunday 28th December £1 — **DIRTY TRICKS**
Tuesday 30th December 50p — **PARK AVENUE**
Wednesday 31st December £1.50 — New Year's Party — **BASIL'S BALLS-UP BAND**
Thursday 1st January 75p — **CHUCK FARLEY**

The Venue
160 VICTORIA ST. SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5882

Tickets from The Venue Box Office and the Ticket Machine in the Virgin Megastore, 14 Oxford Street, W.1. Postal Applications (P.O's only) from The Venue.
Food Drink Live Bands Dancing
MAIN BANDS ON STAGE

Coming Soon
Sunday 21st December £4.50 — **BURNING SPEAR**
Monday 22nd December £4.00 — **THE BLUES BAND CHRISTMAS PARTY**
Wednesday 24th December £3.00 — **LIGHT OF THE WORLD**
Saturday 27th December £3.00 — **RICO**
Friday 2nd January £3.00 — **LIVE WIRE**

JACKSONS ROCK CLUB
Archway Rd., N6
(Opposite Highgate Tube)

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY
8.00 pm Dec 31st
SEVEN YEAR ITCH
Plus
GUY JACKSON
and Support
Members £1.50. Non Members £2.00

POP RECORDS PRESENTS THE EP
"ENDLESS SEA"
by EL SEVEN — POP 000
See them on the
MONDAY CLUB *Tour*
FEBRUARY/MARCH/APRIL 1981
with
SHRINKING MEN
A FAST CROWD
JOHNNY + MOONDOGS
Phone for Dates
Reading (0734) 481637

MCP presents

SLADE

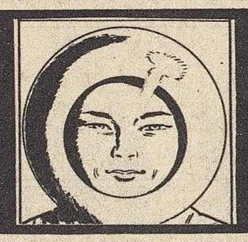
+GUESTS

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
MON 26th JANUARY 8.00pm
TICKETS £3.50 £3.00 £2.50 Available from B/O Tel. 01 748 4081

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE

PLEASE RING
01-261 6153

ALIEN NOTES

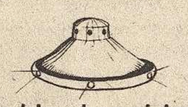


BY ANDREW TYLER

UFOs

NUTS AND BOLTS? OR JUST NUTS?

New age thinkers reject the notion that UFOs are alien technology. Instead they say, our mysterious visitants are the creation of our own troubled mind. Either that or we're being used by corrupt forces of Nature. In any case, a close encounter is often no fun.



IT'S only half jokingly said these days that the 'star' which guided the Three Wise Men to the suckling Christ was more than likely a UFO. The event did, after all, exhibit all the signs familiar to UFO hunters in our own times.

First the advance voices in the ear of the Virgin, then strange moving lights in the sky and the sudden appearance of 'strangers' from far off kingdoms. . . in this case bearing gifts as well as startling prophecies.

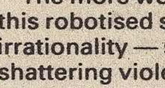
Mary was promised a better world through the deeds of her first born. We never got it. Two thousand years later this and other claims are being made to equally vulnerable, workaday people whose lives are suddenly interrupted by a jolt of light and the appearance of frequently grotesque 'aliens'.

For many, the experience is shocking and bewildering. Sometimes the subject of a 'close encounter' goes mad or zombified. In other episodes the contactee has the resilience to keep hush and carry on in apparent normality.

But just how many contactees are there on this planet? And what does it all mean?

John Keel, a former US army propagandist turned cosmologist, believes there are thousands, perhaps millions who've been put on a cosmic hold. He sees the UFO contactee experience as no less than brainwashing performed by demonic bundles of energy from the lower reaches of the ultrasphere.

We belong, he suggests, to the demi Gods who inhaibit the lower portions of heaven and who use us as carelessly and flippantly as we ourselves might use a flu vaccine. What sort of life is it for virus? And if members among its host were to write down a philosophy of life wouldn't it resemble the confusion of our own deluded reality?



WE ONLY raise the subject now because, according to the worldly ones, we are approaching the significant date of December 24, one of half a dozen days of the year when we can expect a rash of UFO sightings.

Usually these are in the same electro-active "window" areas of the globe — openings to The Beyond — and most often the performance is for a certain psychically-attuned elite.

Keel, author of *Operation Trojan Horse* and *The Cosmic Question,* argues the typical contactee is not only of a certain psychical quality but also physically alike. He is infrequently jewish or female and most often olive skinned with high cheekbones and moderately up-slanting eyes. Thinnish but not too tall. A kind of Malaysian Michael Rennie.

Keel's secondary hypothesis, based on hundreds of case studies, is that the description equally fits the average religious cult devotee. Both groups, he says, once contacted or "snapped", will frequently retreat into a nun-like repose — bright, yielding eyes staring out of a seemingly placid interior; a sense that the subject has been spiritually clipped then set upon a path to what might be called impersonal oblivion.

The more worrying counterpoint to this robotised state are the episodes of irrationality — sometimes acts of shattering violence — performed according to 'instructions' from on high. Keel argues this is the work of the pretend Gods from the ultrasphere and warns the world against buying the "space brothers" malarky currently in vogue among certain UFO cultists in America. The thinking among them is that only intervention from divine aliens can possibly cure our shockingly mad and violent world.

There's much to say about Keel and his crypto-Gnostic sayings. He is perhaps the most arresting of all writers on the UFO subject. As a former New journalist he is a man prone to wonderful exaggeration.

KEEL IS kindred to a host of British scholars, such as author John Michel and the phenomenologists at *Fortean Times*. There are also the dragon chasers at Paul Devreaux's *Ley Hunter* magazine and the back street anarcho-magicians of whom playright turned actor Heathcote Williams (author of *Hancock's Last Half Hour* and star of *The Tempest)* is the most startling example.

What all have in common is a strong whiff of ancient madness, even if most don't share Keel's thoroughly dismal over-view.

Michel, for instance, was amongst the earliest writers to spell out the link between the modern UFO epidemic — sparked by Kenneth Arnold's famous 1947 "flyingsaucers" vision over the mountains of Washington State — and the myths and landmarks of the ancient world; everything from stone circles to dragons.

His *Flying Saucer Vision* appeared in 1967 and again in '74 and '77. Michel is an exceedingly quiet sort who, though attracted to Keel's waspish view of the universe, tells us he prefers to think of humanity as not victims of nature but acomplices in an act of mutual delusion.

His belief is that UFOs came to earth in the grunt age of mankind and, as in our own time, set enormous problems as to their true form and meaning. Were they nuts and bolts or illusion? Or both? Michel suggests that in those ancient times they came to be seen as Gods and thereafter wrought changes in human consciousness that are only now becoming passe.

The UFO, he says, is one of nature's tricks, indivisible from a universe of related phenomena like ball lightning, frog falls from the sky and pumas that stalk the Surrey fields.

After generations of puma rumour a big cat was actually captured recently in that Southern English County. Non-believers were staggered. Believers did dances of joy. Michel says it was only through the faith of 'witnesses' that the animal was actually created. Nature, in other words, conforms to powerful expectations of it. Canadian papers reported recently that a ghost was created in a Western province by a group of persons who came together specifically to make a spectre where none previously existed. They suceeded.

Supporting this Michelian view, Keel himself describes sitting on a lonely hilltop someplace in Colorado watching lights in the sky dance back and forth like "mischievous bundles of energy". With his flashlight he spelt out the morse signal for "descend" and sure enough the lights obeyed. "Ascend" — he blinked out. And up they went.

While Keel regards this event as an

LIVE
PHONE 01 261 6153

ROCK CITY
Formerly HEART OF THE MIDLANDS
Talbot St., Nottingham. Tel. 0602 411212.
Open 8pm to 2am

Thursday 18th December — Adv Tickets £2.50
STEVE HARLEY & COCKNEY REBEL
+ Support

Friday 19th December — Adv Tickets £3.00
THE KINKS + The Gas

Saturday 20th December — Adv Tickets £3.00
XTC + Modern Man

Tuesday 23rd December — Adv Tickets £2.50
HINKLEY HEROES
Featuring Tim Hinkley, Boz Burrell, Mel Collins, Henry McCulloch, John Halsey, Mitch Mitchell, Poly Palmer & Roger Chapman.

Wednesday 24th December — Adv Tickets £3.00
GARY GLITTER + Moving Parts

Friday 26th December — £2.00
BOXING DAY
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS

NEW YEAR'S EVE *Ring venue for details*

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office Way Ahead, Revolver, R E Chords (Derby) + Revolver (Leicester) or by post from Rock City — Cheques payable to Rock City.
Must be over 18 years of age. No Membership Required.

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday 18th December 60p
THE MONSTERS
+ Johnny Hollidays Escape Club

Friday 19th December £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Saturday 20th December £1.50
CHICKEN SHACK
+ Auntie Pus

Sunday 21st December 70p
SUNFIGHTER
+ Stolen Pets

Monday 22nd December 70p
MARTIAN DANCE
+ Industrial Muzic

Tuesday 23rd December 70p
U K DECAY/ THE DARK
Fresh Records Night

Wednesday 24th December £1.50
Xmas Eve Double Bill
SUNFIGHTER and NO DICE

Friday 26th December £1
GERRY McAVOY
Jamming with Ted McKenna, Chris Thompson, Jeff Whitehorn, Dave Edwards & Many More
+ Special Friends and Guests

Saturday 27th December £1
JACKIE LYNTON BAND

Sunday 28th December 70p
DEPECHE MODE
+ Industrial Muzic

Monday 29th & Tuesday 30th December £2.00
Rabbit Riot Time
CHAS & DAVE

Wednesday 31st December £2.00
KEVIN COYNES GLS
+ SKA — DOWS

BRIGHTON ROCK PRESENTS
BAD MANNERS
Sunday 21st December at 7.30 pm
£1.90 adv £2.50 door
JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
TICKETS FROM JENKINSONS, VIRGIN RECORDS, FINE RECORDS (WORTHING), & ATTRIX RECORDS.

THE GREYHOUND
FULHAM PALACE ROAD

Thursday 18th December £1
CHRIS HUNTS CABLE CAR
+ Press Gang

Friday 19th December
CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY

Saturday 20th December £1.50
SORE THROAT
+ Way of the West

Sunday 21st December £1
ROGER RUSKIN & HIS KINETIC WARDROBE
(ex-Bonzo Dog Band)

Monday 22nd December £1
THE ELGIN MARBLES
+ The Creamies

Tuesday 23rd December £1.75
Farewell FABULOUS POODLES
+ The Fix

Wednesday 24th December £2
IRENE & DOREEN CHANTER & FRIENDS
+ Tangent

Thursday 25th December
CLOSED

Friday 26th December £2
NO DICE
+ Rue-de-Marx

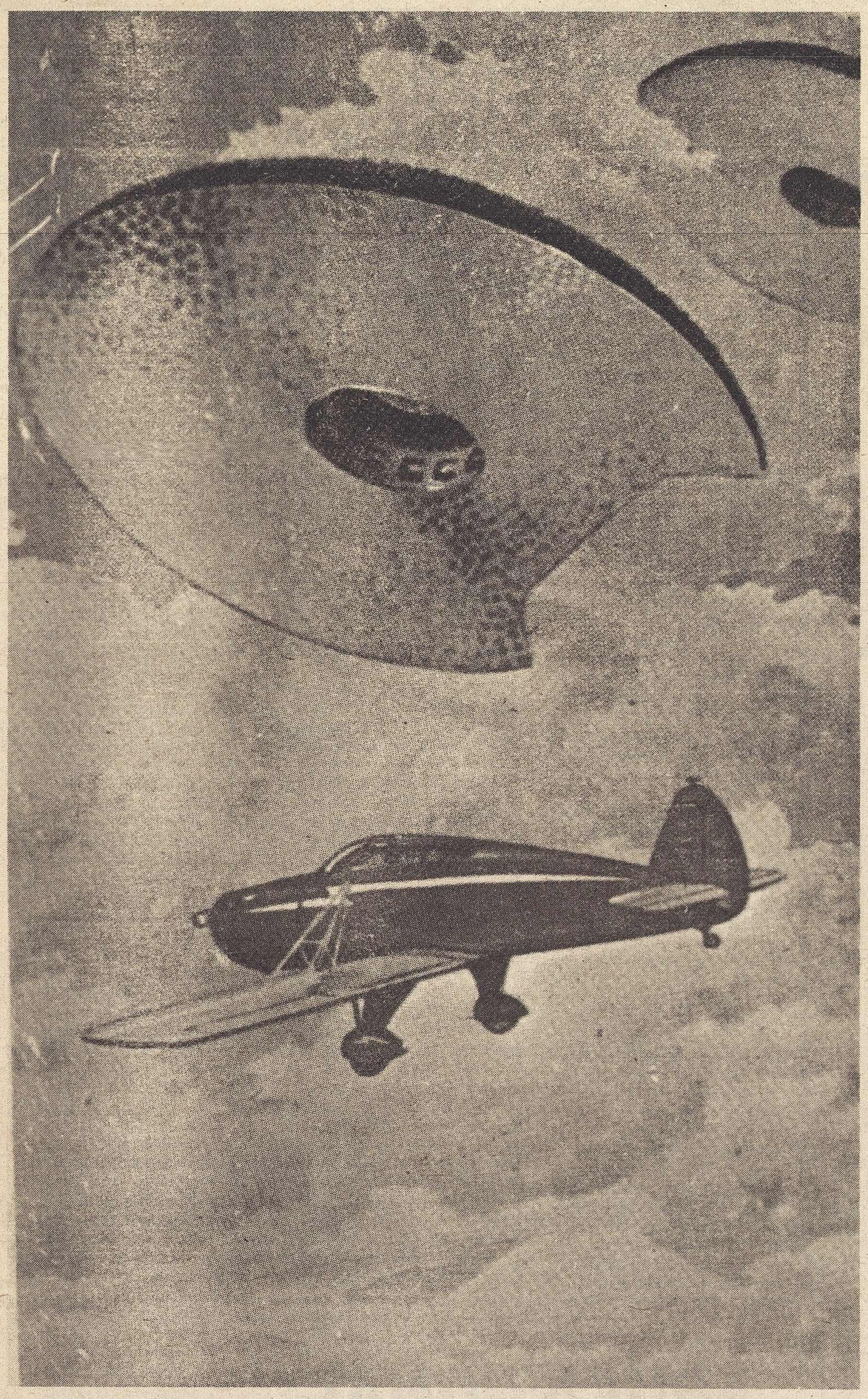
Saturday 27th December £1.25
MICKY JUPP
+ Steve Hooker & The Shackers

Sunday 28th December £1
ROGER RUSKIN & HIS KINETIC WARDROBE
(Ex-Bonzo Dog Band)

Monday 29th December £1.25
THE PURPLE HEARTS
+ Escalator

Tuesday 30th December £1
ICARUS
+ Richmond

Wednesday 31st December £4
THE FRANKIE MILLER BAND
+ The Creamies



"The UFO is one of nature's tricks, indivisible from a universe of related phenomena like ball lightning, frog falls from the sky and pumas that stalk the Surrey fields."

untypical act of compliance by Them Out There, Michel argues that nature is neutral. It is neither devious nor demonic.

If a person suffers as a result of a UFO-related experience it is because that person is at loggerheads with nature. If a bright shape in the sky gives way to grotesque alien forms it is because inside that person the fearful creature already exists. Nicely attuned people see nice and friendly aliens, in short.

At this point the subject gets intellectualised by the sayings of Carl Jung whose views are at the back of the new non-hardware approach to UFO phenomena. Carl Gustav was a much respected Swiss psychologist, philosopher and thinker who started as a disciple of Freud before breaking with Freud's orthodoxy and exploring all manner of knowledge including alchemy, astrology, the I-Ching and, eventually, UFOs.

Unlike Freud, he saw humanity as not self contained and self-defining but subject to the irresistible outside forces of nature. There were needs, fears and drives common to all people. These were expressed, he wrote, in terms of archetypes or symbols. The symbols were often dramatic — a fiery chariot, angels, demons, dragons.

The symbols were made in the collective minds of men and women, each of them reflecting a periodic, cultural obsession. Dragons for mediaeval man; cherubim for the land of Moses and Eziekiel.

The style changed, said Jung, because people and cultures change. What we see now as Michael Rennie-type silver suited humanoids is all to do with ourselves and our present crises and not very much to do with flying machines from faraway places.

The fact that spaceships seem real, leave real scorchmarks and dents on the face of the land, indicates how illusions can be made concrete and how our own fixed reality is entirely imagined.

The great multitude of reported 'strange objects in the sky' was, said Jung, a portent of great change. . . from the Piscean to the Aquarian Age.

When he made these reflections in 1959, he acknowledged they were "not only exceedingly unpopular but come perilously close to those turbid fantasies which becloud the minds of world improvers and other interpreters of 'signs and portents'."

He nonetheless urged than mankind take note of the signs and prepare itself for the realisties of a new epoch. And then, in his great solemn voice, expressed "concern for all those who are caught unprepared by the events in question and disconcerted by their incomprehensible nature."

Jung, of course, is baffling even for confirmed Jungians. The man could hardly understand himself and at the end of his life, in *Dreams Memories* and *Reflections* wrote, in effect, that he hadn't a clue about anything whatsoever. He didn't know where he was from, where he was going or for what purpose. Followers of the great man would find the confession entirely satisfactory.

MICHEL, KEEL and Forteans operate on a similar dislogic.

The official Fortean position is the one spelled out by its deceased founder, Charles Fort. He was a pioneer collector and student of curiosities, anomalies, omens, strange phenomena and all their likely or unlikely explanations.

Fort was an utter skeptic who did everything he could to obliterate the going version of reality. Science was a lie, he frothed. Science was blind to a thousandfold phenomena that didn't conform to its standardised rule of thumb.

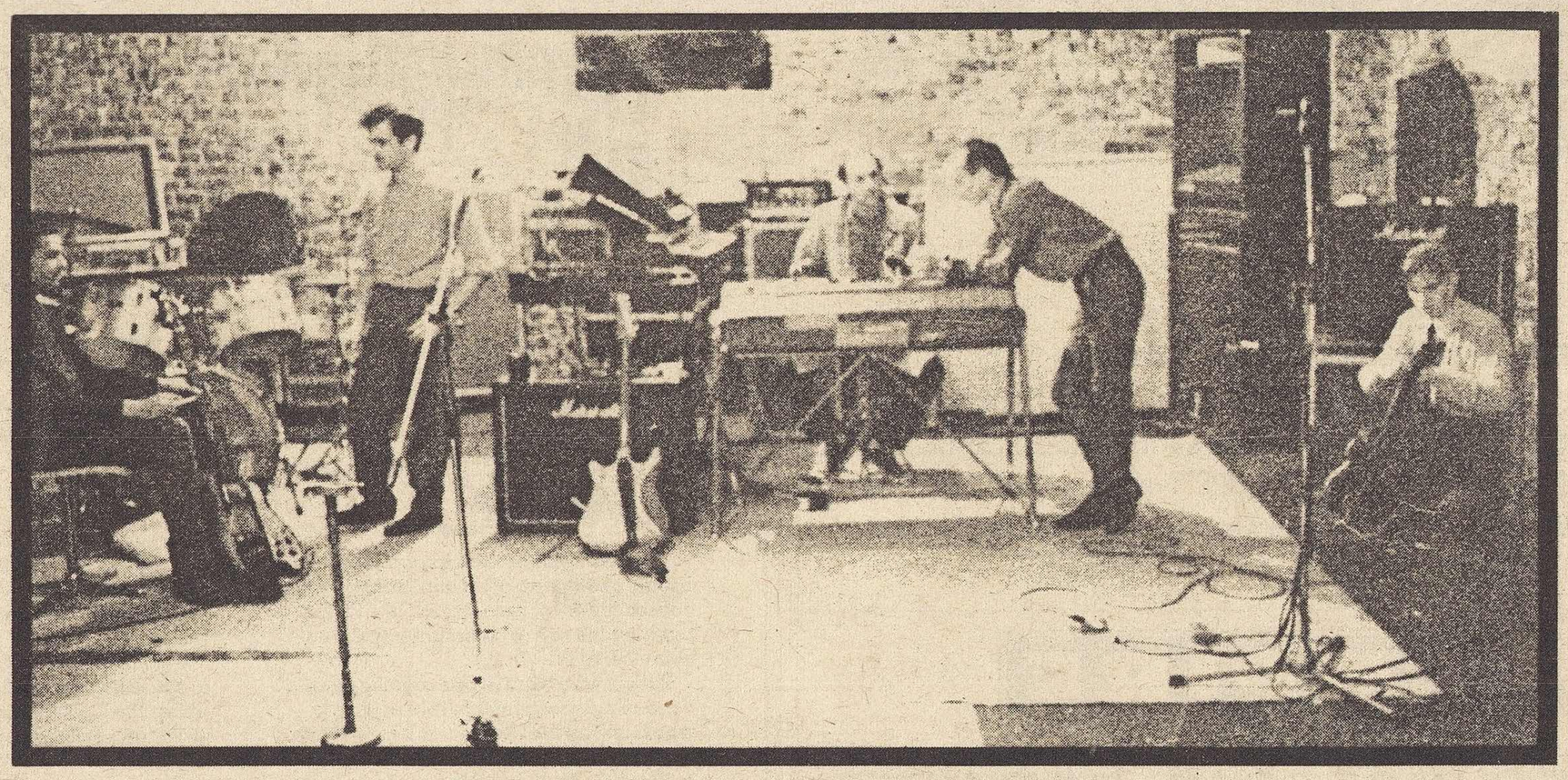
He was referring to the testimony of ordinary people who throughout time in every part of the world had witnessed events that "didn't fit"; ice falls, monsters, coincidences, objects in the sky. Totalled up, they negated Truth as it was handed down by the scientific establishment. And since Truth was discredited, Fort felt free to conjure up his own loonybin version.

The stars, he once wrote, were not suns from distant galaxies but lights on the end of string just a few thousand feet above our heads. He also said "we are property" and already the subject of study by alien peoples.

In this regard he emerges with the thoughts of Keel who frequently quotes this notion to underscore his

■ *Continues over*

PLAY. MAGAZINE



A SUPPLEMENTARY RELEASE
HOWARD DEVOTO. BARRY ADAMSON.
JOHN DOYLE. DAVE FORMULA. ROBIN SIMON.

RECORDED LIVE V.2184
PRICE: £3.99
FOR LIMITED PERIOD

Virgin

Law and order just don't stand a chance, when Smokey and the Bandit meet head on.

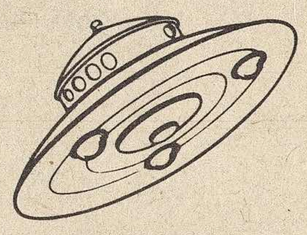
SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT RIDE AGAIN AA

BURT REYNOLDS · JACKIE GLEASON
JERRY REED · DOM DE LUISE and SALLY FIELD
A RASTAR/MORT ENGELBERG Production "SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT RIDE AGAIN"
Also starring PAUL WILLIAMS · PAT McCORMICK · Screenplay by JERRY BELSON and BROCK YATES
Story by MICHAEL KANE · Music Supervision by SNUFF GARRETT · Produced by HANK MOONJEAN
Directed by HAL NEEDHAM · Original Soundtrack on MCA Records & Tapes A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Distributed by Cinema International Corporation. © 1980 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

FROM BOXING DAY **EMPIRE** LEICESTER SQUARE

ABC EDGWARE ROAD · BAYSWATER
FULHAM ROAD For details of all programme times phone Teledata 01-200 0200 (24 hours)

AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY



UFO INVASION CONTD.

From previous page

own prognosis that we are a virus on the sight of all creation; a smear on a piece of laboratory glass unable to see further than the nearest millimetre and yet imagining that all the sights of the universe are within our vision.

We are the playthings of the demi-Gods. They send us lights in the sky to mesmerise us and we become like moths at a flame. They recite deities and we write them down and repeat them to a sceptical world. We are delivered prophecies which don't come true or perhaps do because there *is* no pattern. We are being screwed to the ground and zombified by alien forms who are slowly seeping their poison into the fabric of our consciousness until the day comes when they are ready to takeover. This is Keel paraphrased.

What's really surprising is the support this jaundiced view gets from no less a personage than RAF Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard KCBM, CBE, MA; former minister of cabinet rank and active in the RAF's 1950-55 UFO investigations. He had this to say at the Caxton Hall in 1969:

"The astral world of illusion which (on psychical evidence) is greatly inhabited by illusion-prone spirits, is well known for its multifarious imaginative activities and exhortations. Seemingly some of its denizens are eager to exemplify principalities and powers. Others pronounce upon morality, spirituality Deity, etc. All of these astral exponents who invoke human consciousness may be sincere, but many of their incarnation, indulge an inveterate and continuing technological urge towards materialistic progress or simply to astonish and disturb the gullible for the devil of it."

Goddard's potent if convuluted viewpoint finds an echo on page 193 of Keel's *The Cosmic Question* in which the author poignantly recalls: "During the 1960s I wandered dazedly through old cemeteries, garbage dumps and gravel pits haunted by strange seemingly intelligent lights prancing in the skies, often asking myself: 'What does the phenomenon want? What is it trying to teach me and all of us?"

These same questions plagued men of 5,000 BC and they plagued Charles Fort. The ancient answer was that the gods owned the earth and that mankind was placed here to serve them. Fort simplified this: 'We are property.'"

And wouldn't that be the view of the flu virus when in contact with the vast, unimaginable humanoid? What does it want of me? What's its purpose? Who knows?

WE CAN'T end on such a note this Christmas time. The Keel proposition negates the very idea of comradely Christianity. It could even transmogrify the Christ himself as a mere sop aimed at softening up the moving chattel, homo sap, ready for the big takeover.

If we believe Keel, we believe in our helplessness. And yet the same author issues a sharp and timely warning to those gullible souls who in a period of rampant materialism, fall prey by the thousand to a variegated breed of cults... the emin, the moonies, the hari kisna's the scientologists, as well as lesser known crackpot clans based on the teachings of visiting space brothers.

This is not to downgrade or mock such clansmen and women. They are for the most part ordinary folk snapped into a condition we don't yet understand. Keel takes a good stab at it because he was once an army propagandist and therefore recognises many of the "gone" signals. Often people snap because they get The Word. Sometimes they are looking for it and sometimes not.

A fine example of the proximity of UFO and religious cults was described in *Operation Trojan Horse.* Let it be our Christmas cautionary tale:

In the year 1952, two men were driving through the mountains near Parana, Brazil when the encountered five saucer-shaped objects hovering in the air.

One of these men was Aladino Felix and when he revisited the spot some time later, a UFO actually landed and invited him aboard. The beings inside were humanoid and the conversation was good and pleasant.

The following spring, a 'priest' called by Felix's home. He was dressed in a cashmere suit, white shirt with stiff collar, neat blue tie and, down to the last freckle, was a physical duplicate of the spaceship captain of a year previous.

More visits followed during which time the two men discussed flying saucers, their mechanics, as well as the general state of the universe.

Felix took notes and subsequently published, in 1959, the best of the conversations in a book called *My Contact With Flying Saucers.*

The identity of the author remained under wraps until 1965 when Felix publicly surfaced as a self-styled prophet.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

Live and learn!

Certificate in Youth and Community Work

The relationships and inter-action between people of different ages and cultures within our society, is an issue which is vital for building the sort of community you would want to live in.

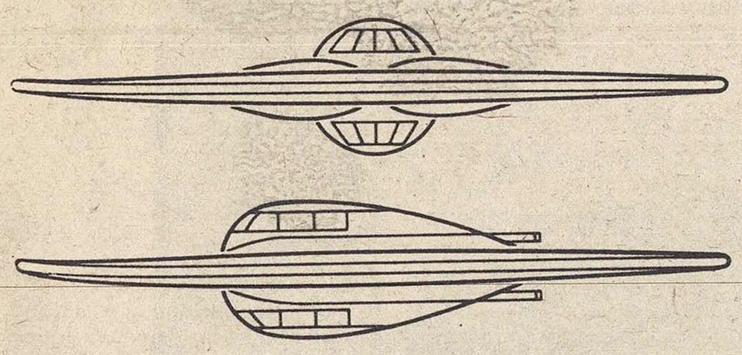
People who work in this area have an increasingly responsible role to play – which is why the two year full time **Youth and Community Work Certificate** Course at Ilkley College, provides students with the opportunity to re-examine their own values, in the light of their studies and experience.

We actively work at enabling students to develop their ability to relate to people and they cover both the practical and theoretical aspects of this work – and a large part of the course is spent in fieldwork.

It's a fascinating course which is geared to students over (and well over!) 21, and Ilkley, the College in the Dales, is a stimulating place in which to live and learn.

Grants for the course are discretionary – issued on a first-come, first-served basis – so for full details please apply now to Valerie Stead, Ilkley College, Ilkley, West Yorkshire, LS29 9RD.
Telephone: (0943) 609010.

Ilkley College



NOT ALL scientific minds scoff at the UFO subject although it's more "normal" for the rational mind to seek a rational nuts and bolts answer. BUFORA (British UFO Research Association) epitomises this poignant search with its restless investigations of occurencies by a team of sleuths numbering 40 to 50.

BUFORA's director, Lionel Beer, states emphatically: "We are not looking for meanings", although he recognises a certain "expansion of consciousness as an indirect by product of the UFO related experience."

The Association is building towards a fully computerised index of incidents in the hope a pattern and logic might one day emerge. Towards this end it established a working party last year to hammer out standards in UFO research so that computers and filing systems don't get so confused by diosyncratic methods of data gathering.

Meanwhile it offers six hypotheses to explain sightings, both in the hardware as well as the software-of-the-mind categories.

The "class" of BUFORA was finally established beyond doubt with the acquisition of new president Lord Kings Norton; scientist and engineer, minister of aircraft production during the war and chief scientist at the Fuel and Power Ministry from 1948-54.

Its version of UFO reality is soon to be transmitted to subscribers of Prestel — the telephone and television computer information service.

He predicted disasters for Rio de Janeiro and warned that a Russian cosmonaut would die. In the autumn of 1967, he appeared on television in Brazil to discuss the forthcoming assasinations of Martin Luther King and Senator Robert Kennedy. All came true and many people were impressed.

When, in 1968, he foretold of an outbreak of bank robberies, terrorism, bombings and murders in the Brazilian streets, no-one was very surprised when events conformed.

The Brazilian police soon rounded up 18 members of the gang who, by this time had already blown up an army headquarters, a major newspaper and the American consulate. When gang members began pouring out their confessions it was learned that future plans involved the assasination of top government officials and eventually revolution, with power falling into their own hands.

The gang leader, in case you haven't already guessed, was our old snapped-out friend, Aladino Felix. On his arrest in August 1968 he declared: "I was sent here as an ambassador to the earth from Venus. My friends from space will come here and free me and arrange my arrest. You can look for tragic consequences to humanity when the flying saucers invade this planet."

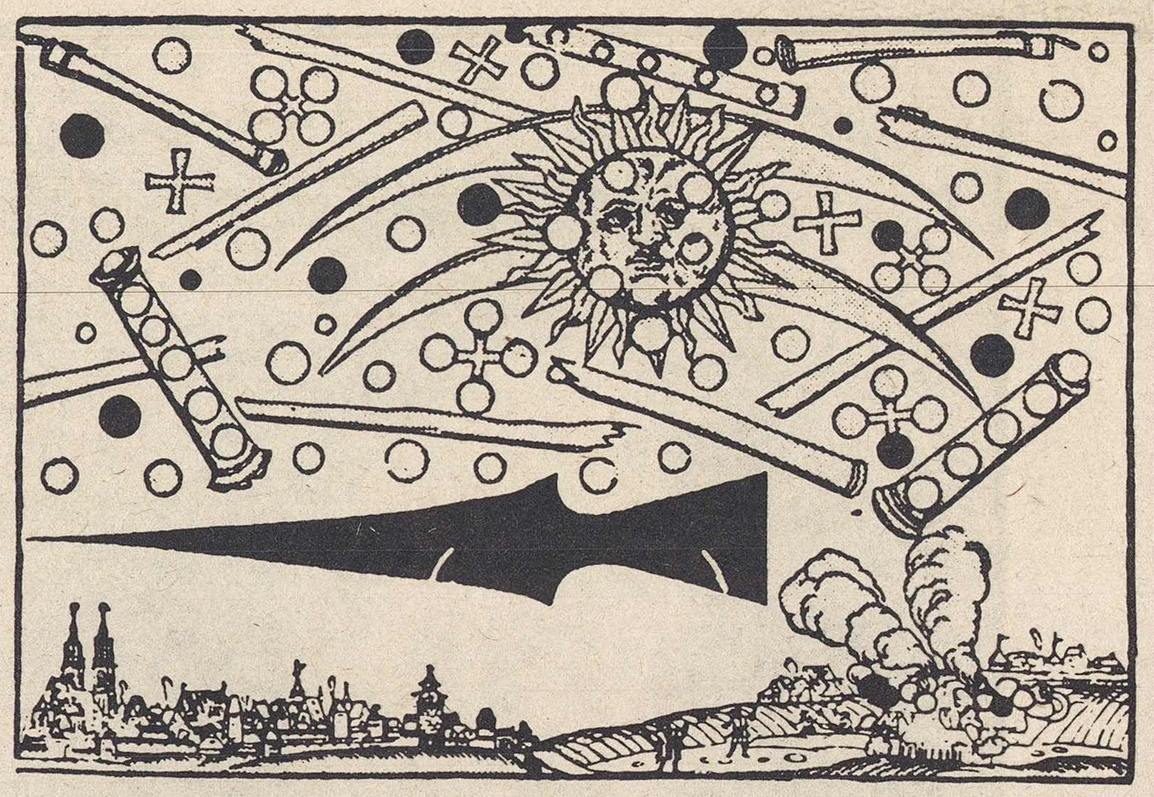
IF THERE is some great havoc on the way, it'll most likely be of our own doing.

Men and women like Felix all over the world hear voices instructing them to perform some deformed or possibly loving act in the name of a great Deity all for the unending benefit of mankind. The voices are certainly real. There have been too many testimonies to wonder otherwise.

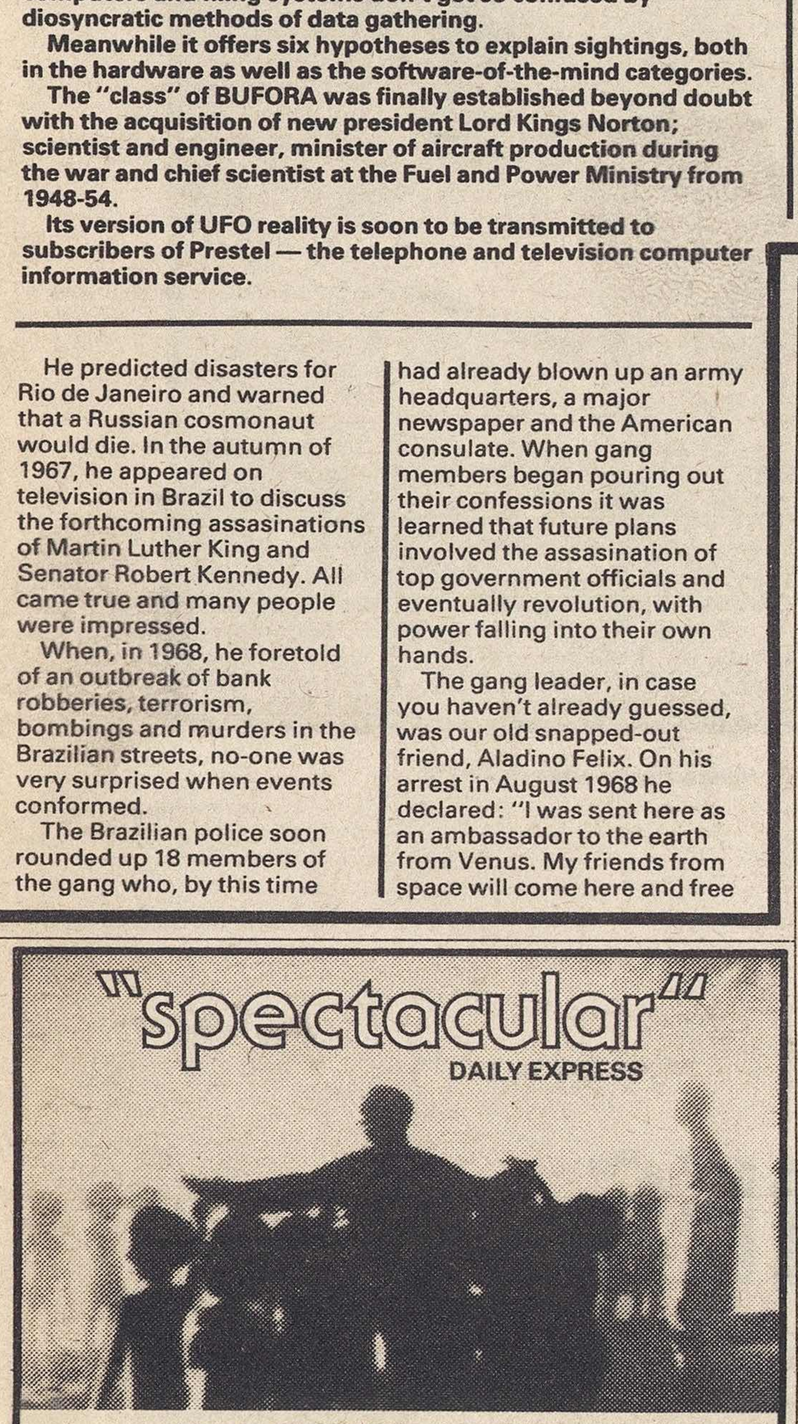
What we don't know yet is where they come from or for what purpose. Perhap's they're Keel's corrupt energy bundles or maybe they're nature mirroring ourselves, or Jung's archetypal portents.

This is all less important than hanging onto our own scrupulous conscience. If we were to take the liberty, this Xmas, of fusing together the thoughts of Keel, Michel, the Forteans, The Ley Hunters and the great man Jung it might come out in the following shape: keep a steady head, don't do violence on the bidding of aliens and remember, One World, don't mess it up.

Merry Christmas.



Sixteenth century UFOs? From the Nuremburg Broadsheet of 1561, reports of "fiery globes" in the sky. The tubes are held by modern ufologists to be the 'motherships'.



SCHOOL OF LIBRARY AND INFORMATION STUDIES

Information is a National Resource

Learn to manage it.

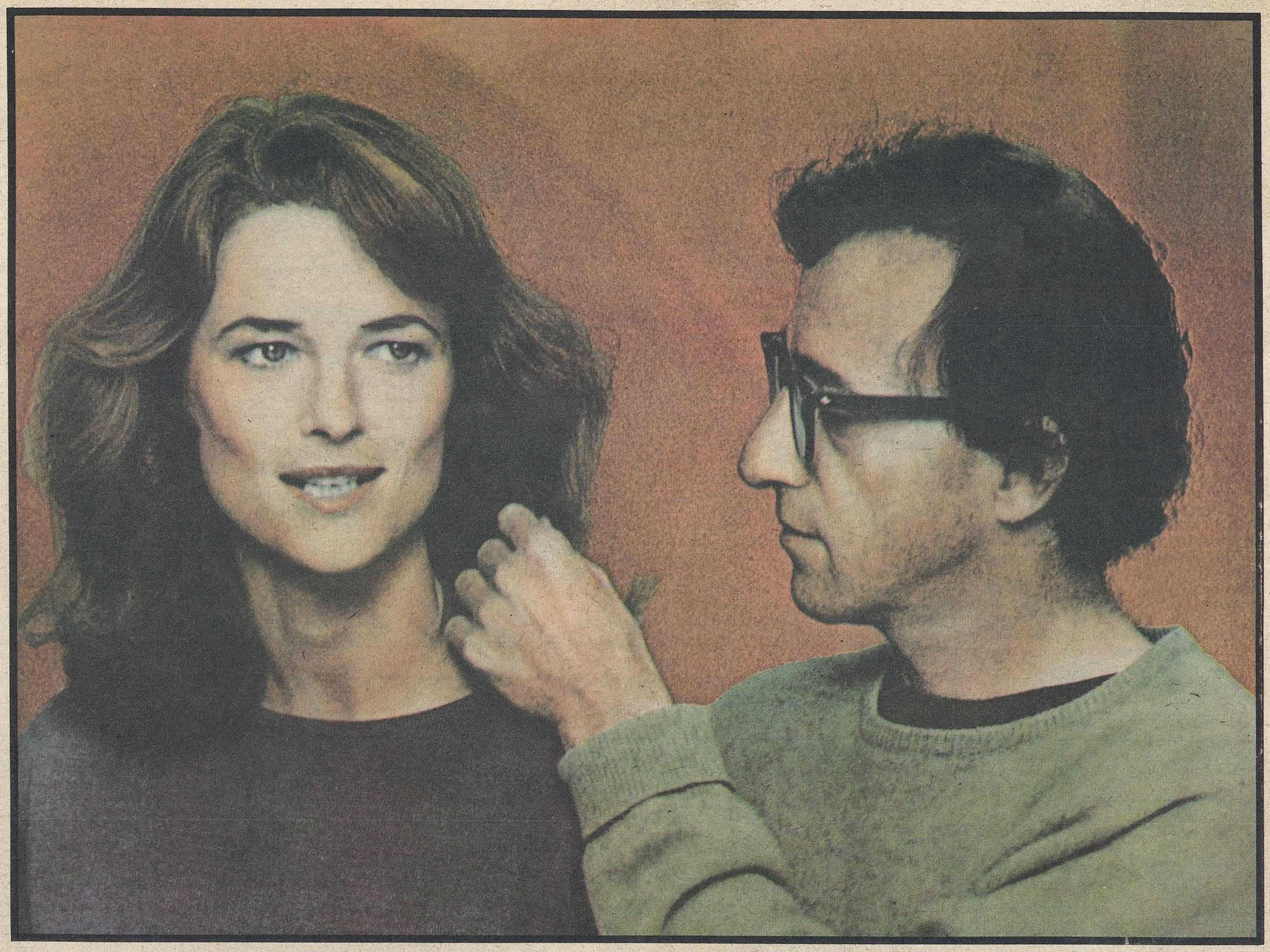
Consider two vocationally orientated courses.

B.A. (C.N.A.A.) in Librarianship.
Three year full-time degree course.

Postgraduate Diploma (C.N.A.A.) in Library Studies. One year full-time, or two-year part-time course.

For further details about all courses apply:
Admissions (RM 345), Ealing College of Higher Education, Freepost, London Wt 5BR. Tel. 01-579 4111 ext 2000.

LONDON EHE Ealing College of Higher Education



EXCLUSIVE! The only colour still in existence of Woody's new black and white opus! Hand-coloured by Helena Zakrzewska-Rucinska.

WOODY'S STARDUST & MEMORIES MOVIE

Stardust Memories

Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling
(United Artists)

WHAT I'VE always thought about the public and critical love-hate fixation with Stewart Allen Konigsberg — "the short person from Brooklyn who conscientiously denied the regal splendour of his given last name and added a first that smacks of ventriloquists' puppets and crazed woodpeckers" (James Monroe) — is that it shows the audience rather then the lil' guy up there as indecisive and neurotic.

Why are you so hung up on him?

I agree with neither of the two major schools of scolding opinion: the one that loved him dearly for his comedy and now treats him with gargantuan suspicion, feeling that he sold his funny soul to Scandinavian searching of same — the other that seems to despise him for no other apparent reason(s) than that he's American and over 21. Some people *have* got problems!

Sure, he made *Interiors* — and I snored as long and loud as the next bod through the box office. As one American columnist wrote: "What would Woody Allen think of this?" Very muddle crass. I didn't even like *Manhattan* all that much, laughed but once if I recall correctly — although I do feel like seeing it again.

It's easy now — with the release of *Stardust Memories* — to see that 'serious' phase as a kind of *10* male menopausal farce: Allen going after his perfect Swedish melodramatic vision, as it were, and finding it wanting. (Think of Ingmar Bergman with his beard in beads.)

Stardust Memories is possibly Allen's most 'even' film to date — certainly not the clowntime of the early movies, but neither is it whitewashed by the caustic waves that made *Interiors* such a *faux pas*. All he's doing is airing his private life — obsessions and possessions, blemishes and all.

When he tried the grand sublimation into Art with *Interiors* it flopped and floundered. *Stardust Memories* is on the good foot again — but it's also much less *comfortable* a film than *Manhattan*.

The first gag in the film is a beautifully executed visual one — with no sound bar the heavy ticking of a clock, the camera relishing every stillness and motion in a lovingly crafted steal from the pages of Kafka. (One of the most misunderstood comic writers of this century, Kafka.) This turns out not to be the beginning of *Stardust Memories* but of the latest Sandy Bates movie. You can probably guess whose alter ego he is when the critics and moguls start to dissect his latest filmic investigation of the Human Condition: "His insights are *shallow* and *morbid* ... Human suffering doesn't sell tickets in *Kansas City!*"

Cut to the centrepiece of Sandy Bates' Manhattan penthouse apartment — a ginormous blow-up of the famous newsphoto of a Saigon intelligence chief firing his revolver into the head of a Viet Cong prisoner during the Tet offensive. Bates' own life is a horror schedule of invitations, engagements and entanglements — official or otherwise — Pauline Kael caricatures at 'film culture' weekends, a gallery of Star head-hunters on the street.

Bates is staying at the Stardust Hotel whilst attending an academic weekend of clips, lectures and dumb questions in his honour. The 'Memories' of the title mainly concern love past — Dorrie, beautifully played by Charlotte Rampling — which twine around love present — Daisy (Jessica Harper) and Isobel (Marie-Christine Barrault). His physical and metaphysical maunderings are reflected in the clips of films being shown; the idiocy of trying to connect the two (real and reel Bates, Bates and Allen, etc) is reflected in the questions being asked ("What do you think the significance of the Rolls Royce was?" "I think it represents his car."). Geddit?

All the while, Allen packs in a multitude of snipes at the expense of the Star hagiography industry — "I'm doing this piece on the shallow indifference of wealthy celebrities" — and the intellectualisation of simple things. Although Bates doesn't mind intellectuals — "they're like the Mafia, they only kill their own." Excellent, Woody.

Stardust Memories is very much about holding onto those *simple things* in the face of a mad, mad, materialistic world. Bates is bewitched by the absurd horror of a friend's sudden, humiliating death — or by the woman fan whose husband has driven her miles to have sex and cookies with him. Is humour enough? Is there any other way to lend dignity to life?

A penultimate scene has Bates reasoning with *Close Encounters* style visitors about just these questions. He rants and rummages about God, Love, Death, the Universe ... "We enjoy your movies," the alien leader returns. "Particularly the early funny ones." The only service he can do humanity is to "tell funnier jokes".

That's just where *Stardust Memories* begins — but the gags are also more heartfelt. The camera runs lovingly — in vivid textural monochrome again — along surfaces and silhouettes ... or hiccoughs violently through Dorrie's nervous breakdown, without resorting to secondhand European symbolism.

Woody Allen can still turn something like an innocent trapped pigeon into a "rat with wings" — but he can also turn a lazy Sunday afternoon tryst into the most resonant bliss imaginable. That makes *all* the difference.

Ian Penman

Flash Gordon

Directed by Michael Hodges
Starring Sam Jones, Melody Anderson and Max Von Sydow
(EMI)

Flash Gordon begins with an insignificant lump of plasticene suspended in space. "The inhabitants call it . . . *Urghth!*" utters one of the Emperor Ming's henchmen, as though a planet so named deserved whatever was coming to it. Ming's finger contemptuously prods a button marked Total Disaster and the puny Urghthlings are once more plunged into a confrontation with the movie industry's annual intergalactic extravaganza.

Enfeebled by seasonal cheer, countless adults will be dragged to their local theatres this Christmas to see Flash Gordon make the universe a safe place in which to raise their kids. Whether through compassion or cunning, the producers of *Flash Gordon* have seen fit to make the film a reasonably safe place to drag your adult. Risque dialogue, absurd set scenes, some

■ *Continues over*

No 1 in France

From previous page

superlative ham performances (by which I don't only mean the Queen soundtrack), and more than a few inadequately clothed females all conspire to wink broadly at the taller members of the audience.

Of the cartoon heroes of the '30s who have been revived for some obscure nostalgic reason by the marvel of modern film techniques, *Superman* was only marginally embarrassing, *Buck Rogers* has been televised as a thinly disguised jiggle show (American TV jargon for things like *Charlie's Angels;* see if you can guess why . . .) and the prospect of Shelley Duvall playing Olive Oil leaves the immature cinephile in state of high anticipation.

As far as these things go, which is not very far, *Flash Gordon* is worse than anybody had any right to expect. What it would have been like had Nick Roeg not been fired from the set in the early stages, I'm at a loss to conceive. At best the finished film is unstintingly crass and ingenuous. At least the Flash Gordon in the serials shown on TV last year had the nerve to run around waving a ray gun at people dressed in five dollar costumes and not look self-conscious about it. Any actor who thinks he's too good for the part, as Sam Jones apparently does, has a long uphill career in store.

Almost every character in the film is busy fighting not so much the evil Ming as a giant smirk — except Peter Wyngarde, who to be fair is masked throughout, and Brian Blessed, who as leader of the hawkmen spends a lot of his time harnessed to a pair of cardboard wings against an oil wheel sky and doesn't even try. Only Max Von Sydow, as Ming the Merciless, approaches his role with anything other than gritted teeth, perhaps because the bad guys always get the best lines.

At the film's climax, in the throes of the umpteenth cliff-hanger, none of which actually work in a continuous format, the hapless Dale Arden is being married to Ming. "Do you, Ming the Merciless, take Dale Arden to be your lawful wedded wife, to do as you please with, and dispose as you see fit when she is no longer to your liking?" A tense moment. Dale writhes, Ming sneers his imperious assent, but Flash arrives in the nick of time to run the rogue through with the prow of a rocket ship.

One's sense of innocence was by now sorely tested. I booed loudly.

Paul Rambali

The scheming Empress Minge achieves intergalactic orgasm by stroking Flash Gordon's Christmas pudding.

BOX OFFICE

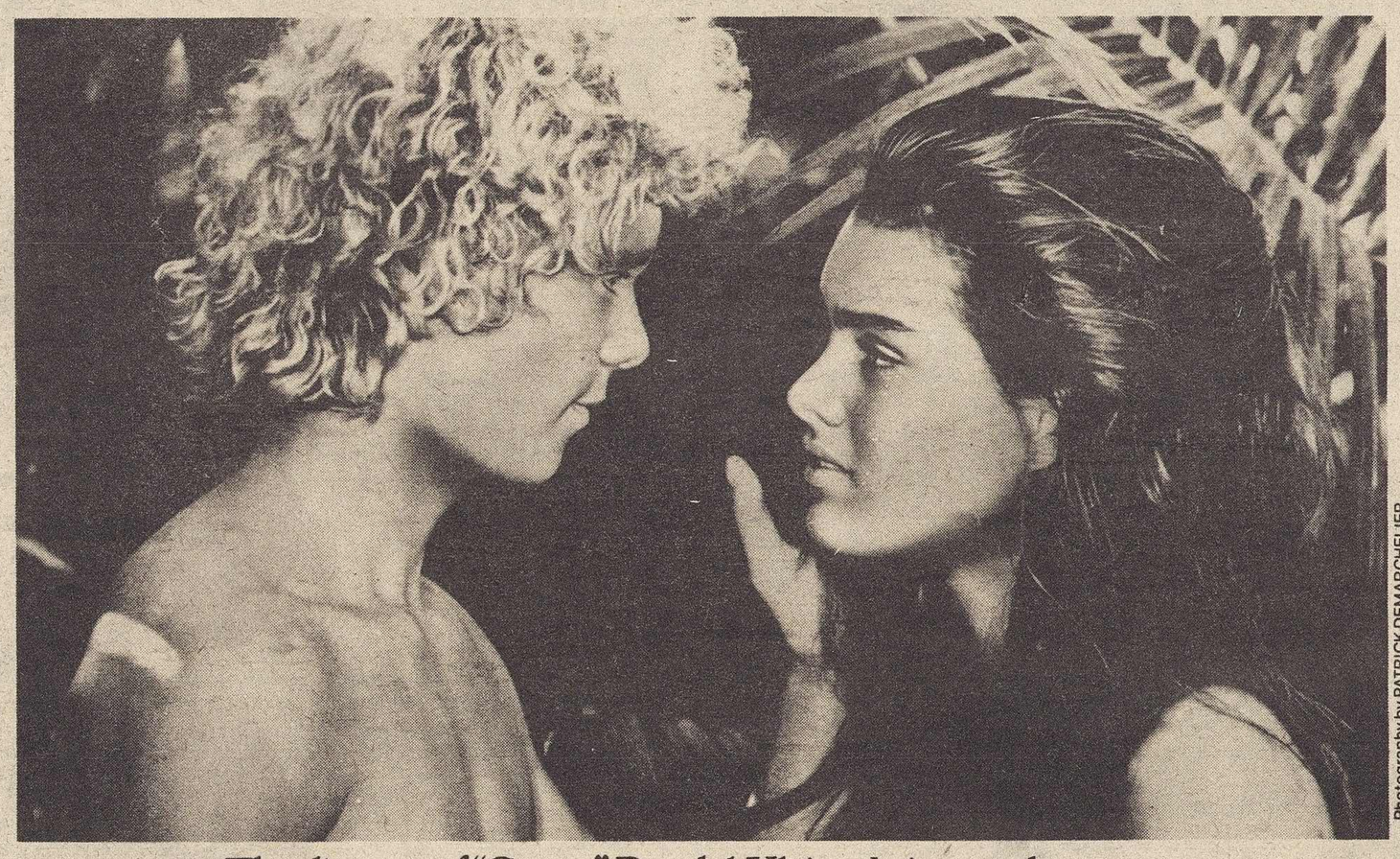
Regions

1. **The Way We Were** (Sydney Pollack)
2. **Friday The 13th** (Sean S. Cunningham)
3. **Assault On Precinct 13** (John Carpenter) / **Halloween** (John Carpenter)
4. **McVicar** (Tom Clegg)
5. **Dressed To Kill** (Brian De Palma)

(Screen International).

London

1. **Caligula** (Directed by Tinto Brass)
2. **Raise The Titanic** (Jerry Jameson)
3. **Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs** (Walt Disney)
4. **Monster** (Barbara Peeters) / **When A Stranger Calls** (Fred Walton)
5. **Elephant Man** (David Lynch)
6. **The Blue Lagoon** (Randal Kleiser)
7. **Airplane!** (Abrahams/Zuckers)
8. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
9. **All That Jazz** (Bob Fosse)
10. **The Blues Brothers** (John Landis)



Photography by PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

The director of "Grease", Randal Kleiser, brings to the screen a sensuous story of natural love.

Two children shipwrecked alone on a tropical island. Nature is kind. They thrive on the bounty of jungle and lagoon. The boy grows tall. The girl beautiful.

When their love happens, it is as natural as the sea, and as powerful. Love as nature intended it to be.

THE BLUE LAGOON AA

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A RANDAL KLEISER FILM
"THE BLUE LAGOON"
Starring BROOKE SHIELDS And Introducing CHRISTOPHER ATKINS
LEO McKERN · WILLIAM DANIELS Music by BASIL POLEDOURIS Director of Photography NESTOR ALMENDROS
Screenplay by DOUGLAS DAY STEWART Co-Producer RICHARD FRANKLIN Produced and Directed by RANDAL KLEISER

Original Motion Picture soundtrack available on T.K. Records and Tapes Distributed by CBS International

RELEASED BY COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER DISTRIBUTORS

1980 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. Columbia Pictures

AND AT THE FOLLOWING SELECTED LOCAL CINEMAS

NOW SHOWING
BOURNEMOUTH Gaumont
BRIGHTON Odeon
SOUTHEND Odeon
TORQUAY Odeon

SUNDAY DEC 21
BIRMINGHAM (Queensway) Odeon
BRADFORD Odeon
CARDIFF Odeon
GLASGOW Odeon
HULL Cecil
LEEDS Odeon
LIVERPOOL Odeon
MANCHESTER Odeon
NEWCASTLE Odeon
NOTTINGHAM Odeon
SHEFFIELD Gaumont
SOUTHAMPTON Odeon

SUNDAY DEC 28
EASTBOURNE Curzon

SUNDAY JAN 4
BRISTOL Odeon
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus
GUERNSEY Gaumont
HEREFORD Focus
JERSEY Forum
NORWICH Odeon
SPALDING Regent
SUNDERLAND Odeon
SWANSEA Odeon
WORCESTER Odeon

MONDAY JAN 5
EDINBURGH Odeon

THURSDAY JAN 8
BLACKPOOL Odeon
WORTHING Odeon

SUNDAY JAN 11
CANTERBURY Odeon
COLCHESTER Odeon
DUNDEE Odeon
PETERBOROUGH Odeon
PORTSMOUTH Odeon
SALISBURY Odeon
SOUTHSEA Salon

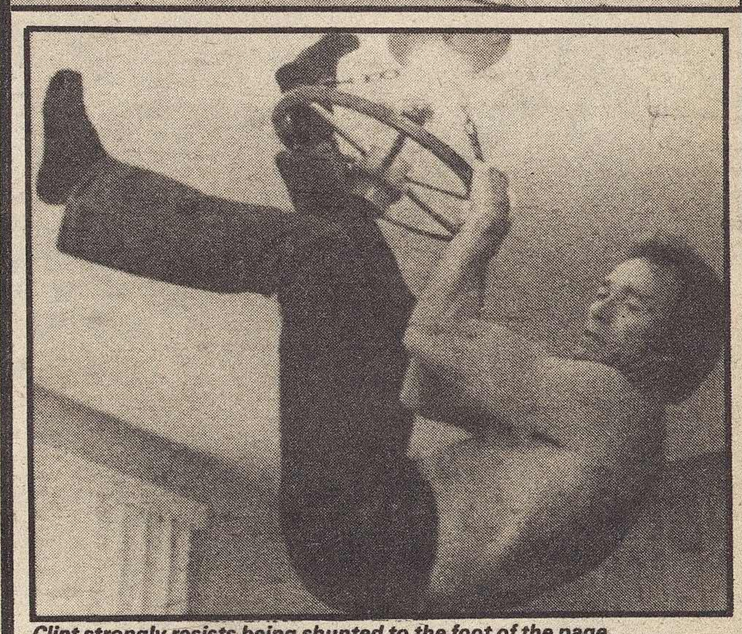
SUNDAY JAN 18
ABERDEEN Odeon
BARNSTAPLE Classic
BISHOP AUCKLAND Odeon
CARLISLE Studio
CHESTERFIELD Odeon
COLEFORD Studio
DARLINGTON Odeon
DONCASTER Gaumont
DURHAM Classic
EXETER Odeon
FOLKESTONE Curzon
HARTLEPOOL Odeon
IPSWICH Odeon
LINCOLN Odeon
LLANELLI Screen
MIDDLESBROUGH Odeon
NEWPORT I.O.W. Studio
REDDITCH Classic
ROSS-ON-WYE Roxy
RYDE I.O.W. Commodore
SCUNTHORPE Studio
SKEGNESS Tower
SOUTHPORT Classic
STOCKTON Odeon
TAUNTON Odeon
YEOVIL Classic
YORK Odeon

THURSDAY JAN 22
PLYMOUTH Drake
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Odeon

SUNDAY JAN 25
HANLEY Gaumont
LEICESTER Odeon

CINEMA DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS.

NOW SHOWING ODEON HIGH STREET KENSINGTON 602 6644/5



Clint strongly resists being shunted to the foot of the page

Any Which Way You Can

Directed by Buddy Van Horn
Starring Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Geoffrey Lewis, William Smith *(Warner Bros)*

Considering the success of Clint Eastwood's first starring role opposite an orang-utan (in *Every Which Way But Loose*), the disappointing box-office of *Escape From Alcatraz* and *Bronco Billy*, you'd be forgiven for imagining that *Any Which Way You Can* was merely an unashamed sequel. And you'd probably be right, except that if you've enjoyed something once there's no harm in trying it twice.

Or maybe you'll argue that as the Big C enters his fifties his star *is* finally fading, that he's reduced to relying on the antics of a hairy dumb sidekick. They do say you should never act with animals and children and Eastwood has taken to doing just that recently. Too much monkey business?

At first glance *Any Which Way You Can* does take up where *Loose* left off; Phil Beddoe is still supplementing his income from the car repair business by flattening local cops in bare-knuckle dusting; the inept and ancient Black Widows still have it in for him and his, Clyde is having trouble with his bowels and Eastwood with his love life. There's some interim C&W crooning from the delectable Lynn Halsey Taylor, a couple of cameo appearances from Fats Domino and the like and the odd bar room brawl.

But Eastwood and his director, Buddy Van Horn, soon overshadow the earlier film by folding the sentiment and adding several sub-plots, a numbers racket, the Mafia, and the ultimate in pain and endurance for the fight fans: Beddoe is pitted against an equal in Jack Wilson (William Smith), a man who resembles Chuck Bronson both in the face-lifting and the weight-lifting departments. He's no slouch with the John L. Sullivan routine, he kills his victims rather than let them suffer unnecessarily.

Meanwhile the accompanying mixture of surrealism, caricature and absurdist action almost eclipses the straight development. Certainly the expected slush sequences with Locke are conspicuously underplayed.

In all truth *Any Which Way* is both utterly ludicrous and hugely enjoyable; is off the wall but mercifully it isn't wacky or tacky or all those horribly American things. In many senses the atmosphere suffusing the film is distinctly un-American. The length and complexity of the hybrid strands makes me believe that if only it were half an hour longer and directed by Wim Wenders . . . .

Max Bell

ON THE BOX

Thursday December 18
The prophecies of Nostradamus are upon us — Napoleon, Hitler, the Kennedys, you name it, Nos foresaw it all back in 1555. Or did he? **Great Mysteries (BBC 1)** attempts to reveal all. But tell me, did Nostradamus predict his own death? Did he ever win the pools? **Minder (ITV)** winds up with 'A Lot Of Bull' as Terry spends a day in the country with a prize specimen and **Toyah (ITV)** is an hour-long special on the musical attributes, or not, of the retiring Ms Willcox.

Film: **Caprice** (Directed by Frank Tashlin 1967). Incomprehensible and totally unfunny escapade involving Doris Day and Richard Harris in industrial espionage. But since it's all about drugs and make-up, maybe a few Spondulux Ballet fans will tune in. **(BBC 1)**

Friday December 19
A team of 11-year-olds take over **Nationwide (BBC 1);** not only are they better at the job than Sue and Frank and Ted and Alice but, FACT: three of them are *NME* Writers. (Clue: one of them is Ian Penman.) **Newsweek (BBC 2)** gets into the Christmas spirit by reporting on the high death rates on the roads at this time of year. Remember: if you're drinking, DON'T forget to buy your round.

Saturday December 20
Ian St John introduces **On The Ball (ITV)** (I promised to put that in for *NME's* token Scot, Stuart Johnston). Joan Bakewell introduces a three-minute study on **The Arts In Britain Today (BBC 2)** — it can't last any longer than that, surely? And you really know it's Christmas when the second-rate comics are trotted out: go on, make us laugh, **Little And Large (BBC 1)** and **Cannon And Ball (ITV).** Stick with **Stanley Baxter's Christmas Box (ITV);** it's four year's old, but at least it's funny.

Film: **Freebie And The Bean** (Richard Rush 1974). A mismatched pair of unscrupulous cops (James Caan and Alan Arkin) do their utmost to raze San Francisco to the ground. A minor milestone in the art of anarchic, destructive comedy. John Landis should've taken a long, hard look at this before making the execrable *Blues Brothers* flick. **(BBC 1)**

Sunday December 21
Well-known Scottish thug and part-time footballer Joe Jordan hosts **Doctor! (ITV)** *(That's it, Stuart, no more plugs for your mates. — MS).* Marty Feldman guests on **The Muppet Show (ITV);** be a bit difficult to tell him from Animal, won't it?

Film: **Midnight Cowboy** (John Schlesinger 1969). The only things that'll date this are the feeble party scenes and the horrible music; otherwise a sad and funny little study of loneliness in the big bad Apple, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight as compelling puppets. **(BBC 2)**

Monday December 22
Now you really know it's Christmas: the Beeb begin a series of **Lassie** films, nine in all, mostly made for TV stuff. They're also treating us to the cinematic version of the incredibly funny **Are You Being Served? (BBC 1).** There might be a few laughs in **Shelley (ITV)** with Hywel Bennett, but probably none in **Arena (BBC 2),** a special behind the scenes look at Dire Straits, a rock and, indeed, roll band.

Film: **Sweeney!** (David Wickes 1976). A Carter and Regan that put America to shame, Dennis Waterman and John Thaw are the ostensible good guys in this none-too-convincing spin-off from the TV series. The slam-bang set-pieces are a bit contrived, but the Jack and George relationship survives well enough and there are strong roles for Barry Foster and Diane Keen. **(ITV)**

Film: **The Fortune Cookie** (Billy Wilder 1966). *Meet Whiplash Willie* was the British title, and Walter Matthau's impersonation of the definitive shyster lawyer is well cherishable. Jack Lemmon's a worthy foil and although their shenanigans seem stretched at 125mins, there are plenty of laughs. **(BBC 2)**

Tuesday December 23
One to warm the cockles: **About Britain (ITV)** is concerned with 'The Last Hastings Lager'. Hang on, that should read 'Lugger'; so forget I mentioned it. More in keeping with the festivities is Robert Kee's **Ireland (BBC2);** this one's about the four-year Famine. **Jim Davidson (ITV),** who knows a good racist joke when he hears one, has his own show, as does **Les Dawson (BBC 1)** (have his own show, I mean, not know a good racist joke). For genuine laughs, trust **The Likely Lads (BBC 1),** a repeat of one of their classics.

Film: **Farewell, My Lovely** (Dick Richards 1975). Excellent downbeat adaptation of the Raymond Chandler thriller, with Robert Mitchum in commanding form as an extremely weary Philip Marlowe. Appealing period detail (Los Angeles 1942), acerbic script, affectionate direction, terrific cast (Bob, of course, and Charlotte Rampling, John Ireland, Anthony Zerbe, Jack O'Halloran as Moose), A right little gem and no mistake. **(ITV)**

Christmas Eve
Iron Brewery and the Bollockheads take over a **Whistle Test Special (BBC 2)** and there are some other equally fetching cartoon characters in the admirable **Clapperboard (ITV);** Chris Kelly looks at *Snow White* in another light, dirty devil. Have you ever wondered what it would be like, in reality, to wake up and find seven dwarves around your bed? There's a party at the Ogden's in **Coronation Street (ITV)** and Stan has to face his fate worse than death — he's allergic to beer. Ah, sup up lad and go out with a great gaseous bang.

Film: **Family Plot** (Alfred Hitchcock 1976). The Master's last film, a glorious comedy thriller based on a kidnapping caper, with fine performances from the two couples involved, Bruce Dern and Barbara Harris, William Devane and Karen Black. Great fun, it'll leave you with a warm glow at the end. **(ITV)**

■ *Continues over*

QUEENS OF THE BOX!

Left: ER II, below: BL I, INSET BELOW: M5 IV.

UNCLE MONTY'S guide to Christmas telly

Queens of the box, part 2. Above Dennis Waterman, John Thaw in The Sweeney. Below, Robert Mitchum, Charlotte Rampling in Farewell, My Lovely.

■ *From previous page*

Film: **A New Leaf** (Elaine May 1971). Elaine May, who also wrote and starred, disowned the final version of this, a slight black comedy that lacks impact, despite a reliably amusing performance from Walter Matthau as a seedy playboy fortune-hunter. **(BBC 2)**

Film: **Big Jake** (George Sherman 1971). Starring Big Duke Wayne as a vengeance-seeking landowner. Do you really need to know any more? **(BBC 1)**

Christmas Day
The usual turkeys and stuff: **The Queen (all channels)** stops passing round the gin bottle for a mo', no doubt to discuss with the nation her recent score for the *Flash Gordon* disaster; Larry Grayson (no relation) puts more willing dupes through embarrassing hoops on **The Generation Game (BBC 1); Mike Yarwood** pulls a few funny faces for the Beeb, **Janet Brown** does the same for ITV; Glenda Jackson makes her annual appearance on the **Morecambe And Wise Show (ITV),** in the unlikely company of Alec Guinness and Peter Cushing; and, of course, **Dallaszzzzz (BBC 1).** I'd settle for the **Fawlty Towers (BBC 1)** repeat, the gourmet night classic: "What's the duck surprise?" "That's the duck without orange or pineapple."

Film: **The Man With The Golden Gun** (Guy Hamilton 1974). Stodgy Bond nonsense with lots of booms and boobs, and Roger Moore receiving sterling support from other noted thespians like Britt Ekland and Christopher Lee. **(ITV)**

Film: **Airport 1975** (Jack Smight 1974 *(Shurely shome mishtake? — [Ed.]).* Not noticeably different from *Airports '70, '77* and *'80.* **(BBC 1)**

Film: **The Front Page** (Billy Wilder 1974). Not as good as Howard Hawks' *His Girl Friday* (Cary Grant in top 1940 form), but a funny enough version of the Hecht-McArthur play set in a newspaper office. Walter Matthau's in his element as the sour and cynical editor, Jack Lemmon not far behind as the harassed chief reporter. **(BBC 2)**

Boxing Day
Slim pickings but you might be tempted to hear **The Thoughts Of Chairman Alf (ITV),** as Warren Mitchell's awful Mr Garnett delivers his riposte to yer actual royals. Alf's followed by the equally horrible **Dame Edna Everage (ITV);** if that doesn't curdle your brandy sauce, nothing will. **Disney Time (BBC 1)** has got to be worth a look; there are clips from *Pinocchio, Snow White* and my beloved *Dumbo* (sniff).

Film: **The Towering Inferno** (John Guillermin 1974). What with the death of Steve McQueen and the genuine article in Las Vegas last month, I suppose there's a certain morbid curiosity value attached to this. In fact, as disaster pics go, it's not irredeemably awful. **(BBC 1)**

Film: **Earthquake** (Mark Robson 1974). This, unquestionably, is. It'll give you a headache, too. Oh, Chuck, where's your chariot when you need it most? **(ITV)**

Saturday December 27
There's hardly any real human beings on at all: it's all **Basil Brush** and **Emu (BBC 1), Dick Emery (BBC 1)** and **Stanley Baxter (ITV).** And, what's more, they've dropped **Sesame Street** — heads will roll.

Film: **Bugsy Malone** (Alan Parker 1976). An overdose of the cutes — not fatal, though — as an all-child cast (headed by Scott Baio and Jodie Foster) mime to Paul Williams' songs in a jokily recreated Prohibition Chicago. As gangster-movie spoofs go, it's appropriately childish. **(BBC 1)**

Film: **The Godfather** (Francis Ford Coppola 1972). The real McCoy, or so Coppola would have us believe, but although it transcends its pulp novel origins, *The Godfather* works only in a suspicious vacuum: sure, the Mafia are naughty boys, but they only deal out death and retribution to their own kind, right? I doubt it. Still, powerful acting by Robert Duvall, Al Pacino and James Caan, and, of course, Brando's much-parodied Don Corleone. **(BBC 2)**

Sunday December 28
This is what we've been waiting for, this is why we've got TV sets: so that we can see all the dreadful stuff that finds its way on to screens in China, Sweden, Japan, New Zealand and the rest. Dennis Norden's **World Of Television (ITV)** promises such unmissable treats as Brazilian dancers in banana outfits, dodgy commercials and incompetent talent show contestants; you know, the type of thing that ITV puts out all year round. Terribly camp, dear.

Film: **Nashville** (Robert Altman 1975). Not only a savage indictment of America's C&W industry, also a sour mosaic of US life as lived through the media and politics. Several million speaking parts (or so it seems) for the likes of Karen Black, Geraldine Chaplin, Keith Carradine, Henry Gibson, Ronee Blakely, Lily Tomlin, Michael Murphy, Allen Garfield, etc. Cogent? Perceptive? Self-indulgent? Tedious? Masterpiece? Choose your own description. **(BBC 2)**

Film: **Nickelodeon** (Peter Bogdanovich 1976). Botched nostalgia job on the silver screen's seamy early days. Burt Reynolds and Ryan O'Neal work hard for laughs, to little effect. **(BBC 1)**

Monday December 29
So what did come first, the chicken or the egg? Well, maybe the molecules, says Prof Dave Phillips in **The Royal Institution Lectures (BBC 2):** I've a feeling this will beg more questions than it can answer. 'Thank You 1980 And Goodbye' is a pretty weedy title for the **Panorama (BBC 1)** review of the year, but Peter Ustinov and John Mortimer might be able to cut through David Dimbleby's crap. Liz Fox introduces a new series of **Women Rule OK (ITV),** in which persons of a different gender to mine own talk about life without those horrible creatures known collectively as 'men'; the producer is Irene Cockroft.

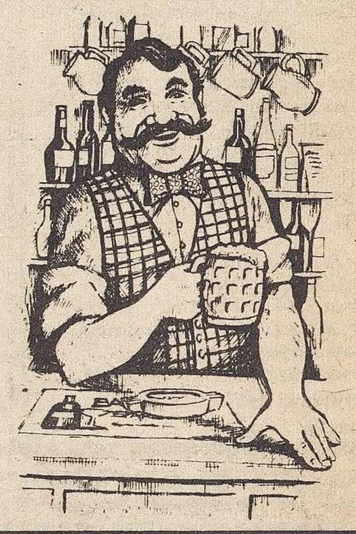
Tuesday December 30
Kids' TV takes the biscuit: there's Mel and Bob in **Smith And Goody On Ice! (ITV),** a new series of **Grange Hill (BBC 1)** and **Batman (ITV),** with Vincent Price as the Egghead. For slightly older children there's a **Not The Nine O'Clock News (BBC 2)** best of.

Film: **The Misfits** (John Huston 1961). Lugubrious parable from Arthur Miller, with Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable and Monty Clift lurching from one trauma to the next. Absolutely no fun. **(BBC 2)**

New Year's Eve
Barry Took's thrown together a right old hodge-podge for the **Pick Of 1980 (BBC 1),** a self-congratulatory pat on the back for the likes of Penelope Keith, Barbara Woodhouse, Kate Nelligan, Ronnie Barker, etc. Is the **Old Grey Whistle Test (BBC 2)** pick of the year any more inviting? It includes such dynamic acts as Toyah, Cozy Powell and April Wine. I reckon I'll be comatose by the time Kenny Everett chimes in with his **New Year's Daze Show (ITV).**

Film: **Gold** (Peter Hunt 1974). The fact that Roger Moore, Susannah York and John Gielgud journeyed to South Africa against ACTT union wishes to appear in this 'thriller' is almost beside the point; it's a dismal film, anyway, pure and simple. **(ITV)**

Film: **The Birth Of The Beatles** (Richard Marquand 1979). A Dick Clark rip-off with Stephen Mackenna, Rod Culbertson, John Altman and Ray Ashcroft as John, Paul, George and Ringo. The music is performed by the world-famous Rain. Does it make you want to puke? It makes me want to puke. Thank Gawd the pubs are open for afters. Happy New Year — I hope.



STORM SMASHES RECORD PRICES.

The GREAT W.H.SMITH SOUND STORM

In High Streets up and down the country people watch in amazement as record prices are smashed by the W.H.Smith Sound Storm. Hardest hit are the biggest hits of all – the Top 50 Albums. They head a list of hundreds of LPs from all musical categories whose prices have taken a tumble.

Top 50 chart albums

For example:	ALBUM COST	CASSETTE COST
Not The Nine O'Clock News	£3.99	£4.49
Police: Zenyatta Mondatta	£3.99	£4.49
Rod Stewart: Foolish Behaviour	£3.99	£4.49
Madness: Absolutely	£3.99	£3.49
Adam & The Ants: Kings of the Wild Frontier	£3.99	£4.49
John Lennon: Double Fantasy	£3.99	£4.49

New Releases:

For example:	ALBUM COST	CASSETTE COST
Deep Purple: In Concert (Double Album)	£4.99	£5.49
Fleetwood Mac: Live (Double Album)	£4.49	£4.99
Queen: Flash Gordon Soundtrack	£4.49	£4.99

W.H.Smith Backtracks.

We've got low prices on records right across the range – from children's music through classical to rock:

For example:	ALBUM COST	CASSETTE COST
Police: Reggatta de Blanc	£3.99	£4.49
George Benson: Give Me The Night	£2.99	£2.99
Meat Loaf: Bat Out of Hell	£3.99	£4.49
AC/DC: Back In Black	£2.99	£3.49
War of the Worlds (Double Album)	£6.99	£7.49
Rod Stewart: Greatest Hits	£2.99	£2.99
Fleetwood Mac: Rumours	£2.99	£2.99

Jam: Sound Affects
Album: £3.99 Cassette: £4.49

Ian Dury: Laughter
Album: £3.99 Cassette: £3.49

The Clash: Sandinista (Triple Album)
Album: £4.99 Cassette: £5.49

WHSMITH

SNOWED UNDER WITH GIFTS!

Prices which are correct at time of going to press are for a limited period. Subject to availability where you see this sign

PRINT

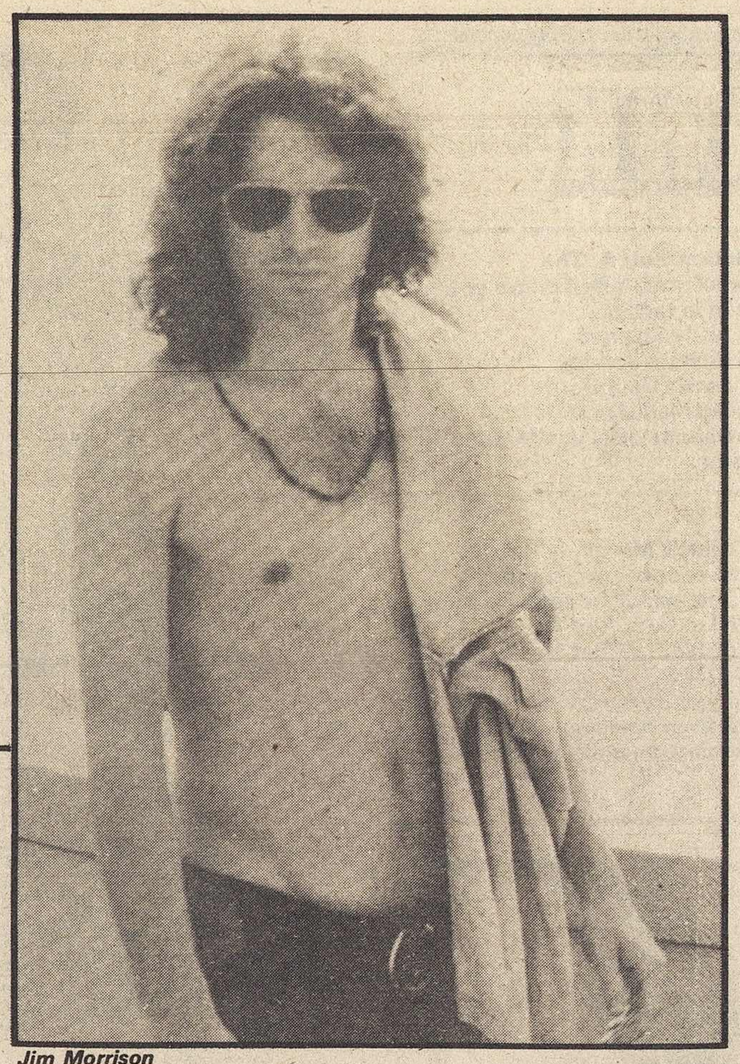
No-One Here Gets Out Alive
Jerry Hopkins & Daniel Sugarman
(Plexus)

It took two people to write this? Jim Morrison's posthumous biography would have been better served if left in Hopkins' hands. Much of the irrelevant early footage and sycophantic assessments do the singer's talent ill-justice; meanwhile the critiques of his lyrics are dull and naive. Some of the unadulterated information is worth digesting and the pictures are fine. A case of what should have been. Play the records and use your imagination.

Blondie — The Illustrated Biography
Lester Bangs
Lester Bangs relates the genesis of Blondie from close quarters, attempts definitive analysis of Blondie phenomenon and output, earns a few folders. Unquestionably the best of several tomes on Blondie, if that means anything to you.

Rock Family Trees
Pete Frame *(Omnibus £3.95)*
The title is self-explanatory, comprising lurid anecdotes of incest, murder, madness, robbery and betrayal, meticulously collated and illustrated by rock's premier genealogist. Contains even more characters than *War & Peace!*

Mystery Train
Greil Marcus
Subtitled 'Images Of America In Rock'n'Roll', *Mystery Train,* by *Rolling Stone* writer Greil Marcus, presents a strong personal insight into the works of The Band, Elvis Presley, Sly Stone and Randy Newman, concentrating on the myths they created, borrowed, shaped and sometimes overturned.



Jim Morrison

ROCK BOOKS 1980

1	No One Here Gets Out Alive	Sugerman & Hopkins (Plexus £3.95)
2	The Clash Before & After	Pennie Smith (Eel Pie £4.50)
3	Rock Family Trees	Pete Frame (Omnibus £3.95)
4	Subculture — The Meaning Of Style	Dick Hebdige (Methuen £2.75)
5	The Jam	Paul Honeyford (Eel Pie £3.95)
6	Bowie In His Own Words	Miles (Bib O £2.95)
7	Rolling Stone Record Guide	Marsh & Swenson (Virgin £5.25)
7	Genesis — I know What I Like	A. Gallo (Sidgwick & Jackson £7.95)
9	The Police Released	(Big O £3.95)
9	The Sociology Of Youth Culture	Mike Brake (RKP £3.95)
11	Dread Beat & Blood..	Linton Kwesi Johnson (Bogie L'Ouverture £1.95)
11	Born To Run	Dave Marsh (Doubleday £3.95)
13	Inglan Is A Bitch	Linton Kwesi Johnson (Race Today £1.50)
14	Lost Highway	Peter Guralnick (Godine £4.50)
15	Dylan — What Happened?	Paul Williams (Entwhistle £2.25)
16	Sex Pistols File	Ray Stevenson (Book Sales £2.50)
17	Rockabilly Queens	Bob Garbutt (Duck Tail £3.25)
18	Jah Music	Sebastian Clarke (Heinemann £4.95)
19	Rock Stars In Their Underpants	Paula Yates (Virgin £4.95)
19	The Beach Boys & The California Myth	David Leaf (Grosset & Dunlap £4.50)

Charts compiled by: Compendium Books, Camden High Street, NW1, Virgin Megastore, Oxford Street, W1. Magic Bus Bookshop, 10 King Street, Richmond, Surrey.

OH, NO, NOT ANOTHER BLOODY BOOK TOKEN

THE *NME* staff (those who can read) suggest ways to spend, or not to spend, Auntie Mabel's kind gift.

As Serious As Your Life (The Story Of The New Jazz)
Valerie Wilmer *(Quartet)*
In Ms Wilmer's words this book chronicles black music from 'A Love Supreme' to the 'Sex Machine'. Authoritative, informally illustrated but perhaps a bit too serious on occasion? An up-date would be invaluable.

The Summer Of Love (Haight Ashbury At Its Highest)
Gene Anthony *(Celestial Arts)*
Coffee table psychedelia with excellent original photography on the groups and the scenes (man). Probably essential if you want to be a Magic Bus completist (those who were there won't care).

The Dead
Hank Harrison *(Celestial Arts)*
Never was there a more aptly named group but I still love 'em. And so does Hank Harrison unfortunately! His prose suffers from too much purple haze. In between times ole Hank (he was there) delivers some worthwhile information on the Kesey krew, Phil Lesh's sex drive and Garcia's domestic problems. Did you know that Rock Scully had a perforated septum? That Mickey Hart is Jewish? You do now.

Honkers And Shouters (The Golden Years Of Rhythm & Blues
Arnold Shaw *(Collier)*
Though factually flawed, an otherwise absorbing overview of the pioneering spirit of the era's independent store-front labels, the Big City Slickers and the stars and styles they created. Warning: Don't be put off by Paul Anka's back sleeve endorsement.

The Straight Line
Art & Laurie Pepper *(Schirmer)*
Sex and Drugs and West Coast Jazz. A detailed and harrowing first-hand account of the seamier side of life. Despite a self-destructive streak and over a dozen years in various slammers (including San Quentin), the alto sax blowing Pepper man managed to stage the most inspiring comeback of any artist in the '70s. Read the book. Buy the records. Don't make the same mistakes!

Elvis '56
Alfred Wertheimer *(Cassell £3.95)*
Dazzling and often telling array of photograpns of The King in his prime. Elvis at home in Memphis, with family, friends, fans and girls. Elvis recording 'Hound Dog'. Elvis with the style, flair and impudence that thousands are still vainly trying to emulate a quarter of a century later. Recommended.

The Mods
Richard Barnes *(Eel Pie)*
Lovingly compiled assortment of original mod photographs, headlines and trivia, together with a ferociously accurate history of the '60s movement and what it meant to its members. Scores of Fred Perrys, desert boots, scooters, riot pics and the rest of the package that became *Quadrophenia,* but the authentic stylist element of the movement — high french partings, paisley tabbers, suits — and the soul-powered all-niters are also well represented. Also features The Who doing the Block at The Scene Club in '63.

The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics
Edited by Alan Aldridge
(Penguin £9.95)
Reissued two volume set of Beatle songs visually interpreted by an assortment of trendy '60s illustrators and artists. Plenty of padding and obviously dated approaches, but several genuine classics lurk among the pages, including Rick Griffin's version of 'Why Don't We Do It In The Road?' and Roland Topor's 'Hey Jude'. David Hockney, David Bailey and Ralph Steadman also get a crack.

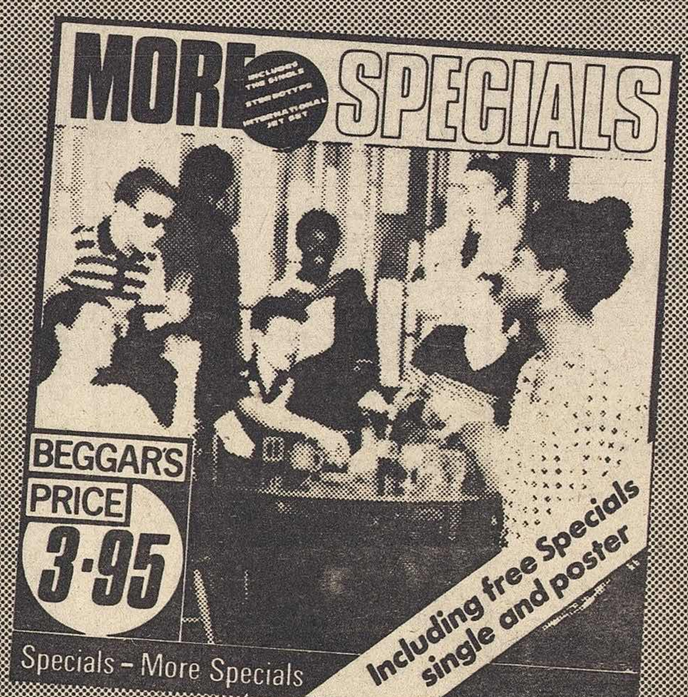
Lennon Remembers: The Rolling Stones Interviews
Jan Wenner *(Penguin £1.95)*
Lengthy in-depth interview given to *Rolling Stone* magazine in 1970, in which Lennon spills the beans about The Beatles and lays waste to the '60s myths spun about them and others. Witty, revealing, tough and tender.

The Teds
Chris Steele-Perkins & Richard Smith *(Travelling Light/Exit £4.95)*
First second and third generation Teds at the British grass roots, captured in photographs and straightforward prose in 1978/9, and accurately reflecting the often archaic world of our most ancient tribe. Portraits include Sunglasses Ron, and 'Sueperman's Big Sister'!

★ NEW RELEASES AND SPECIAL OFFERS AT BEGGARS BANQUET ★

Blondie – Autoamerican

David Bowie – Scary Monsters



Specials – More Specials

The Column To Watch For Better Bargains

Artist	Title	BB Price	Artist	Title	BB Price	Artist	Title	BB Price
The Clash	Sandinista (3 LP)	4.50	Roxy Music	Flesh and Blood	3.95	Magazine	Play	2.99
Ian Dury	Laughter	3.75	Rockpile	Seconds of Pleasure	3.75	Echo and Bunnymen	Crocodiles	2.99
Fleetwood Mac	Live	4.50	Bruce Springsteen	The River	4.95	George Benson	Give Me the Night	2.99
The Jam	Sound Affects	3.95	Status Quo	Just Supposin'	3.95	The Ruts	Grin and Bear It	2.99
Adam and the Ants	Kings of the Wild Frontier	3.95	UB40	Signing Off	3.95	Bauhaus	In the Flat Field	2.99
Rod Stewart	Foolish Behaviour	3.95	Kate Bush	Never for Ever	3.95	Ry Cooder	Bop Till You Drop	2.99
John Lennon	Double Fantasy	3.95	Orchestral Manoeuvres	Organisation	3.95	Carlene Carter	Musical Shapes	2.99
The Eagles	Live	4.50	The Eagles	Hotel California	2.99	The Clash	Black Market Clash	2.99
Abba	Super Trouper	4.50	Rod Stewart	Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits	2.99	Talking Heads	Fear of Music	2.99
Stevie Wonder	Hotter Than July	3.95	Talking Heads	77	2.99	Feetwood Mac	Rumours	2.99
Barbra Streisand	Guilty	3.95				Gary Numan	Telekon	2.99
The Police	Zenyatta Mondatta	3.95				Pretenders	Pretenders	2.99
Madness	Absolutely	3.75				Randy Crawford	Now We May Begin	2.99

BEGGARS ARE CHEAPER!
BEGGAR'S BANQUET
The Better Store Around

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS (Open as usual Saturday 27th December)

Stores at EARL'S COURT 8 Hogarth Road 01-373 2987 (opposite Earl's Court tube) KINGSTON 52 Eden Street 01-549 5871 (opposite New Arcade Entrance) RICHMOND 2 The Square 01-940 0514 PUTNEY 2a Disraeli Road 01-788 0986 (opposite Library & Boots) EALING 19 High Street 01-579 7599

THE BLANKETY BLANK

1. Buster Bloodvessel's real name is:
a) Fatty Arbuckle
b) Monty Smith
c) Doug Trendle
d) Nick Beale

2. Name the lead singer of the following reggae vocal trios:
a) The Maytals
b) Culture
c) The Heptones
d) Royal Rasses
e) Royals
f) Burning Spear

3, Which Nazi war criminal is housed in the citadel from which Spandau Ballet have derived their name?

4. Who immortalised Grocer Jack in an 'Excerpt From A Teenage Opera'?
a) Ted Heath
b) Keith West
c) Polly Peachum
d) N. Bonaparte

5. The title of The Monochrome Set's 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauens' was stolen from a famous German horror movie subtitle. Which?
a) The Golem
b) The Cabinet Of Doctor Caligari
c) The Tin Drum
d) Nosferatu

6. Who described PiL as "Uriah Heep on mandrax"?
a) Derek Jewell
b) Jimmy Pursey
c) Paul Weller
d) Joe Strummer

7. Who said: "I'm a lunatic anyway. All artists are lunatics"?
a) Mark Stewart
b) Marc Bolan
c) Mark Perry
d) Marco Pirroni
e) Marco Tardelli

8. Name the ska record featured in *Quadrophenia*.

9. Complete these 1980 singles titles:
a) My Mother Was A ..... Of An Enemy Of The People
b) Going .....
c) ... . Straight
d) Holiday In .....
e) ..... Takes It All
f) Master .....

10. Who is Patti Smith's husband?
a) TV Smith
b) Fred 'Television' Smith
c) Fred 'Sonic' Smith
d) Mark Smith
e) W. H. Smith

11. How many eggs does TV's Delia Smith use to make an omelette?
a) Two
b) Three
c) Who cares?
d) None; she uses soya substitute with milk and flour.

12. Who recorded the following singles?
a) 'Betrayal'
b) 'Treason'
c) 'The Lonely Spy'
d) 'The Spy Who Loved Me'
e) 'I Spy For The FBI'

13. Which famous Texan appeared in the Kris Kristofferson movie *Cisco Pike?*
a) Janis Joplin
b) Doug Sahm
c) Sam Houston
d) J. R. Ewing

14. Is there life after death?
a) Yes
b) No
c) Don't know

15. Who's the odd man out and why?
a) John Lennon
b) Leonard Cohen
c) The Ramones
d) The Righteous Brothers
e) Dion
f) Harry Nilsson
g) Scott Walker

16. Who replaced drummer Peter Criss in Kiss?
a) Chris Cross
b) Eric Carr
c) Howard The Duck
d) Cozy Powell
e) Ringo Starr

17. Nobody in one of the following groups has been remotely Big In Japan. Is it:
a) Pink Military
b) Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark
c) Siouxsie And The Banshees
d) The Teardrop Explodes

18. In between his move from Radar to F-Beat, Elvis Costello And The Attractions did a one-off singles deal with which independent label?
a) Stiff
b) Factory
c) 2-Tone
d) CBS
e) Chiswick

19. The said single was never officially released on the mystery label. But what was it called anyway?

20. The following lines come from which songs — and by whom were they recorded?
a) *"Annie's pretty neat/She always eats her meat"*
b) *"Whistling tunes we hide in the dunes by the seaside/Whistling tunes we're kissing baboons in the jungle"*
c) *"Life is a moment in space/When the dream is gone/It's a lonelier place"*

21. The Elephant Man's real name was:
a) John Merrick
b) John Hurt
c) John Joseph Merrick
d) Joseph Carey Merrick

22. Who was the 1980 UK sound-system gold cup winner?

23. David Byrne first met Brian Eno in:
a) London
b) Paris
c) Nairobi
d) Jakarta

24. What reggae producers are known variously as:
a) The Observer
b) The Upsetter
c) The Agrovator
d) The Preacher

25. Whom did Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill describe as "The Barry McGuire of punk" in their sermon *The Boy Looked At Johnny?*
a) Paul Weller
b) Patrik Fitzgerald
c) Joe Strummer
d) Martin Besserman

Picture Quiz A: The exquisitely kilted angry young man in tartan is:
a) Andy Stewart
b) Richard Jobson
c) Jackie Dennis
d) Ian McCulloch
e) Spandau Ballet's Martin Kemp

26. Blurt's Milton — Ted not John — once ran a puppet theatre, which he took on tour with Ian Dury And The Blockheads. What was it called?

27. A lit-er-ar-ee question. Associate an author with the following songs or band names:
a) 'Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)'
b) Steely Dan/Heavy Metal Kids/Dead Fingers Talk
c) 'Ashes And Diamonds' (forget the song, try the movie or book)

28. Who wrote the scores for the following movies?
a) *Up The Junction*
b) *Percy*
c) *Short Eyes*
d) *Inferno*

29. What was Bet Lynch's nickname at school?

30. Who's out of place in this list?
a) Kevin Coyne
b) Dollar
c) Zoot Money
d) Andy Summers

31. Name the latest new Cramp:
a) Kid Creole
b) Kid Galahad
c) Kid Strange
d) Kid Congo
e) Kid Yerself

32. Who sang *"It creeps it crawls, it slithers up the walls"* on the theme song to the film debut of the late Steve McQueen?
a) Bobby 'Boris' Pickett
b) Richie Valens
c) The Five Blobs
d) Kid Creole
e) Annette Funicello And Frankie Avalon

33. Name all Spizz incarnations (five altogether)

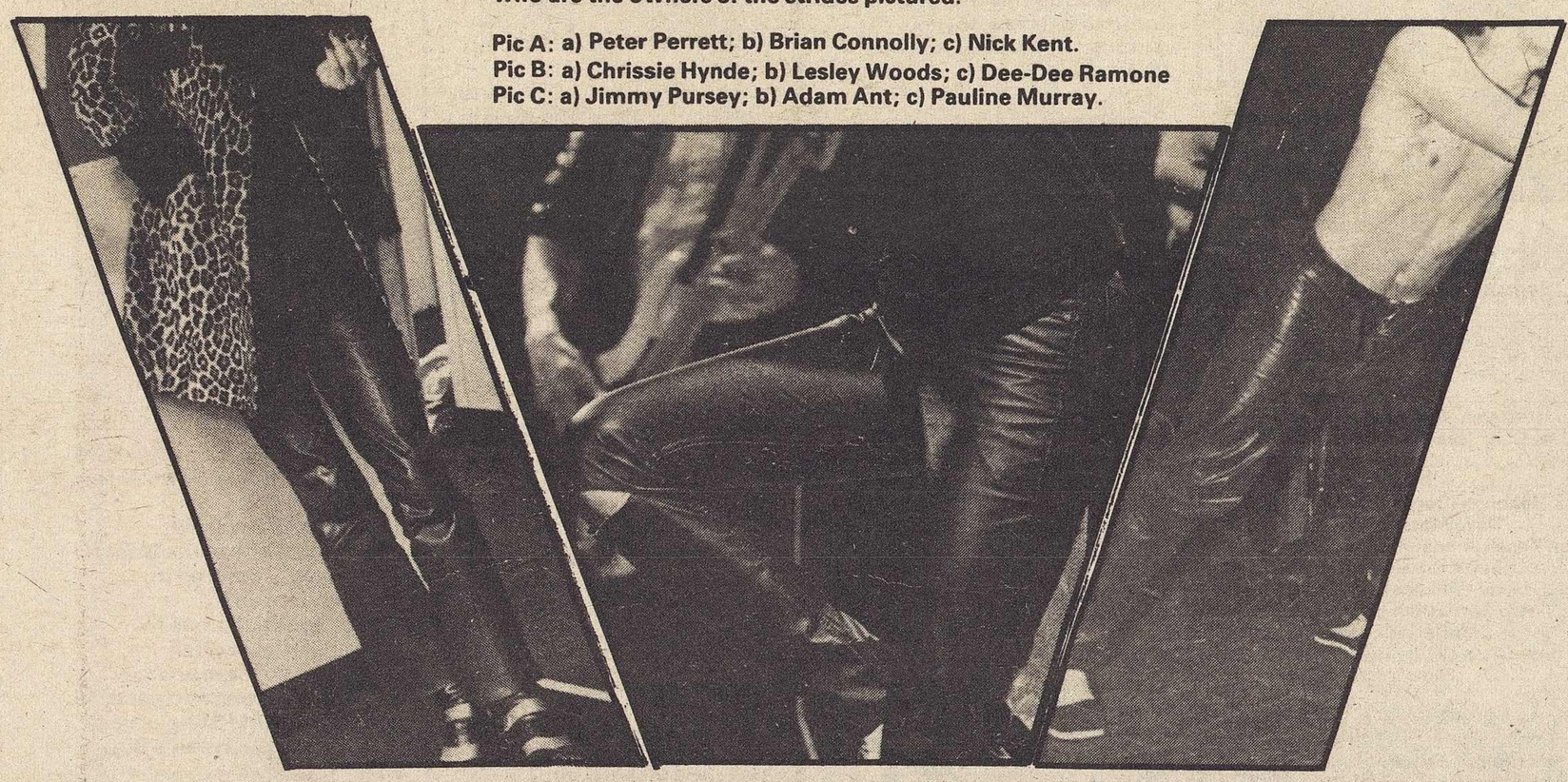
34. While we're still with Spizz, what is Pete Petrol's new group called?

35. Which heavy metal band was produced by Martin Hannett?
a) The Lead Balloons
b) Crawling Chaos
c) Tora Tora
d) Tygers Of Pan Tang
e) Ace Of Spades
f) U2

36. Who was the subject of *This Is Your Life*, when Elvis Costello made a guest appearance?
a) Henry Cooper
b) Joe Loss
c) Glenn Miller
d) Paddington Bear
e) Syd Lawrence

37. Gary Numan's first band appeared on the 'Live At The Vortex' album. What were they called?
a) Mean Street
b) Spiders From Mars
c) Slaughter And The Dogs
d) Tubeway Army
e) Rikki And The Last Days Of Earth

Picture Quiz B: Legs and company. Three lovelies in leather, but who are the owners of the strides pictured.



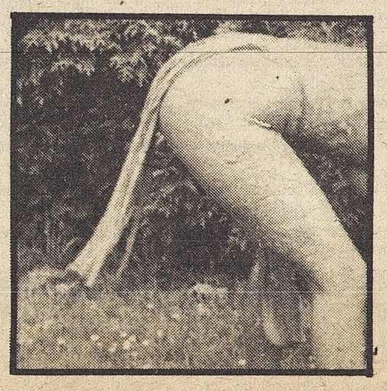
Pic A: a) Peter Perrett; b) Brian Connolly; c) Nick Kent.
Pic B: a) Chrissie Hynde; b) Lesley Woods; c) Dee-Dee Ramone
Pic C: a) Jimmy Pursey; b) Adam Ant; c) Pauline Murray.

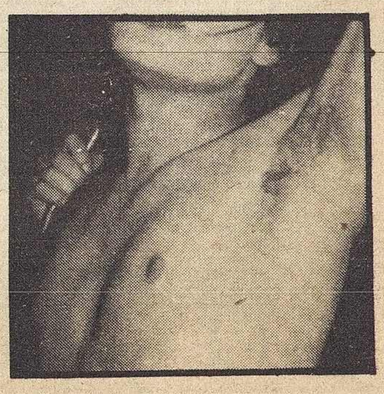
80 QUESTIONS FOR '80

NME QUIZ OF THE YEAR

Picture Quiz C; Vile Bodies question: identify the following pop people from the anatomical bits pictured.

All quiz answers on page 68





GENERATION GAME

38. Talking about Gary Numan, what was Ultravox's first name?

39. Which TV series did *Lou Grant's* Edward Asner once appear in?
a) *The Lucy Show*
b) *The Muppet Show*
c) *My Favourite Martian*
d) *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*
e) *The Dick Van Dyke Show*

40. Name the Mute maestro.
a) Tony Wilson
b) Bill Grundy
c) Geoff Travis
d) Frank Tovey
e) Daniel Miller

41. What was The Associates' first single?
a) 'The Affectionate Punch'
b) 'Life On Mars'
c) 'John, I'm Only Dancing'
d) 'Boys Keep Swinging'
e) 'Fantastic Voyage'

42. Who wrote *A Boy And His Dog?*
a) Gene Roddenbury
b) Harlan Ellison
c) J. G. Ballard
d) Ray Bradbury
e) Isaac Asimov

43. And who directed the movie, which David Bowie turned down.

44. Who did Steven Strange once roadie for?
a) Motorhead
b) Spandau Ballet
c) Generation X
d) Richard Strange
e) The Clash

45. The Ants' Marco Pirroni used to be:
a) An Italian waiter
b) A Banshee
c) A Steven Strange roadie
d) Inside forward for Juventus
e) A Rema Rema

46. The Skids' first single was:
a) 'Into The Valley'
b) 'Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic?'
c) 'Sweet Suburbia'
d) 'Charles'
e) 'Caledonia'

47. The Beat's 'Stand Down Margaret' was an adaptation of an old Prince Buster song. It was:
a) 'Al Capone'
b) 'Blue Is The Colour'
c) 'Whine And Grine'
d) 'One Step Beyond'
e) 'Maggie's Farm'

48. Stray Cat Brian Setzer used to be in which band?
a) The Bloodless Pharaohs
b) The Little Sphinxes
c) President Nasser And The Pyramids
d) Sam The Sham And The Pharaohs
e) Pharaoh Sanders

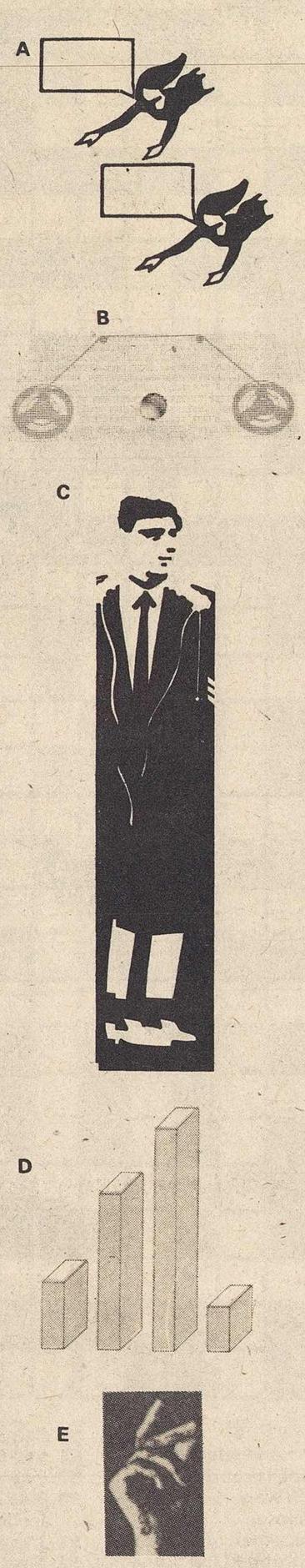
49. The freebie given away with the second Bad Manners album was:
a) The first Bad Manners album
b) Sachets of Grecian 2000 hair restorer
c) A pair of paper Y-fronts
d) An earring
e) A calorie counter's guidebook

50. Girls At Our Best! used to trade under a different moniker. It was:
a) The Red Admirals
b) The Butterflies
c) The Tiger Moths
d) The Mighty Moths
c) B Bumble And The Stingers

51. Which high street store is at the centre of The specials' anti-nuclear debate?
a) Tesco's
b) Woolworths'
c) Littlewood's
d) Virgin
e) C&A

52. All but one of the following bands have appearaed on a Sex Pistols bill. Who are the odd men out?
a) The Jam

Picture Quiz D: Identify the labels behind the pictured logos.



b) The Vibrators
c) The Dils
d) The Subterraneans
e) Eddie And The Hot Rods

53. Who were The Crucial Three?
a) Shirley Williams, William Rodgers and David Owen
b) Paul Weller, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler
c) Peter Hook, Steven Morris and Bernard Albrecht
d) Pete Wylie, Julian Cope and Ian McCulloch
e) Rag, Tag and Bobtail

54. Spurs' Argentinian midfielder Ossie Ardiles' favourite TV programme is:
a) *Match Of The Day*
b) *Dallas*
c) *Fawlty Towers*
d) *The Old Grey Whistle Test*
e) *Come Dancing*

55. Which of the following bands have never been managed by Bernie McRhodes?
a) The Specials
b) The Black Arabs
c) The Selecter
d) Johnny Britton
e) Subway Sect

56. Identify the labels behind the pictured logos.

56. Which magazine did Paul Weller disdainfully burn onstage at a Jam Marquee gig?
a) *Sniffin' Glue*
b) *NME*
c) *Newsweek*
d) *48 Thrills*
e) The *Beezer*

57. The Distractions' first single was released by which Mancunian independent?
a) Factory
b) TJM
c) Granada
d) Rabid
e) New Hormones

58. Who was the guest female vocalist on The Specials' 'I Just Can't Stand It'?
a) Rhoda Dakar
b) Rhoda Boat
c) Rhoda Fleming
d) Rhoda Morgenstern
e) Rattie Roadent

59. Feargal Sharkey's perfect cousin Kevin in an expert at which game?
a) Monopoly
b) Backgammon
c) Subbuteo
d) Ludo
e) Battle Of The Little Big Horn

60. Name the production team behind Diana Ross's 'Diana' album.
a) Jagger and Richards
b) Gamble and Huff
c) Holland, Dozier and Holland
d) Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich
e) Rodgers and Edwards

61. UB40's first single was about which King?
a) Charles II
b) King Kong
c) Elvis Presley
d) Martin Luther King
e) Queen's Park Rangers' Andy King

62. What did Dexy's Midnight Runners carry in their holdall bags?
a) The complete Stax collection
b) The complete 2-Tone collection
c) The complete works of Burroughs, Ballard, Wilde and O'Casey
d) A steam iron for stage gear
e) Spare woolly hats and donkey jackets
f) All of these
g) None of these

63. Midge Ure has played in all but one of these bands:
a) Thin Lizzy
b) Slik
c) TV 21
d) PVC 2
e) Visage

64. What was the title of A Certain Ratio's cassette package?
a) The Graveyard And The Ballroom
b) The Elephant's Graveyard
c) Gravest Hits
d) The Skelmersdale Tapes
e) Got Live If You Want It

65. Who said "I am not a violent person . . . I have never been involved in anything like that"?
a) Jock McDonald
b) John Lydon
c) Cliff Richard
d) Thomas Mensforth
e) Rocky Marciano

66. Ry Cooder dialled which Wilson Pickett number?
a) 439-8761
b) 634-5789
c) M For Murder
d) Private Number
e) 6060-842

67. Which NME writer featured anonymously on the flipside of Jah Wobble's 'Betrayal' single?
a) Harry George
b) Nick Kent
c) Angus McKinnon
d) Fred Dellar
e) Chrissie Hynde

68. (Dexy's Midnight Runners fans only). Write an essay in not less than 500 words on one of the following subjects:
a) The evils of the rock press
b) Dishonest hippies of our time
c) How I come to terms with being born too late
d) What I did on my holidays
e) Who is Geno Washington anyway?

69. Some Simple Minds used to be:
a) The Running Sores
b) The Dread Rissoles
c) Ed Banger And The Nosebleeds
d) Johnny And The Self Abusers
e) The Jolt

70. Next year's Akron will be:
a) Widnes
b) Cardiff
c) Akron
d) North Ealing
e) Dusseldorf

71. John Lydon's favourite football team is:
a) Arsenal
b) Fulham
c) Celtic
d) Sligo Rovers
e) John Lydon doesn't like football

72. The original version of 'Sock It To 'Em JB' was recorded by:
a) Ian Fleming
b) James Brown
c) Sean Connery
d) Rex Garvin
e) John Barry

73. Mick Jones' girlfriend is:
a) Siouxsie Sioux
b) Pat Benatar
c) Jane Mo-Dette
d) Grace Jones
e) Ellen Foley

74. Which three records did John Lydon return home with on his recent involuntary visit to Ireland?
a) The first three Clash albums
b) The last three 2-Tone singles
c) Three albums of Pope John's recent Irish tour
d) Three rare Val Doonican bootlegs
e) A triple-set of Irish folk music

75. Paul Weller's age is:
a) 14
b) 20
c) 21
d) 22
e) 23

Picture Quiz E: Name the Brum boy pictured before he saw the light.
a) Spizz
b) Pete Petrol
c) Trevor Francis
d) Kevin Rowland
c) Robin Campbell

Not already!?! It is! It's...

THE NEXT YEAR BOX...

Coming at you with the lowdown on the highlights. Yes, even as we speak, ruthlessly dedicated crack squads of hand-picked NME operatives are working flat out around the little bits of the clock in between licensed hours, with but a single object in mind — bringing you the very nearly legendary

NME NEW YEAR ISSUE

Available from December 31st. Buy it and salvage what's left of your credibility after the spectacle you made of yourself over Christmas.

And start 1981 in style, as you... THRILL to the infamous T-ZER AWARDS — the crowning accolade, not to mention final straw, in many a fine artist's career...

MARVEL to the SILVEREST SCREENS of 1980 — wherein we assess the year's cinematic triumphs, and preview what's coming next...

GASP at our QUOTES OF THE YEAR — who said what and probably wishes we weren't around to hear them say it... CATCH UP on the top Christmas gigs you missed while you were lying in a stupefied heap at home watching TV — full live reports.

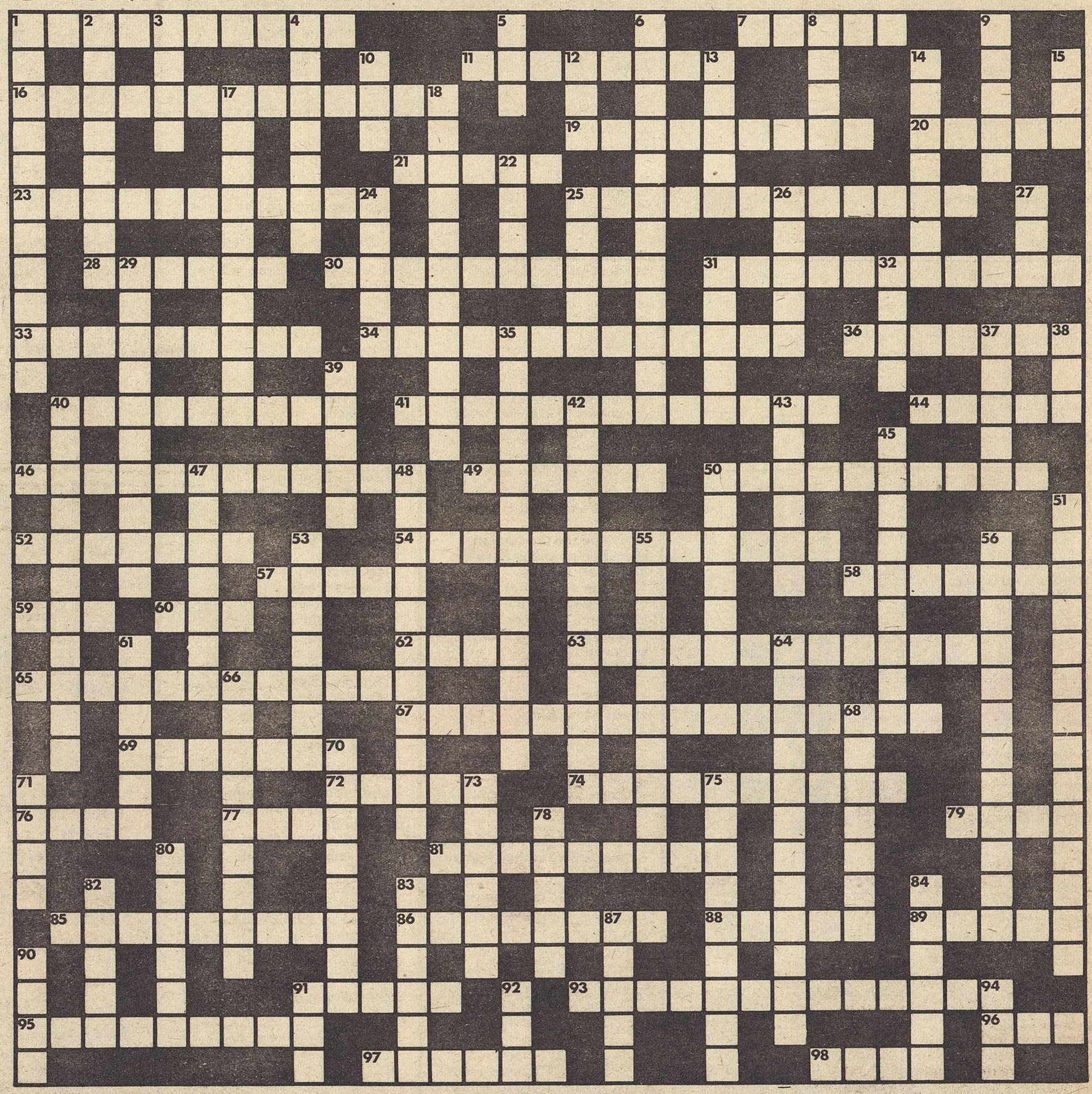
And features? Did somebody say FEATURES? Well, get a load of these...

STEVIE WINWOOD

JERMAINE JACKSON

Chris Bohn visits Berlin and wires us a few barbs on the new German pop, along with a load of dope from Dusseldorf. (Are you sure about this one? — Ed). Place an order now.

Ye Olde NME X-Mas X-Worde



ACROSS

1 Murderous bully boys of punk
7 **& 50 down** Eno replacement formerly with Curved Air
11 Trace SOS back to a veteran R&B combo.
16 Love's lost lice (anag. 2 words)
19 Antmusic's commercial breakthrough (3,3,3)
20 **& 13** String roar — wanna make something of it?
21 Latin kind of dance music
23 1980 movie starring Roy Scheider (3,4,4)
25 Feelgood-in-Chief (3,9)
28 **& 83** A surreptitious sort of carry on!?
30 Reggae band — or an indicator of the health of BSC? (5,5)
31 Mighty Mouth, the People's Punk (sic) (5,6)
33 Martha & the Muffin's hit (4,5)
34 The World's Richest Bore? (4,9)
36 See 12.
40 Preceded 7 across in Curved Air, left to grow head and form Wolf (6,3)
41 Things that go bump in Bowie's night? (5,8)
44 See 62 across.
46 40 in 80, happy birthday to him (5,7)
49 TV custodian?
50 Nick Lowe's mother-in-law (4,6)
52 The former Mrs Stevie Wonder.
54 John's 'orrid cab contains a poser! (7,6)
57 **& 53** Talking of posers, this one's a "Visage".
58 Birmingham musician who founded ELO (and has been in hiding ever since) (3,4)
59 See 82.
60 See 31 down.
62 **& 44** Long-running heavy rock combo.
63 Old Rod Stewart hit, the original was by Maxine Brown (2,2,3,2,4)
65 Done Eve's writ (anag. 2 words).
69 The Song Bowie wrote for Mott The Hoople (3,3,5,5).
68 Mars gone mad for Eno possibly?
72 See 79.
74 Smart upper rearrangement.
76 Not Enoch. . .
77 Type of music.
79 **& 72** Partner of Daryl Hall.
81 '60s singer who knew all about 'The Crying Game'.
85 See 22.
86 Motown veterans (4,4)
88 Wishbone Ash 'rock classic' (sic).
89 See 9.
91 Sounds like a good question for Bill!
93 Former Penetration asset (7,6).
95 The master of the dance (4,5).
96 Leo in a bad way!
97 **& 3** Wimp in exile.
98 See 25 down.

DOWN

1 Go on, get 1 down yer! (1980 hit) (7,4).
2 Left behind when Lil's over!
3 See 97.
4 Boomtown Rats chart-topper (3,4).
5 **& 39** Got taken for a sunbeam in 1980.
6 Leonard Rossiter creation (It's Christmas and it fits!) (6,6).
8 Are they in need of devolving?
9 **& 89** Colleague of 34 across.
10 See 27.
12 **& 36** A legend in his own coffin.
13 See 20.
14 Avant garde Yanks. . . gotta be good 'cos they've got a funny name (4,3).
15 See 73.
17 Among the year's biggest-selling albums (3,3,4).
18 Pride of Postcard Records (6,5).
22 **& 85** Squeeze 45 (4,3,6).
24 Texan heavy metal combo (1,1,3).
25 **& 98** Elkie Brooks hit.
26 HM pin-up.
27 **& 10** Country star who toured with The Clash.
29 Jam smash (4,6).
31 **& 60** 'Silly Games' singer.
32 **& 61** One half of vintage pop duo.
35 Manchester producer who's worked with Joy Division, John Cooper Clarke and others (6,7).
37 An Australian heavy metal practitioner?!
38 John Williams' rocking little combo.
39 See 5.
40 She changes the Lydon Patrol into something statuesque (5,6).
42 'Road Runner' band (6.6).
43 See 90.
45 PiL defector (3,5).
47 Specials smash (3,4).
48 They're in a bad way (4,7).
50 See 7.
51 See 71.
53 See 57.
55 **& 84** The Sage of Salford (4,6,6).
56 Producer who's worked with Bowie and Bolan (4,8).
61 See 32.
64 Utopia orchestrator (4,8).
66 The song of the festival of the movie of the lifestyle.
68 John Lee Hooker classic that charted during '60s UK R&B boom.
70 Police single (2,6).
71 **& 51** Torchbearers for the 1980's Mersey Beat (4,3,3,8).
73 **& 15** Veteran headbangers.
75 Chrissie Hynde favourite (3,6).
78 She's sort of a wager!
80 A wet in the Floyd?
82 **& 59** 1980 hit named after the plane which dropped the bomb on Hiroshima.
83 See 28.
84 See 55.
87 Instrument.
90 **& 43** Ziggy-period Bowie accompanist.
91 The group in question?
92 Music of 'The Prince'.
94 Answer to 1 down? Cheers. . .

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Same Old Scene'; 7 (Leonard) Cohen; 8 Piranhas; 9 'Lion Heart'; 11 Harry Nilsson; 13 Dennis (Wilson); 15 Chas (& Dave); 16 OGWT; 18 Unit Four (Plus Two); 19 Van Morrison; 21 Alice (Cooper); 22 Leonard (Cohen); 23 Eddie (Cochran); 19 Van Morrison; 29 (Unit Four) Plus (Two); 31 (Echo And) The Bunnymen; 34 Sun; 35 (Billy) Idol; 37 (Eddie) Cochran; 38 'Cuba'; 39 (Runaway) Boys'.

DOWN: 1 'Stop The Carnival'; 2 'Embarrassment'; 3 'Dreaming'; 4 Eagles; 5 Echo And (The Bunnymen); 6 Pete Wingfield; 10 (Unit Four Plus) Two; 12 'Satisfy My Soul'; 14 Southside Johnny; 17 'Runaway (Boys)'; 20 Red Noise; 24 (Dennis) Wilson; 25 (Brian) Epstein; 26 (Duane) Eddy; 28 (Jimi) Hendrix; 30 '(Sheet) Music'; 32 Nice; 33 Macon; 36 Leo (Sayer).

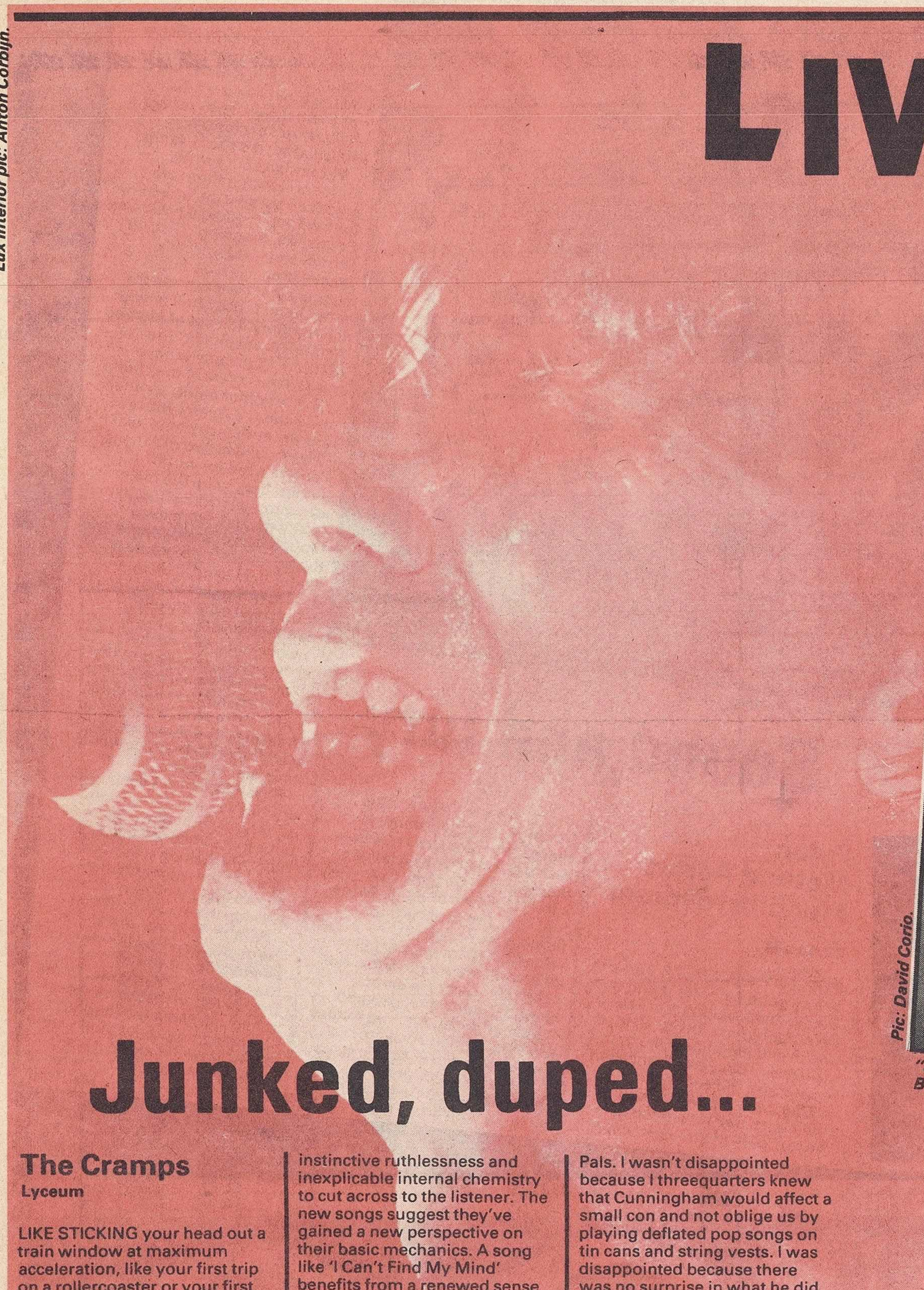
QUIZ ANSWERS

Scoring. Take one point for each correct answer or part of answer, unless otherwise stated, then check off your score against the NME chart. (Maximum 120) 0 — 20 What are you doing buying the paper? You obviously never have done before.

21 — 40 Still not good enough. Treat yourself to a bound volume of 1980 NMEs.
41 — 60 You're obviously reading the paper with one eye closed.
61 — 90 Mid table respectability — how boring.
91 — 120 Swot! You should get out more.
More than 120: You've either cheated, can't count — or you are God (see question 14) and are herby disqualified.

1) C. 2) A: Toots Hibert. B: Jospeh Hill. C: Barry Llewellyn, formerly Leroy Sibbles. D: Prince Lincoln Thompson. E— Roy Cousins. F: Winston Rodney. 3) Rudolph Hess. 4) B. 5) D. 6) D. 7) B. 8) Derrick Morgan: 'Blazing Fire'. 9) A: Friend. b: Underground. C: I Wanna Be. D: Cambodia. E: Winner. F: Blaster. 10) C. 11) C (two points) D (one point) None for sensible guesses. 12) A: Jah Wobble. B: Teardrop Explodes. C: Lori And The Chameleons. D: Carly Simon. E: Jaimo Thomas. 13) B. 14 A (five points — extra 250 if you can prove it). 15 G: The rest have worked with Phil Spector. 16) B. 17) B. 18) C. 19) 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down'. 20) A: David Bowie, John I'm Only Dancing. B: Peter Gabriel; Games Without Frontiers. C: Barbara Streisand; A Woman In Love. 21) D. 22) Sir Coxsone Hi-Fi. 23) A. 24) A: Winston Niney Holness. B: Lee Perry. C: Bunny Lee. D: Derrick Harriott. 25)A. 26 Mr. Pugh's Puppet Theatre. 27) A: Mishima. B: William Borroughs. C: Jerzy Andrezewski. 28) A: Manfred Mann. B: Ray Davies/The Kinks. C: Curtis Mayfield. D: Keith Emerson. 29) Legs. 30) Dollar. The rest have played in Kevin Coyne's bands. 31) D. 32) C. 33) Spizz 77, Spizz Oil, Spizzenergi. Athletico Spizz 80, Spizz Orwell. 34) Repitition. 35) C. Deduct one point if you chose U2, but take a bonus for Crawling Chaos. 36) B. 37) A. 38) Tiger Lily. 39) D. 40) E. 41) D. 42) B. 43) L.Q. Jones. 44) C. 45) B and E. A is optional. 46) D. 47) C. 48) A. 49 D. 50) B. 51) E— The song in question is called 'Man At C&A'. 52) D. 53) D: Wylie (Wah! Heat), Cope (Teardrop Explodes) and McCulloch (Echo And The Bunnymen) were once in a band of that name. 54)B. 55) C: All the others have been managed at some stage in their careers by Rhodes. 56) A. 57) B— The Distractions' debut 'You're Not Going Out Dressed Like That' was on TJM, although the follow-up, the better-known 'Time Goes By So Slow' was in fact on Factory. 58) A. 59) C: 60) E: Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards are, of course, better known as The Chic Organisation. 61) D. 62) D. 63)C. 64) A. 65) B: John Lydon was speaking in a Dublin court during his October trial on an assault charge. 66) B. 67 C. 68) No points, but essays to be sent to Kevin Rowland, c/o Melody Maker, 24-34 Meymott St, London SE1. 69) D. 70) C: Next year's Akron is — and always will be — Akron. You are instantly disqualified for trying to be too hip if you've put anything else. 71) A. 72) D. 73) E. 74) C. 75) D. PICTURE QUIZ: A: c. B: c, a, b. C: a) Gary Glitter's gut. b) Eugene Reynold's Superquiff. c) Iggy Pop's full moon. d) Patti Smith's mohair skin. e) Viv Albertine's thigh. f) Adam Ant's armpit. D; a) Zoo b) Step forward c) 2—Stroke d) Factory e) Stax. E: D.

LIVE!



Lux Interior pic: Anton Corbijn.

Junked, duped...

The Cramps
Lyceum

LIKE STICKING your head out a train window at maximum acceleration, like your first trip on a rollercoaster or your first taste of an illegal stimulant . . . The Cramps are foolish and direct, precious and simple. There's little room for rationale here, they delve deep, they deliver and they are there. Right *there,* no questions and no mistakes.

So where does that get them? — everywhere and nowhere, they're at the depths of Mid-West American swampland and they're at the heart of London town. The Cramps are a burst of pure exhilaration, a kinetic ectoplasm of excitement. More than anything The Cramps are about feel.

Try this: Lux Interior shivers, he trembles and he smashes his microphone off the floorboards. Then he begins to wind himself across the stage, his body contorting wildly, his pupils turned in towards his head and the microphone now pounding off his crotch and off his heart. Ocassionally, he'll bellow and holler into it, huge swooping and whooping attacks of sound, a crazed epileptic. Like a wounded tiger caged by meshes of ugly guitars and driven by a gruesone pulsating beat, he's possessed with some unthinkable obsession and at the same time he's obsessed with that possession. Of course, it's the perfect chemistry.

Tonight, it's a new Crampman guitarist Kid Congo's London debut and with him they've brought a barrelful of new songs and the Lord is still teaching them how to write songs from the groin that go for the jugular.

Mostly the new songs are slower but a good deal more potent than the songs on their debut album. I mean, give them a break, they've hardly even *started* yet. The Cramps would seem to have chosen an incredibly limited musical area in which to make their mark and up until now they've relied on instinctive ruthlessness and inexplicable internal chemistry to cut across to the listener. The new songs suggest they've gained a new perspective on their basic mechanics. A song like 'I Can't Find My Mind' benefits from a renewed sense of shape, the guitars share the workload instead of going for all out attack. It's deadly effective and ends up being more concentrated than older songs like 'I'm Cramped' and 'Drug Train'.

The Cramps aren't so much progressing as staying on a predetermined course they've plotted for themselves. When you see Lux Interior ruffle his hair like a peacock, stare the audience square in the eyeball and bawl, *"You wanna hear about the real punk, you wanna hear about the real junk. I'm the Garbage Man"* you'll realise that it's all they're really worried about, and it suits them just fine.

Gavin Martin

The Flying Lizards
Riverside

THIS IS meant to be a fraternal review of the amorphous Flying Lizards' first performance, but the less said about that the better. On second thoughts let me get it off my chest; too much pressure. This lackadaisical, charlatan production was an invalid doppleganger to Oldfield's bland formulations: it deserved and probably got a similar audience. Riverside regulars sat in rows to be released, through the 'investigation' and 'instigation' of the avant garde, into new worlds. They were taken to no such place but, of course, remained polite and patient, clutching their programmes, twitching amusedly at the odd daft bit that filtered through.

A few people popped in for some lop-sided pop. This *was* billed as The Flying Lizards, not David Cunningham And The Razor's Edge Of Stravinsky's Tongue, or D.C. with Peculiar Pals. I wasn't disappointed because I threequarters knew that Cunningham would affect a small con and not oblige us by playing deflated pop songs on tin cans and string vests. I was disappointed because there was no surprise in what he did do or how he did it — it would have been more of a shock if the live Lizards were just like the *TOTP* Lizards.

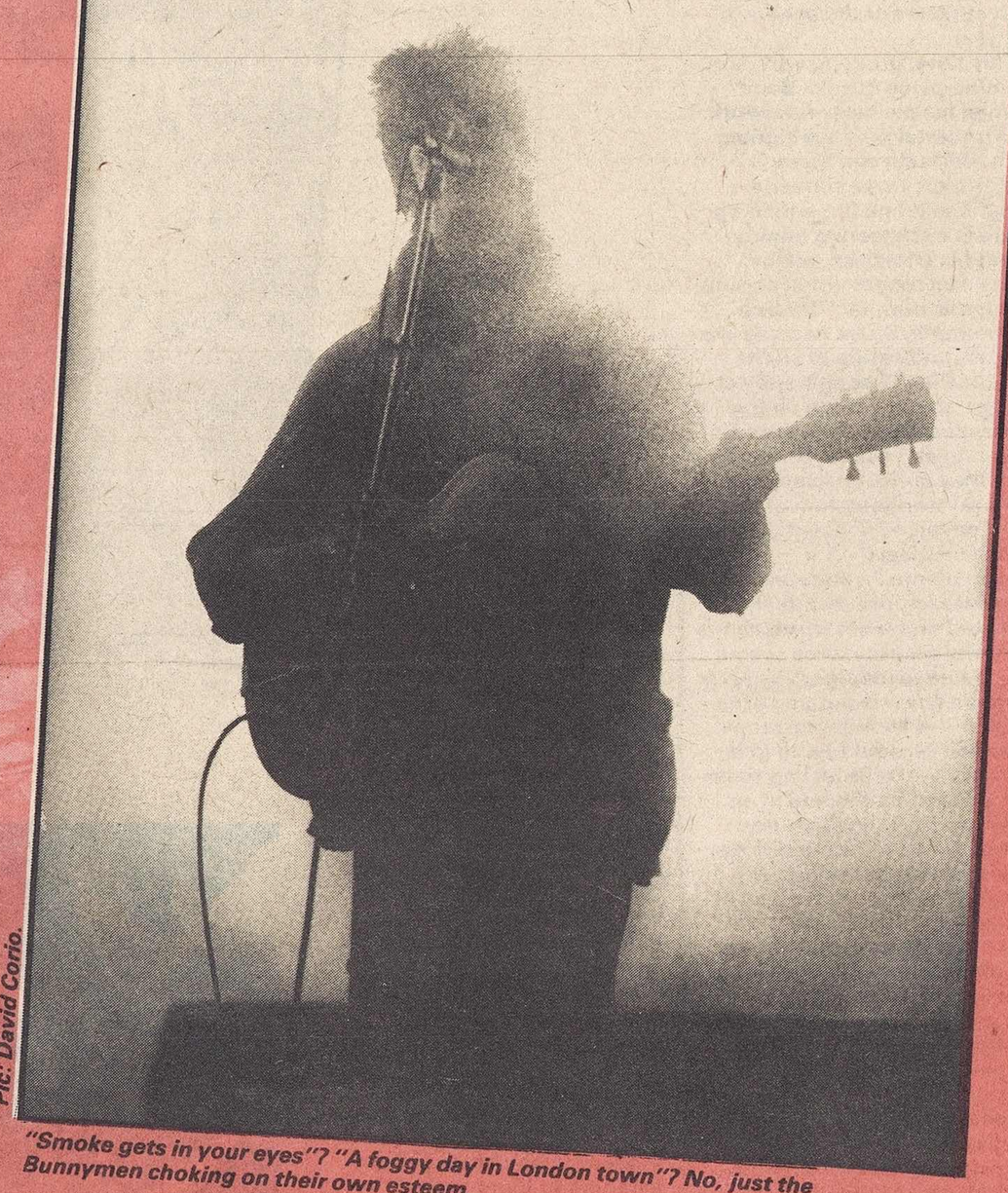
The pale Cunningham led this rigid combination of chamber instruments and a rock line-up — split down the middle on the stage by Michael Nyman with his keyboards and his baton — from a seated position stage right playing volute/tronic guitar and setting off effects with the detached contentment that Robert Fripp needlessly turned into an art.

The Flying Lizards extracts that were in the end dutifully incorporated into this cant concoction had an unelastic orthodoxy that obliterated the original loveable helplessness. Debbie Evans' withered, frigid non-vocals were replaced by the ascetic sleaziness of Patti Paladin but the live versions of 'Money' and 'Summertime Blues' were sluggishly unsensational, Palladin's temperamental N.Y. swagger and stagger adding only a sliver of incongruity, the strings slugging away doing nothing to slice the song up. There was no nonsense!

As a Flying Lizards show, it was mild deceit. Cunningham loved those old songs but garotted them with fine understanding irreverence. There was none of that spirit here. It was an example of an assumed new music: fading problems and ideas, wet, flat, inert. It would have been more entertaining if he'd stuck 'predictably' to chopping out sabotaged pop/art, and more admirable if he'd poured green paint over Michael Nyman's head and screamed until he was blue in the face. It wasn't even ironic.

Let's crumple up The Flying Lizards, toss them in the bin. Your time's up David. Don't hang on.

Paul Morley



Pic: David Corio.

"Smoke gets in your eyes"? "A foggy day in London town"? No, just the Bunnymen choking on their own esteem.

and jaded

Echo And The Bunnymen
Rainbow

THROUGH FAULTS of my own I missed The Sound and The Passions. I just had to. Three sapped rock groups on the trot in a theatre like The Rainbow is no fun. Waiting for groups at big rock gigs is like waiting for a train. Hanging around holding on to a plastic cup containing a diluted liquid, impatiently waiting for the familiar object to trundle along: stop: then disappear down those narrow tracks. Or not move at all.

Echo And The Bunnymen — for this show much more dry And square The than idiosyncratic Echo irregular Bunnymen — stationed themselves on stage amidst so much smoke I thought for a moment McCulloch's hair was on fire. It swirled around mercilessly and melodramatically, obviously at the direction of Bryan Forbes and Peter O'Toole. Dry ice is the technical term, and I'm told that buried inside such a profusion of artificial mist it's hard to breathe. Drummer Pete De Freitas was for the most part swamped out of sight by the relentless fog, but it didn't sound like he was suffocating: he just kept crashing on, oblivious to the world, oblivious to the exertions of the three fatigued guitarists stood yards in front of him, just plain oblivious. Thrash And The Bunnymen.

Ian McCulloch, his hair freshly washed and out of control, looking more like a Russian Cossack than our favourite pin-up (did you see that one inside the backpage of *The Face!),* unfortunately did sound like he was being suffocated. His singing sounded repentant, deeper, less slender and sad. So staid! All needle, trepidation, bouyancy, that important sense of insecurity, all the ambiguity and unpredictability, eroded by those mysterious diseases that affect most rock groups this far into their life. Neutral And The Bunnymen. Who, what, castrated the Bunnymen? Or are they simply snoozing? Somebody panic them.

Everything's turned out plain. Echo shouldn't be bothered about being powerful in the old fashioned sense of the word: they should break things up, leave things implied, switch moods, lacerate, aggravate, intoxicate. They try so hard to achieve this straightforward one mood intensity they just seize up. They have no urge to deface or disturb the basic rock line up noise. Why do they want to succumb to such a traditionalist state of mind? Echo have stopped turning corners. They're evolving into something unexceptional. Lame And The Bunnymen.

Maybe no-one can win in the Rainbow context. Maybe the Bunnymen are just tired and tight after a long tour. Maybe they're a bit fed up at the moment. They're probably a bit embarrassed surrounded by all that camouflage and smoke and ashamed that they're still stuck in those khaki army bags and jackets now that it's all been diluted to taste by Miss Selfridges. (Is Genesis P Orridge receiving royalties?)

But that the Bunnymen have seemingly sacrificed the unstable pioneering spirit that propelled them to our attention is ominous. This is not nostalgia for a romantic, restive drummerless Bunnymen (less thrash more class), more a deep disappointment that they haven't moved from there in an electric, radically ravishing way. Another rock group! Echo And The Bunnymen have grown up all cautious and inhibited. They should go away and come back another way.

Paul Morley

Burning Spear

Rainbow

IT WAS almost exactly three years since Winston Rodney, the man they call Burning Spear, had played his first ever performance at the Rainbow. Then, with a hastily rehearsed Aswad providing the backing, the singer from St Anne's delivered one of the shows of the year.

This time, bringing with him the nine-piece Burnin' Band formed for the hefty roadwork he's undertaken since signing with EMI last year, Spear's performance was similarly magnificent and life-enriching. There is a staggering beauty about his effortless, grainy, fluid vocal range: when he sang his classic number 'The Sun', for example, Spear became like the personification of all the life-force in the song's subject matter, shining down on the audience from the stage and warming and soothing them until they almost became the physical manifestation of the often devalued concept of One Love, One Heart.

Even before I'd endured the unnecessary, provocatively paranoid nonsense in which the Rainbow security force seems to feel free to indulge whenever a reggae show is put on at the theatre — it took some people up to half an hour just to gain entrance! — I was feeling tense and uptight. By the end of an awe-inspiring sixty minutes plus of mantra-like music from Spear and his musicians, my body felt as loose and my spirit as calm as if I'd just spent an afternoon floating in a tropical sea off a deserted beach. They should give away Burning Spear records on the National Health — Valium would become redundant within a year!

Spear is an exponent of a total, pure music, in which the entire heritage of the sounds from North America that have pumped into Jamaica since radio and records began have been absorbed and re-processed via a reggae understanding. His impassioned chants of near-scat singing hark back as much to jazz and gospel and James Brown as to any tradition of JA vocalising: for Spear follows from hardly anyone at all, but is himself creating and widening genres.

With the elegiacally soulful three-piece horn section, led by his long-time ally trumpeter Bobby Ellis, underpinning or elevating his voice, Spear's encore-less set embraced the audience with fraternal affection through thirteen of his finest songs — like the almost pastoral 'Travellin', the innovative 'Institutions', the impassioned 'Slavery Days', the devotional 'Old Marcus'.

Burning Spear's music is frankly spiritual. And if that makes anyone back off from listening to him then that's just their loss. For Spear is one of the greatest we've got.

Chris Salewicz

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pylon? Well, it's better than Absalom, Absalom innit?

Sound and fury

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pylon
Method Actors
Medium Medium

Dingwalls

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9 wasn't a very good night for going out on the town. I didn't feel like celebrating rock 'n' roll all that much and judging by the empty caverns in Dingwalls dancehall noone else did either.

Still, Medium Medium did their best. Self-described as being "extreme dance music" and "further than funk" this Nottingham group want to escape the traditional response but I'd question the distance they travel to do that. They play a free-blown dubbed-up white funk and, like most groups tackling the edges of that animal, they frequently fail to deliver the message below the head. Some people stood around in knots and gawped.

Second-billed Method Actors turned attention away from a four-piece band with one visual to a duo with sharper focus. Drummer David Gamble and guitarist Vic Varney are an odd couple — one of them looking like the kind of person who designs buildings for a living and the other like the type who rips them down. Their music is similarly full of cerebral muscularity; it's pretty funny.

Varney isn't sure at the moment whether their two piece can survive the ordeal by funk without adding a bassman. Songs like 'Bleeding', 'Round World' and the physically devastating 'No Condition' suggest that they can. On the other hand those familiar with the rhythm and beat of Method Actors' recent single 'The Method' might easily have missed the layers of the studio.

Still, another night, another place and the Actors will really take the audience out of itself.

Pylon, phase two of Athens, Georgia's bid for world domination, were the main attraction and wild enough to justify the top notch even though lack of atmosphere and the private focus of some of singer Vanessa Ellison's gyrations tended to distance the front stage crowd from participation.

Once one got over her idiosyncratic versions of the pogo and the mashed potato the Pylon humour took hold, nothing like as straight cut and conceptually serious as a close scanning of their lyrics would have one believe.

Bassist Michael Lachowski, drummer Curtis Crowe and guitarist Randy Bewley kicked out a mix of phased ferocity from which there was scant relief. At the moment, the cliches that Pylon exploit and explode in songs like 'Recent Title' and 'Volume' are lost in the sustained reverberations of all-enveloping sound, a massive dose of rhythm. Some people found that monotonous, others agreed it was hypnotic.

And some people didn't care either way. I'm afraid it was eventually that kind of night.

Max Bell

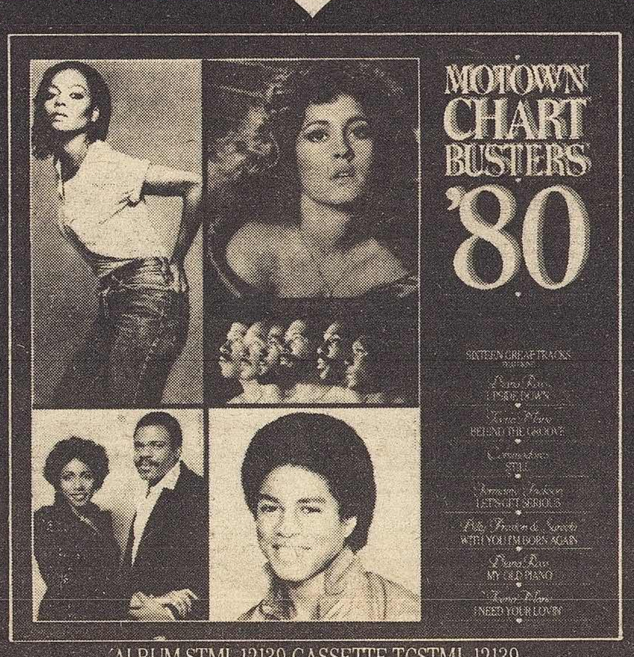
MOTOWN CHART BUSTERS '80

SIXTEEN GREAT TRACKS
FEATURING

Diana Ross
UPSIDE DOWN

Teena Marie
BEHIND THE GROOVE

Commodores
STILL



Jermaine Jackson
LET'S GET SERIOUS

Billy Preston & Syreeta
WITH YOU I'M BORN AGAIN

Diana Ross
MY OLD PIANO

Teena Marie
I NEED YOUR LOVIN'

ALBUM STML 12139 CASSETTE TCSTML 12139

£3.25

Living Legends

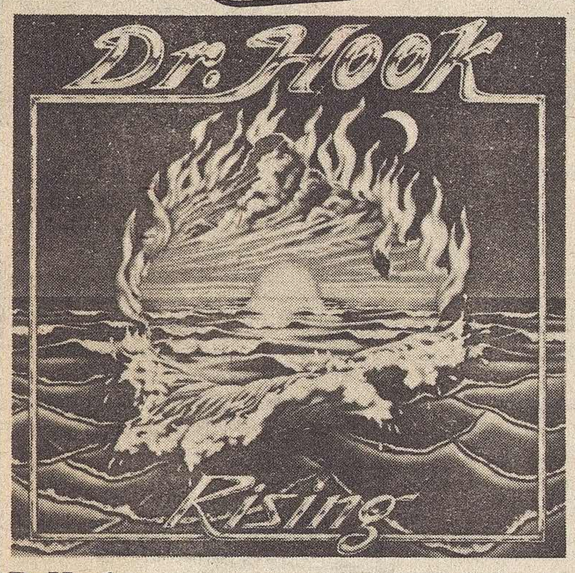
£4.49

Dire Straits
Making Movies

Thin Lizzy
Chinatown

Status Quo
Just Supposin

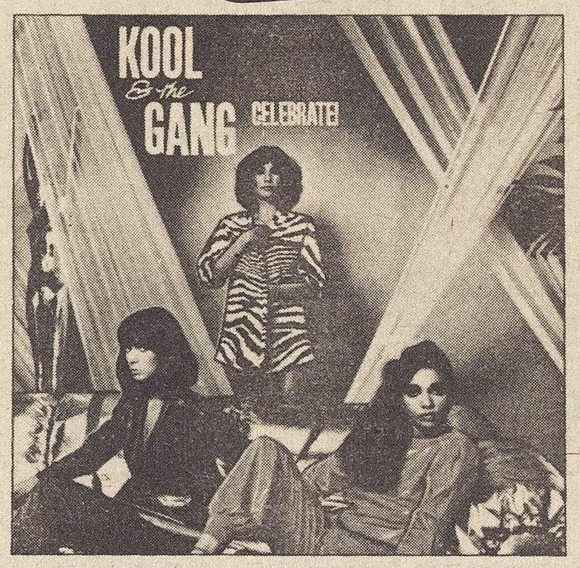
£4.75



Dr Hook
Rising

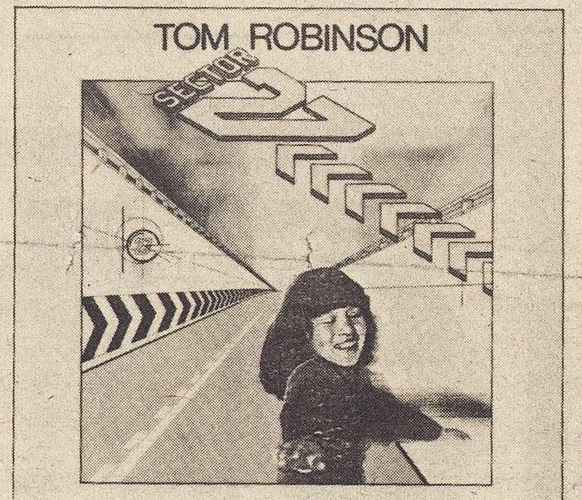
Rush
Permanent Waves

£4.99



Kool & The Gang
Celebrate

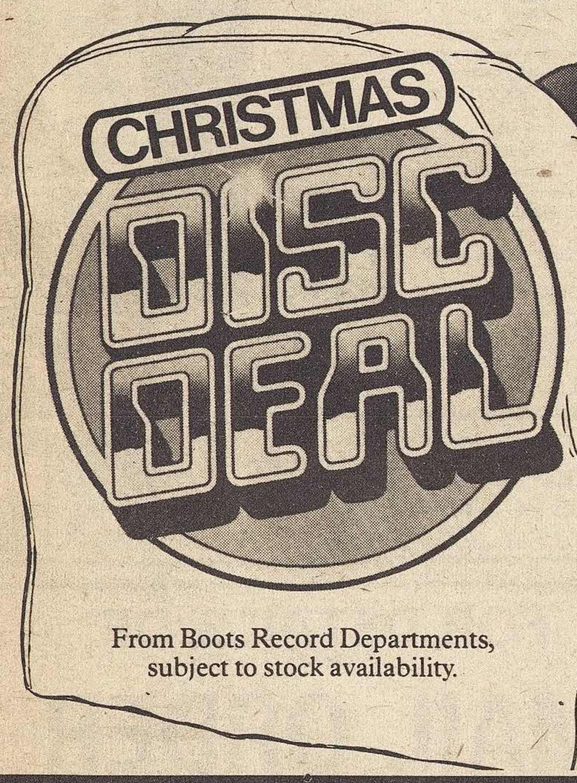
Black Sabbath
Heaven & Hell



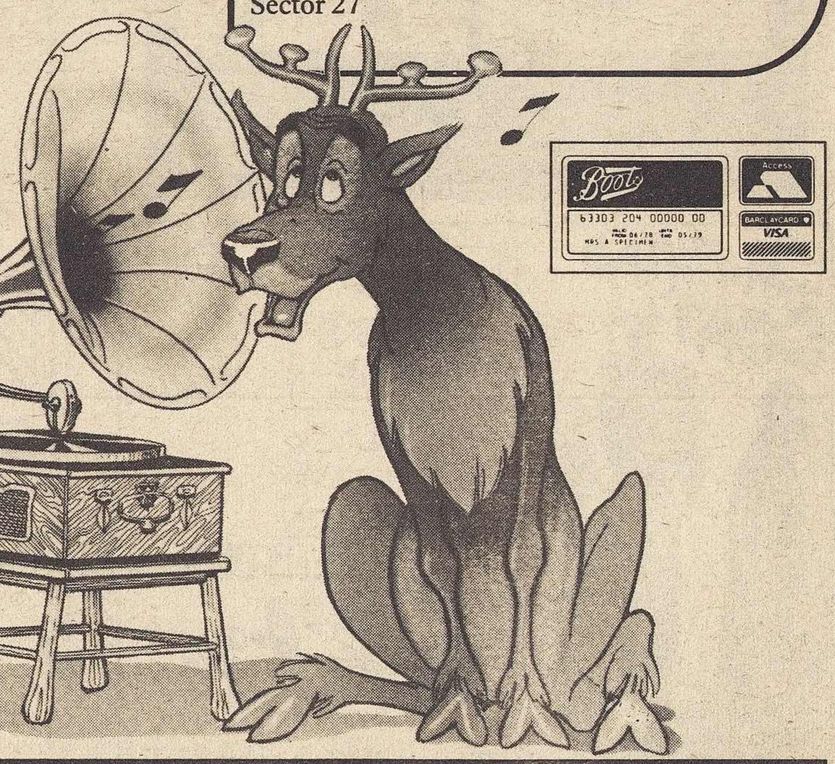
Sector 27
Sector 27

The Heavy Boots Rock'n Disco Show.

Kool and the Gang, Dr Hook, Rush, Lizzy and Quo. Sound selection, great gifts. There's something to make everyone's Christmas in the Heavy Boots Rock'n Disco Show.



From Boots Record Departments, subject to stock availability.



Boots

Christmas with the Special Touch

The Liverpool Echo Tuesday December 9 1980

RHODA SPORTS
FAMOUS FASHION & BRIDAL SALE
STARTS THURSDAY 11th DEC. AT 10.00 A.M.
IN OUR FAMOUS SALE EVERY GARMENT IS REDUCED.
MANY HALF PRICE & LESS
See Wednesday's Echo for itemised details
RHODA SPORTS, 42-46 BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL 1.

Liverpool Echo

No. 31,521 TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1980 10p

NEWS FROM Binns TOY DEPARTMENT
SUPER INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER FROM PETITE.
Usually £16.95. Now for only £13.25

ECHO NEWSROUND

Committee backs bus row

Merseyside Transport Committee has backed officials in the row threatening the area's bus services.

All services in Liverpool were off the road on Saturday in a lightning strike and meetings have been taking place with the unions since then. A further meeting is planned for tomorrow.

Today, the committee backed management over the so-called "scram" information system, which, it said, was essential if services were to be made more efficient. Unions have asked for the system to be dropped, but councillors say this is not on.

Heavier loads

Forty-four ton juggernauts could soon appear on Britain's roads if a report out today is approved by the Government. The move to a 44-ton limit for lorries with six axles from the present 32.5 ton maximum was recommended today when the Armitage Inquiry published its report into lorries, people and the environment.

Four hurt

Three policemen and a woman civilian were injured in a shooting in Strabane, Co. Tyrone, today in what appeared to be a carefully laid ambush by several gunmen.

Wobbly Mary

Mrs. Mary Whitehouse, general secretary of the National Viewers and Listeners' Association was almost at a loss for words today when she received her C.B.E. from the Queen at a Buckingham Palace investiture. She said afterwards: "I was so nervous. I was so wobbly at the knees. In fact, I did a very wobbly curtsy."

Coal prices up

The National Coal Board will raise household coal and coke prices by about 8 per cent on January 12 — the fourth increase in 12 months, but plans to reintroduce a "cut-price" scheme for next summer.

Talks begin

Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev opened formal talks in New Delhi with Indian Prime Minister Indira Ghandi today, and was likely to be closely questioned on Soviet intentions in Afghanistan.

WEATHER

Merseyside: Light showers. Mild, temperatures up to 9C. Mlystery, S.W. winds gale force in places. Outlook dry, mild, clouds, bright intervals. Liverpool Bay: Winds SW, force 7-8, occasionally gale-8. Scattered showers, visibility moderate to good, sea rough. High Water: 12.00, 9.1 metres. To-morrow: 00.25, 8.8 metres; 12.44, 9.1 metres. Lightning-up: 16.35 to 07.45. Noon Merseyside temperature: 7.8C (46.0F). Yesterday: 3.7C (38.7F).

TAILPIECE

CELLO-TAPED ... A prisoner's Houdini act landed him in a cell for day. He jammed open an

Crazed gunman charged

RUSH
NEW YORK, MONDAY — FORMER BEATLE JOHN LENNON WAS SHOT AND KILLED TONIGHT AT HIS HOME IN NEW YORK CITY, POLICE SAID.
REUTER 0455

● How the news was broken to the world.

JOHN LENNON SHOT DEAD

Following the tragic shooting of John Lennon, the Liverpool Echo has been inundated with worldwide requests for copies of the newspaper carrying the story of his death.

The Echo is Liverpool's own evening newspaper, and ours was one of the earliest and fullest reports published.

Copies of the paper for Tuesday, December 9th — and those containing our three-day special series, "The Magic of John Lennon" — are available for mailing throughout the U.K. and abroad, at the following costs (inclusive of post-age and packing):

LIVERPOOL ECHO, Tuesday December 9th: U.K. **30p** per copy; airmail abroad, **50p** per copy.
LIVERPOOL ECHO, four copies, Tuesday December 9th to Friday December 12th: U.K. **£1.00** per set; airmail abroad **£2.00** per set.

Write to: **The Liverpool Echo Subscription Department, P.O. Box 48, Old Hall Street, Liverpool L69 3EB. (Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the Liverpool Daily Post and Echo Ltd, and crossed "Account Payee").**

Hazel O'Connor and Megahype

Dominion Theatre

IT'S THE ghost of David Bowie again and it's not a pretty sight. The Ziggy process of elevation from pop media icon to star of silver screen has been reversed with amazing speed and opportunism. That Hazel O'Connor can now stand, a small and unprepossessing figure, onstage at London's Dominion theatre is perhaps the most disgusting symbol of post-punk faddism imaginable. It also proves that grey matter and rock fans don't mix too well these days.

Hazel O'Connor and Megahype (another one of those 'gosh aren't we upfront with our exploitation these days' sort of names) shouldn't be here. Their ascendancy to star status is the result of the most cynical and manipulative marketing in living memory. *Breaking Glass* is their meal ticket and we're treated to that shoddy epic's brand of *Play School* modern adventure. This is the tour of the film.

I arrived to find the performance two songs old and Hazel introducing a song called 'It Ain't funny'. She goes to great pains to stress that it's a song about nuclear war. Along with other pseudo-apocalyptic pieces like 'Eighth Day', 'Writing On The Wall' and 'Who Needs It', this is where the hard sell is taking place. The bait the audience bite is that they're all aware, rebellious nuclear age babies in a terror struck landscape: the fire, brimstone and skulls and crossbones of heavy metal being a bit au fait for the young bondage clad careerist about town, I expect.

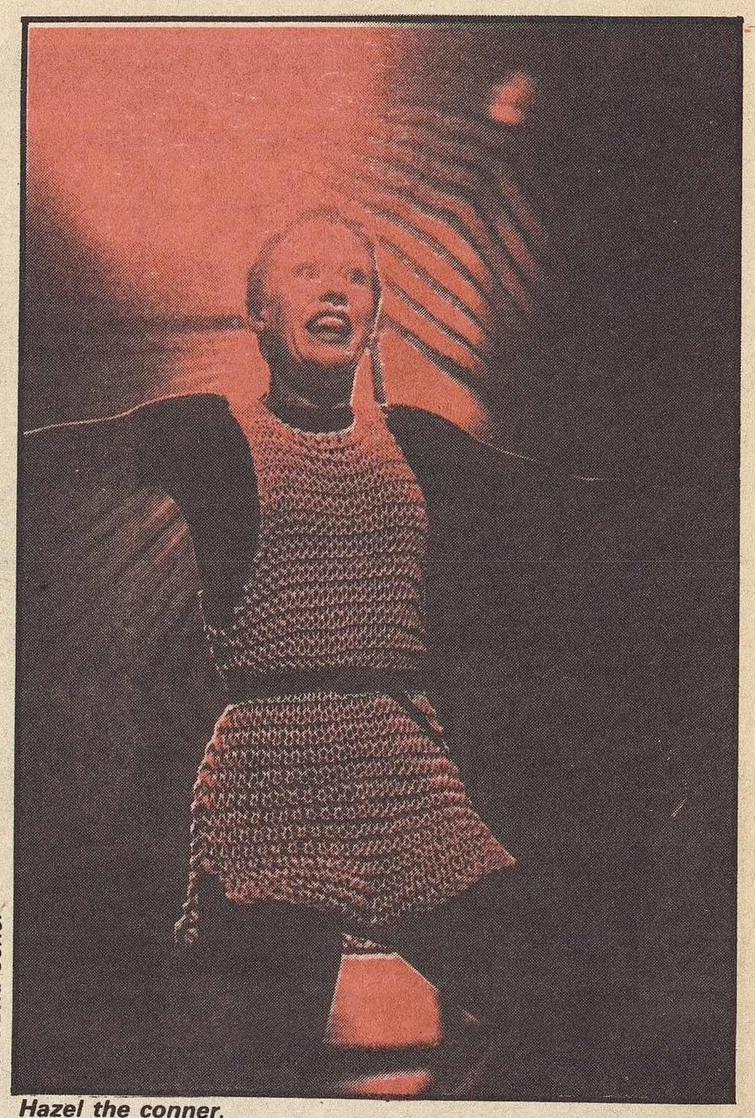
The audience swallow it all, and are roused for a pantomime chorus of 'Who Needs It' for the show's finale. The audience is split into three sections and cheer leaders are brought onstage to create that competitive spirit. The result sounded like an advert for baked beans. Perhaps this was meant to be the pisstake at the end of one long wind-up. If so I fail to see either the joke, or the point of the preceeding spectacle.

The lady at the centre of it all isn't outwardly offensive, in fact she has the endearing quality of a trouper with a heart of gold though the head seems to be a bit on the wooden side. Once an actress, always an actress: Hazel never seems as if she's singing a song for real. Like those other trumped up punk icons — Jake Burns and Adam Ant — she wants to sound vicious without actually offending anyone. Another conveyor belt rebel without any claws. A sop. A fake.

The vocals are wildly overstated rants of brassy histrionics and they're matched with the orchestrated complacency of a group well tutored in Bowie/Numan hackwork. The sound is very clean, very safe and neutered — a tidy package. Within it we find the more fragile and naive gestures of the past three years glorified and glamourised. That it should be thrown to the gullible post-punk adolescent consumer as something subversive is despicable though a thoroughly typical example of the Johnny-come-lately-with-a-fat-wallet face of record industry capitalism.

Sometimes I think of all the things rock 'n'roll can be — the feelings it can embody and the true worth of the influence of the musics which Hazel O'Connor and Megahype so recklessly plunder — and I wonder how it could come to something as superficial as this.

Gavin Martin



Pic: David Corio.

Hazel the conner.

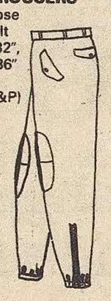
FAB-GEAR
42 CALL LANE LEEDS

A S M L BLACK SHIRT WITH A BLUE TARTAN OR PLAIN WHITE OR PLAIN RED REVERSIBLE FLAP ON THE FRONT COSTS £9.99 · P&P AND A PAIR OF MULTI PLEATED VERY BAGGY TROUSERS IN BLACK WHITE RED OR ROYAL BLUE IN 26 34 WAIST COST £12.99 · 50p P&P SO SEND FULL DETAILS ESPECIALLY SIZE AND YOUR ADDRESS WITH A CHEQUE OR CROSSED P.O. PAYABLE TO FAB GEAR OR GET THE NEWEST OF THE NEW M/O SHEET BY SENDING AN S.A.E. OR VISIT X CLOTHES SAME ADDRESS AND BEWARE OF EXPENSIVE IMITATIONS XXX XTRA SPECIAL XMAS HOURS XXX OPEN ALL DAY WEDS 31ST DEC BUT CLOSED XMAS DAY · BOXING DAY · NEW YEARS DAY BUT ALL OTHER DAYS NORMAL HOURS XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

BAXBY FASHION HOUSE

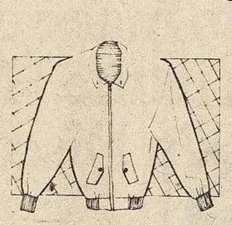
ARMY JACKET
With quilted lining in blue, or army green. XS, S, M, L, XL, **£9.50** + 75p (P&P).

ARMY TROUSERS
Worn Loose with a belt S-30" to 32", M-34", L-36" **£4.95** + 60p (P&P)

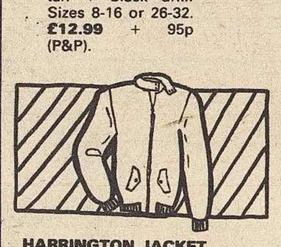


ARMY JACKET
S, M, L, XL. Cheapest in the country **£5.95** + 60p (P&P).

BONDAGE
Lots of detail, in tartan + black drill. Sizes 8-16 or 26-32. **£12.99** + 95p (P&P).



ORIGINAL BEN SHERMAN SHIRTS. Long sleeve — white, cream or light blue. Short sleeve — light blue, white, black, navy, cream or red, blue or black check. Sizes 14", 16". **£8.99** + 45p (P&P).



HARRINGTON JACKET
Black, Navy, Cream or Red. S, M, L, XL, **£7.95** + 75p (P&P).

STA PRESS
Navy, black, ice blue, cream, white. With back pockets. Sizes 24"-32" with up to 32" leg. **£7.99** + 70p (P&P)

CROMBIE
In Melton Black. Red lining and red handkerchief. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. **£25** inc P&P.

Come in person. Cheques, P.Os. to Baxby Fashion House, 227 Portobello Rd., W11. Immediate delivery P.Os. Cheques 8 days.

PRIESTLEY'S T-SHIRTS

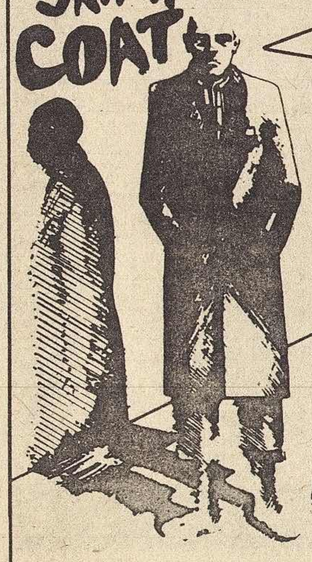
TOP-QUALITY SILKSCREENED T-SHIRTS AND SWEATSHIRTS

ADAM ANT
DAMNED
BAUHAUS
CRASS
ECHO
CRAMPS
DEAD KENNEDYS
JOY DIVISION
BOWIE
CLASSIX
WASTED YOUTH
CLASH
PIL
SECTOR 27
GANG OF FOUR
EXPLOITED
STRAY CATS
U2
VELVET UNDERGROUND
+ MANY MANY MORE
AMAZING DESIGNS

S.M.L. Adult T-Shirts	£4.00
S.M.L. Adult Sweatshirts	£7.50
26-28, 30-32 Kids T-Shirts	£3.00

● WHOLESALE PRICES ON REQUEST ●
UK Customers send no postage!!!!
Non-UK orders — Add 50p postage
Cheques or postal orders in UK currency only to
PRIESTLEY'S T-SHIRTS
36 BOOTHAM, YORK
Tel: 0904-23114

SKINHEAD COAT



GOOD COATS THESE

BLACK or NAVY MELTON OVERCOATS

£27.50 INC. P.&P.

RED LINING & PARROT

SIZES 32"-42"

CHEQUES - P.O.s - TO:- THE ALIEN

20, CORPORATION ST., BOLTON LANCS.

ALLOW 10 DAYS DELIVERY - ENGLISH MADE

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED

G.F.C. Drapes & Drainpipes TEDS Special Offer

FREE One pair of black drainpipes with every drape jacket ordered. Do not forget to state waist size when ordering jacket.

DRAPE JACKETS in Polyester Viscose Gaberdine with one top and two flap pockets. Long roll collar single button. Black velvet on cuffs, collar and pockets, 32"-42" chest. Colours red, black or royal blue. Only £28.95 including P&P.

BLACK DRAINPIPES in Gaberdine Polyester Viscose with 14" bottoms, 28"-38" waist. Leg lengths 29" or 31" authentic drop loops. Only £6.95 including P&P or two pairs for £12.95. Please allow 21 days for delivery. All prices quoted include P&P. Money back guarantee if clothes unworn, unwashed and returned within 7 days.

Send your cheques, POs to:
The General Franchise Co Ltd, Dept XI, 22 Park Grove, Edgware, Middlesex HA9 7SJ.

FOR DETAILS OF
MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING
RING
01-261 6172

Published by IPC Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia), South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationary and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

gemini

For all enquiries and quick delivery telephone orders to 0270 214736

NEW Latest Fashion

Double Breasted Shirts. Polyester/Cotton. Red, White, Black, Royal Blue. Sizes 32" to 42"

£12.95
incl. postage

Make cheques/postal order payable to: Gemini Mail Order (NME) and send to,

Gemini,
102 Victoria St,
Crewe, Cheshire

When ordering goods, please write your name and address clearly and be sure to state size's, colour's, etc. Your co-operation will help get the goods back to you quickly

BARCLAYCARD VISA

Access and Barclaycard welcomed just telephone your card number

Money back guarantee if returned within 7 days

FANTASTIC NEW STYLES...

LOWEST PRICES... IN CARNABY STREET

UNISEX BOILER SUIT
In White with Black piping, Black with White piping, Elasticated waist, seamed pockets piping along side seams and front lapel cotton or satin sizes: S,M,L **£16.99**

SKIRTS
Knee length, colours: black & white, Prince of Wales check, tartan & plain colours. Sizes 8,10, 12, 14. **£6.99**

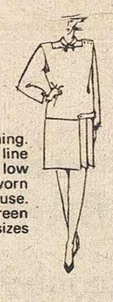
MOD TROUSERS
15" Bottoms angled side pockets with one hip pocket, 1½" loops and waistband colours: Black, Brown, Beige and Grey. All Sizes **£10.99.**

STA-PRESS TROUSERS
In Beige and Prince of Wales check sizes: 28" to 34" **£11.99**

BOWIE SUIT
In Black, White, Red, Grey, Brown, Navy, Light Blue, 8 Pleated Trousers suit **£39.95.** Trousers can be ordered separately in same colours as suit 8, 16, 20 or 24 Pleats all at **£15.95** each. *Please State number of pleats required when ordering.*

1930 BAGS
100% washable polyester (Boating Trousers) Two pleats each side, seamed pockets, semi baggy on thighs, 1½" turn-ups with 16" bottoms in White, Light Blue, Red, Black, Grey, sizes: 26" to 36" (waist) **£11.99**

HARRINGTONS
Black, Blue, beige, and Red. sizes: XS,S,M,L,XL. **£9.50.**



PINAFORE DRESS
With shoulder button opening. Style features low waist line on to knife pleated skirt, low armhole so dress dan be worn with low armhole blouse. Dress in all colours and Green or Red Tartan in all sizes **£12.99.**

UNISEX COWBOY BAGGY JEANS
Colours: Blue, with Red, Gold or White piping, Plain Blue sizes: 26" to 32" **£12.99**

PEDAL PUSHERS In cotton or satin all colours available sizes: 8 to 16 **£10.50.**

MADE TO MEASURE ANY STYLE, ANY SIZE, CALL IN!

Please State Waist and Inside Leg Measurements and Second Choice Money Back if Unsuitable. Cheques and P.Os To:–

ROY'S FASHIONS 1st Floor, 45 Carnaby Street, London W1

Real Leather Bike Jackets

ONLY **£45.50**

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER

These jackets are in black leather, with zip cuffs, five zipper pockets, wrapover front and quilt lined for extra warmth in sizes 34" to 44" chest for **£45.50** post free.
Same jacket with fringes across back and down the sleeves for **£49.50** post free.

Send cheques or postal orders to:
D. & G. Leatherwear
Unit 3, Recovery house
Sheffield Rd.
Barnsley

ONE STEP BEYOND!

THE JAM SHOE

Black Suede + White
Red Suede + White
Blue Suede + White
Purple Suede + White
Lilac Suede + White
Grey Suede + Grey
White Leather + Black
and "Union Jacks" Red + Blue Suede + White

SIZES 4–11

£15.99 + £1 P&P

CHELSEA BOOTS £17.99 + £1 P&P

SIZES 3–11 LOW HEELS PLAIN FRONT
or CUBAN HEELS SEAMED FRONT

SIZES 6–11

in: Black Suede
Burgundy Suede
Brown Suede
Grey Suede
Bright Green Suede
Electric Blue Suede
Black Leather
White Leather
Please state which style when ordering

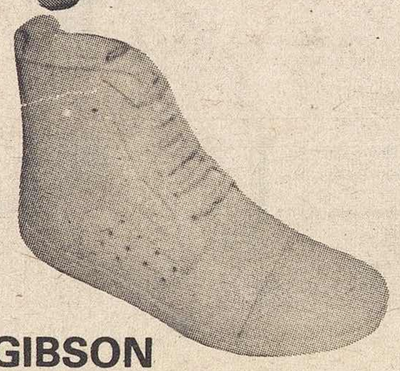
LADIES CHELSEA BOOTS

£19.99 + £1 P&P

in Black Leather
White Leather
Red Leather
Burgundy Leather
Black Suede
Beige Suede
SIZES 3–7

LEATHER BASEBALL BOOTS

£11.99 + £1 P&P
in: White or Navy Blue
SIZES 4–11



SUEDE GIBSON

LACE UP OR CASUAL STYLE

£15.99 + £1 P&P

Black Suede
Blue Suede
Burgundy Suede

SIZES 6–11

PLAIN SUEDE OXFORD

Black Suede SIZES
Blue Suede 4–11
Burgundy Suede

£15.99 + £1 P&P

Cheques/P.O. to:

Shelly's Shoes

Cheques P/O to:
Send to: **SHELLY'S SHOES, 146 KINGS ROAD, LONDON S.W.3**

All styles and Others Available at Other Branches:
21 FOUBERTS PLACE (Carnaby Street), W.1.
113 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
10 CHURCH STREET, KENSINGTON.
89 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, HOLLOWAY.
KING STREET, HAMMERSMITH.
HIGH ROAD, KILBURN AND HIGH STREET, DEPTFORD.

LADY OF PARIS CAPTURED

FREE STOCKINGS OFFER

An incredible body stocking in black, white or skintone fishnet with cut-away effect and semi-translucent at only £7.99 (Post free). Return ad with order for **FREE** stockings **FREE** Catalogue and £5 voucher.

CAPTURED £7.99

NEW! Colour Catalogue
£1 (refundable) + FREE Stockings

LADY OF PARIS
(Dept. 220B) FREEPOST (affix no stamp)
67 Smallbrook, Queensway, Birmingham B5 4BR.
Trade enquiries welcome Credit cards accepted

SWEATSHIRTS

Plain (unprinted) unbeatable quality American Sweats
Full-colour range Sizes - S.M.L
Easy-care Non-Shrink Machine Washable

£6.00 + 25p P.P.

Cheques P.O.s to

PRIESTLEY'S T-SHIRTS
36, BOOTHAM YORK TEL 0904-23114

JOHN LENNON

9th October 1940
to
8th December 1980
Memorial tie.

Slim black tie with white print. A lasting tribute to a great man. **£1.50** post free.

Send cheques to:

APOLLO,
Basement Studio,
33 Norton Road,
Hove, Sussex

FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVTG.

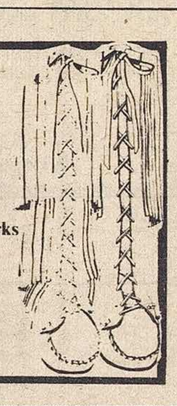
PHONE CHRIS ON 01-261-6172

'Kansa' Fringed Moccasin Boots

£18.50 + £1 (P&P)

Choose from one long top fringe or three freaky layers–made to your own measurements.
In TAN SUEDE LEATHER, or distinctive coloured leather–quoted on request.
Thick rubber soles, criss-cross lacing up front. Send s.a.e. for further details to **Dept. BN COUNTRY FEET, Armroyd Lane, Elsecar, Barnsley, Yorks**

Also 'KANSA' MOCCASINS.
In Tan Suede with outersoles, sizes 3–11. Just lace up and they're ready to wear. £5.00 post paid. Soft fur fabric-lining 75p extra.



ORIGINAL COLOUR ROCKPHOTOS!

Now available! — A pack of top-quality postcard-size (5" × 3½") real colour photographs of your favourite band in concert! Each pack captures the artiste in a whole range of poses and lighting, from penetrating close-ups to full-stage action shots, taking in dry-ice effects, smoke explosions . . . and anything else they could come up with!

A pack of 10 superb colour prints..... £3.90 + 20p p&p
A pack of 20 ..... £7.50 + 20p p&p
A complete pack of 30..... only £10.80 POST FREE!

Choose from the following:

IN-CONCERT, 1980

PINK FLOYD at Earls Court
GARY NUMAN at Hammersmith
BEACH BOYS at Knebworth
SUZI QUATRO at Hammersmith
U.F.O. at Reading
RAINBOW at Donnington
ERIC CLAPTON at Hammersmith
RORY GALLAGHER at Reading
HOT GOSSIP at The Venue
ROD STEWART at Wembley
QUEEN at Wembley
ROXY MUSIC at Wembley
GENESIS at Manchester
WHITESNAKE at Reading
AC/DC at Hammersmith
BLONDIE at Hammersmith
FLEETWOOD MAC at Wembley

ALSO . . . Clash, Bob Marley, Joe Jackson, Mike Oldfield, Santana, Elkie Brooks, Styx, Sammy Hager, Lindisfarne, Pat Benetar, Hazel O'Connor, Darts, Rick Wakeman, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Judas Priest, Scorpions, Saxon, Pat Travers, Iron Maiden, Gillan, Slade, Krokus, Def Leppard, 9 below zero, Fischer 'Z', Girl, Samson, Magnum, Budgie, Tygers of Pan Tang, Robin Trower, Pretenders, Bob Seger, Motorhead, Talking Heads

IN-CONCERT, 1979

LED ZEPPELIN at Knebworth
ABBA at Wembley
POLICE at Reading
JUDIE TZUKE at Hammersmith
KATE BUSH at Palladium
KATE BUSH at Hammersmith
KATE BUSH, PETER GABRIEL & STEVE HARELY AT Hammersmith
WHO at Wembley
STRANGLERS at Wembley
WINGS at Lewisham
RUSH at Hammersmith

ALSO . . . Joan Armatrading, Cheap Trick, Wayne County, Dire Straits, Bryan Ferry, Peter Gabriel, Gillan, Steve Hackett, Iggy Pop, Jefferson Starship, Kinks, Lene Lovich, Motorhead, Ted Nugent, Robert Palmer, Renaissance, Roxy Music, Todd Rudgren, Patti Smith, Squeeze, Status Quo, Thin Lizzy, Tourists, Tubes, Tine Turner, Frank Zappa, Van Morrison, Nils Lofgren, Ian Dury.

IN-CONCERT, 1978

BLONDIE at Roundhouse
BLONDIE at Hammersmith
BOB DYLAN at Earls Court
QUEEN at Wembley
SIOUXSIE at Hammersmith
E.L.O. at Wembley
DAVID BOWIE at Earls Court
YES at Wembley
GENESIS at Knebworth

Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Boomtown Rats, Devo, Peter Gabriel, Emmylou Harris, Tom Petty, Suzy Quatro, Rush, Van Halen.

IN-CONCERT, 1977

LYNYRD SKYNYRD at Glasgow
BE BOP DELUXE at Edinburgh
JETHRO TULL at Glasgow
ROD STEWART at Edinburgh
GENESIS at Edinburgh
YES at Wembley

Runaways, Frank Zappa, Fleetwood Mac, Stranglers, Tom Petty.

Satisfaction guaranteed, money back if not delighted! Cheques/PO's payable to: PETE STILL PHOTOGRAPHY, 6a Waldegrave Road, London SE19 2AJ.
Or send largish s.a.e. for free catalogue detailing photo-packs on over 200 top bands with proofs of colour 10" × 8" enlargements available. For a sample photo of any artist send 30p.

JOHN LENNON
— COLLECTORS ITEM —

Set of 2 commemorative envelopes, one postmarked New York, the other Liverpool day of death.
Magnificent "silk" picture and full informative text printed on front of envelope.
Despatched under separate hardbacked envelope. Subject unsold. Full satisfaction or refund.

£3.50 SET
Please allow 28 days delivery.
Send cheque/PO to:
HENRY MURRAY
ARLINGTON SUPPLIES (S/C) LTD
PO BOX 143
273 GREEN LANES, LONDON N13 4XN.

CANNABIS LEAF

Unique Jewellery for you in Fabulous Precious Metals.
Our Famous Leaf Pendant 1" High

1" Solid Silver Leaf on Real Silver Chain	£8.50
1" Solid Silver Leaf on Silver Plated Chain	£4.95
½" Solid Silver on Real Silver Ear Hook	£2.25
1" 9 carat Leaf on Real Gold Chain	£40.00
½" 9 carat Leaf on Real Gold Ear Hook	£10.00
½" 9 carat Leaf on Fine Gold Chain	£23.00
Popular Solid Silver Leaf Ring	£9.00
Popular 9 carat Solid Gold Ring	£40.00

(Send size or 25p for size card)

Money to:— **ATLAS, 2a Kensington Gardens, Brighton, Sussex.**

CHRIS

Wishes All His Advertisers A MERRY EASTER and A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

RADAR

Photo 1

Photo 1
BONDAGE TROUSERS Heavy back leg zips, leg ties, side pockets, tartan bumflap, and strap. Colours — black drill & red tartan. Sizes — 24-32 *(even sizes only)* ***ONLY*** **£14.99 INC P&P**

Photo 5A

Photo 2
ZIP 'BONDAGE' JACKET Features zips, strap and side pockets, and zip out front in contrasting red tartan or green army camouflage. Pocket on arm, shoulders, collar and cuffs also in contrast to black jacket. Sizes — small, med. lge **ONLY £18.50 INC P&P**

Photo 2

Photo 3
ZIP 'CLASH' TROUSERS A lot of zips on front and back of trousers. Large pockets and extra pocket on side of leg with zip 'D' ring and dog clip. Colours — black drill, red drill, red tartan. Sizes — 24-32 *(Even sizes only)* **ONLY £14.95 INC P&P**

Photo 5B

Photo 4
ZIP 'CLASH' JACKET Plenty of zips, and double zipped, zip-out front. Sizes — Extra small, small, medium, large. Colour — Black only (red piping) **ONLY £18.50 INC P&P**

Photo 3

Photo 5A
PARACHUTE SHIRT Black German Army shirt with epaulettes and webbing. Size — medium only **ONLY £10.50 INC P&P**

Photo 6

Photo 5B
ZIP SHIRT Black shirt with epaulettes and contrast zip out front. Size — medium only. Front piece colours — Black/red tartan and Leopard print **ONLY £10.50 INC P&P**

Photo 4

Photo 6
BOWIE TROUSERS Multi-pleated trousers, baggy. Sizes 24-32 —even sizes only. Colours — red, white, black and tartan **ONLY £12.50 INC P&P**

Photo 7

Photo 7
ZIP 'CAMOUFLAGE' TROUSERS Same features as zip 'Clash' trousers but in camouflage material. Sizes 24-32 **ONLY £14.95 INC P&P**

All prices include postage and packing. Cheques or postal orders should be crossed and made out to P Leach. Orders will be accepted from Europe, only when pre-paid by Bankers Draft or International Money Order, and £1 added per item for postage. Orders from Eire must be paid in Sterling (Eire PO's are not acceptable). Please state second colour choice where possible. No catalogue or lists available. Enquiries should be accompanied by s.a.e.

Orders should be addressed to:
P LEACH, 50d REDCLIFFE GDNS, CHELSEA, LONDON SW10
or visit **"RADAR", 1st FLOOR, VIRGIN RECORDS, UNION ST, GLASGOW & 3 DUNDAS ST, EDINBURGH**
Money Back Guarantee if goods are unsatisfactory.

RADAR RADAR RADAR RADAR RADAR

PLATTERSTALL

Phone CHRIS on 01 261 6172
for details of Advertising

1000's OF L.P. BARGAINS

Our catalogue offers over 10,000 L.P.s — Cassettes — Singles

ROCK/POP/NEW WAVE/DISCO/HM/JAZZ/MOR etc

Unrivalled selection of hard to find back catalogue and deleted albums

L.P.s 50p — £2.75 EACH + VAT

MANY LIMITED EDITIONS ALSO AVAILABLE AT LOWEST PRICES

ALL ALBUMS FULLY GUARANTEED

SEND SAE FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE

EXPORT WE OFFER AN UNBEATABLE EXPORT SERVICE TO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
SEND AN IRC FOR OUR EXTENSIVE CATALOGUE LISTING 1000's OF BARGAINS FREE FROM UK TAX, MANY UNAVAILABLE OUTSIDE OF BRITAIN

GEMA RECORDS
P.O. BOX 54, CROCKHAMWELL ROAD
WOODLEY, READING, BERKSHIRE, ENGLAND

BE STIFF THIS CHRISTMAS BUT NOT TIGHT

Special Christmas offer to all our Punters

Box Set 1-10 ..... £6.25
Box Set 11-20 ..... £6.25
UNBELIEVABLE VALUE **£12.00** FOR THE TWO

STIFF Star Jigsaw..... **£1.00**
BLOCKHEAD watches..... **£9.99 Fully guaranteed**

T-Shirts *All*..... **£2.00**

ABRA 1 Ronald Reagan LP
"THE WIT AND WISDOM OF" **£1.99**

P&P 20p on small, 60p on large

All these Christmas Bargains not to be missed!!

SO HURRY YOUR ORDERS TO:
STIFF Mail Order,
9-11 Woodfield Rd. London W.9

DURING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS WHY NOT PAY US A VISIT? WICKFORD IS ONLY 40 MINS DIRECT FROM LIVERPOOL ST STATION.

WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE THEY ARE AVAILABLE

This is a small selection from our range of over 20,000 different records. All these and more available by post, or at our 2-floor record store — the largest in Essex. We accept record tokens for records (not postage).

DELETED IMPORT SINGLES. SPECIALLY PRESSED IN JAPAN FOR ADRIANS RECORDS IN WICKFORD:
7" STRANGLERS Nice 'n sleazy (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Walk on by (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS No more heroes (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Something better change (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Duchess (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS Sometimes/Go Buddy go (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" STRANGLERS 5 mins/Out Tokyo/Death & Blood (Jap I etc.) (P) 2.75
ALSO AVAILABLE: 7" STRANGLERS Eastern Front (I) (P) 1.99
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff. P. to British) 1.25
12" STRANGLERS Bear cage/Who wants the world/Men in black/Bear cage (6.30)/Shah shah (5.22) (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 4.99
12" STRANGLESS Don't bring Harry/Sverige/Wired/Crabs (live)/In the shadows/Don't bring Harry (French) (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 4.99
L.P. STRANGLERS IV (latest) 10 tracks (+ Free 7" e.p. with 'Choosey', 'Straighten out', 'European', 'White Room') (I) 4.99
L.P. BJORN & BENNY 'Lycka' (I) 6.99
12" ABBA Chiquitita/Lovelight (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Voulez vous/Angel eyes (I) (P) 3.99
12" ABBA Winner takes it all/Elaine (I) (P) 3.99
LP ABBA Gracias por la Musica (Jap I + lyrics) RED VINYL 10.50
7" ABBA Winner takes it all (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
This is a small selection from over 70 Abba goodies
7" BLONDIE Tide (I) (Diff. Pic to Brit & other imports) 1.99
12" BLONDIE The tide is high (long version) (I) (P) 3.49
7" BLONDIE The tide is high (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.25
LP BLONDIE Parallel lines (I) (PICTURE DISC) 15.00
BLONDIE VIDEO 'Eat to the beat' (VHS system) 29.95
7" BLONDIE Call me (Diff P. to Brit. + 12") (Jap I + lyrics) 2.75
12" BLONDIE Call me (Vocal + Inst.) (I) (different pic) 3.99
7" NEW YORK BLONDES Little G.T.O. (I) (P) 1.99
7" G. NUMAN I dream of wires/Remind me to smile (I) 1.20
12" G. NUMAN Complex (British original) (P) 3.95
7" GARY NUMAN I die, you die (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN We are glass (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" G NUMAN Complex/Disconnect Bombers (Jap I + lyrics)(P) 2.75
7" GARY NUMAN Cars (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Are friends/We are so fragile (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" T. ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dbl single) (P) 1.60
7" T. ARMY Are friends/Down in the park (I) (P) 1.99
7" T. ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" KATE BUSH Babooshka (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Wow / Symphony (+ lyrics on pic) (I) 1.99
7" MOTELS Days are O.K. (PIC DISC) 1.99
LP BEATLES 20 Hits (Arcade label) (I) 4.99
L.P. BEATLES Songs / Pictures of (VeeJay label) (I) 4.99
L.P. BEATLES Rarities (Diff. recordings of well known tracks. Contains rare pics + Butchers' shot. Gatefold sleeve) (I) 5.49
7" KATE BUSH Heavy people/Man with child; Symphony in blue; W. heights; Breathing (all Jap Imp + lyrics on pic) ..... each 2.75
LP BEATLES Tell all (Interviews etc) (I) 5.49
7" O.N. JOHN Magic (V. Ltd. picture disc) 1.99
7" SEX PISTOLS Holiday (with original Banned British pic) 1.50
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam (picture disc) 2.99
7" QUIFN Another one bites (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
12" BLACK SABBATH Die young (4.33) (P) 1.99
12" AC/DC R&R Ain't noise pollution (P) (+ Free badge) 1.15
7" AC/DC Highway; R&R; Touch; Whole lot (Jap I + lyrs, P) each 2.75
12" SAXON Long arm of the law (P) (+ Free patch) 1.99
7" VARDIS Too many people + FREE 7" 'Blue rock' (P) 1.25
LP WHITESNAKE Live at Hammersmith (Jap I + lyrics) 6.50
12" AC/DC T. Too much/Live wire/Shot down (12.26 total) (I) (P) 2.99
7" M. SCHENKER Cry for the nation (Clear vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" U.F.O. Couldn't get it right (Clear vinyl) 1.25
CRASS flexidisc (+ Toxi Graffiti mag) ..... 50p + 40p for good P&P (UK)
7" JAM Start (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit) 2.75
7" JAM Sat's kids/Heatwave (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Eton rifles (Jap I + lyrics) (Diff. P to Brit.) 2.75
7" JAM Going underground (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM David Watts (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25
7" CLASH BOX 8 × 7" in pics + lyric sheets (Jap I) ..... 12.50 + 75p P&P
10" CLASH L.P. Black market Clash (I) . . . Cap. radio/Prisoner/Pressure drop/Cheat/City of dead/Time is tight/Bankrobber + dub/Armag. time-/Justice tonight . . . kick it over. (Good pic) 3.50
7" CLASH I fought the law/White man (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH London calling / Armagideon time (Jap I + lyrics) (P) 2.75
7" CLASH Bankrobber (Jap I + lyrics (P) 2.75
7" POLICE Don't stand (+ wraparound poster + lyrics, Jap I) 2.75
7" POLICE De do / Friends (Special Police slve. Diff to Brit, I) 1.25
7" POLICE Walking on moon/Visions (Diff pic to Brit) (I) 1.99
7" POLICE Don't stand close (Pic slve . . . not poster) (I) 1.99
L.P. NO WAVE (various artists) (Includes Police's 'Roxanne' and 'Next to you' (PICTURE DISC) '1) 5.99
12" POLICE Roxanne/Can't stand (I) (PICTURE DISC, shaped like Police badge) complete with brown folder with pics 15.00
12" BOWIE Ashes to ashes (long version) / Alabama song (good pic. sleeve) (I) 3.99
LP BOWIE Rock concert (9 tracks from 'Tower' LP) (I) 5.99
BOWIE SWEAT SHIRTS (Good quality . . . . blue or red. Has white figure of Bowie as clown on front) 6.99
BOWIE T-Shirts (Black with Bowie in concert) 2.99
BOWIE T-Shirts (White with Scary Monsters faces) 2.99
(Please state Small, Med or Large) (Postage as for L.P.'s)
7" BOWIE It's no game/Fashion (Jap I + lyrics to both) (Pic unlike any other single available . . . similar to 'Scary' LP. sleeve) 2.75

POSTAGE & GOOD PACKING 10" or 12" 1=75p, 2=95p, 3 or more=40p each (maximum £2). 7" 1=30p, 2=35p, 3 or more=15p each (Max. 75p). OVERSEAS P&P 10" or 12" 1=£1.60, 2=£2.60, 3 to 7=95p each, 8 to 20=£7. 7" 1 or 2=£1, 3 to 5=£1.50, 6 or more=30p each. (Max. £3.60). IRELAND Please see catalogue.

ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I) P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

OUR latest catalogue (No. 28) is available now with over 2,000 12" singles, over 180 Bowie items, plus sections devoted to Abba, Pistols, Blondie, Clash, Stranglers, Numan, Police, E.L.O., Jam, Beatles, E.Costello, Slade, Kiss, Crass, D.Summer, picture discs, coloured vinyl, Metal, 1,500 new wave, Goodies and lots more. Ask for a FREE copy WHEN ORDERING. Catalogue only 25p + LARGE stamped, self-addressed envelope. (Europe 4IRC. Elsewhere 6 IRC).

Adrians
THE RECORD SPECIALIST
36 HIGH STREET, WICKFORD, ESSEX
Open Monday to Saturday 9am-6pm

GI RECORDS

wish compliments of the season to all their mail order customers throughout the world.

If you don't already deal with us a mere **£1.50** (or **£2.50** if overseas), will place you on our mailing list forever and you will get computerised lists which are updated every month with new issues and current cheapos. Look forward to a less expensive 1981 with GI Records incredible prices.

GI RECORDS, COCKBURN STREET, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND

Quality Cassettes, Reels & Video

CASSETTES

	C60	C90	C120
AGFA Ferrocolor	£0.59	£0.79	—
AGFA Superferro	£0.87	£1.16	£1.51
AGFA Stereochrom	£1.00	£1.14	£1.57
BASF LH	*£0.55	*£0.73	£1.28
BASF Ferro Super	£0.88	£1.18	£1.51
BASF Ferro Super LHI	£0.94	£1.27	—
BASF Super Chrome	£1.22	£1.65	—
HITACHI Low Noise	£0.61	£0.82	£1.27
HITACHI UD	£1.00	£1.16	£1.66
HITACHI UDER (XLI)	£1.36	£1.58	—
HITACHI UDEX (XL2)	£1.36	£1.58	—
MEMOREX Normal Bias	£0.75	£0.79	—
MEMOREX MrX3	£0.92	*£0.99	—
MEMOREX Chrome 2	£0.99	*£1.19	—
MEMOREX High Bias	£1.13	*£1.29	—
OSAWA Low Noise	£0.62	£0.77	—
OSAWA LH	£0.93	£1.18	—
OSAWA FeCr	£1.10	£1.50	—
OSAWA CR (Chrome)	£1.10	£1.50	—
OSAWA MX Metal	£2.96	—	—
SONY CHF	£0.55	£0.78	£1.04
SONY BHF	£0.75	£0.90	—
SONY AHF	£0.90	£1.12	—
SONY CD-Alpha	£1.20	£1.57	—
SONY Ferrochrome	£1.30	£1.74	—
SONY Metal	£3.05	£4.05	—
TDK Dynamic	£0.68	*£0.80	£1.30
TDK Acoustic Dynamic	£1.05	*£1.16	£1.95
TDK Optimum Dynamic	£1.16	£1.70	—
TDK Super Avilyn	£1.25	*£1.50	—
TDK SAX	£1.65	£2.30	—
TDK Metal	£3.55	£4.50	—

*SPECIAL OFFERS WHILE STOCKS LAST.

ALL GOODS ARE OFFERED SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY AND INCLUDE V.A.T. AT 15%
POSTAGE AND PACKING FOR UK £0.75 PER ORDER
ORDERS OVER £30 — POST FREE
SEND MAIL ORDER OR BRING THIS ADVERT INTO ONE OF OUR SHOPS FOR THESE SPECIAL PRICES.

REELS

AGFA LN 5" x 900'	£2.15
AGFA LN 5¾" x 1200'	£2.49
AGFA LN 7" x 1800'	£3.57
AGFA LN 5" x 1200'	£2.57
AGFA LN 5¾" x 1800'	£3.57
AGFA LN 7" x 2400'	£4.43
AGFA LN 7" x 3600'	£5.57
AGFA PEM368 7" x 1800' (Plastic)	£4.28
AGFA PEM368 7" x 1800' (Metal)	£5.00
AGFA PEM368 10½" x 3600' Cine	£9.70
AGFA PEM368 10½" x 3600' NAB	£11.70
AMPEX 20/20 7" x 1800'	£4.40
AMPEX 20/20 10½" x 3600' NAB	£11.95
AMPEX Grand Master 7" x 1800'	£5.25
AMPEX Grand Master 10½" x 3600' NAB	£13.75
BASF LH 7" x 1800'	£4.45
BASF LH 7" x 2400'	£5.80
SONY ULH 7" x 1800'	£4.70

VIDEO CASSETTES

AGFA (VCR)	LVC100	£9.45
	LVC130	£12.47
	LVC150	£14.30
BASF (VCC)	VCC360	£13.25*
	VCC480	£17.65*
SONY (BETAMAX)	L250	£5.45
	L370	£6.10
	L500	£5.65*
	L750	£7.85*
AGFA (VHS)	E120	£7.60
	E180	£8.95
BASF (VHS)	E60	£5.42
	E90	£6.78
	E120	£7.99
	E180	£8.95
JVC (VHS)	E180	£8.95

MAIL ORDERS & CALLERS TO DEPT. ME9
B.A.T.S. OF BIRMINGHAM, 2262 COVENTRY ROAD, SHELDON, BIRMINGHAM, B26 3JR
TEL: 021-742 6311

Also at:
131 CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM. B4 6QB
TEL: 021-236 2139

B.A.T.S. OF BIRMINGHAM

REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE REGGAE
DADDY KOOL RECORDS
(Second on left down Oxford Street from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station)
94 DEAN STREET, LONDON W1 Hotline 01-437 3535
Send now for Britain's biggest free Reggae Mail Order List

1st AGAIN — BLACK ARK IN DUB — Lee Perry/Upsetters £4.25

KREAM OF THE KROP LP's (P&P free)

1. Showcase — Nigger Kojak/Liza	£4.25
2. Dance Hall Style — Jah Thomas	£4.25
3. In Dub — Linton Kewesi Johnson	£4.75
4. Jah Fire — Hugh Mundell/Lockley Castell	£4.25
5. Showcase in Suitcase — Prince Far I	£4.25
6. Live Over Sweden (Exclusive) — Misty	£4.25
7. King Tubby/Rockers in Firehouse	£4.75
8 Love Gamble — U. Roy	£4.75
9. In My Fathers House — Bunny Wailer	£4.75
10. Folly Ranking — Johnny Osbourne	£4.25
11. Babylon — Film Soundtrack	£4.75
12. King of Dub Rock — Sir Coxsone Sound	£4.25

THATCHER BEATERS — LP's (P&P free)

1. Wailing Souls (Studio 1 Pre) — Wailing Souls	£3.95
2. Rasta Far I in Dub (Pre) — Ras Michael	£3.95
3. Showcase — Black Uhuru	£3.25
4. To Be A Lover (Upsetter)	£2.95
5. Humanity — Royal Rasses	£2.95
6. Chi Chi Run — Big Youth	£2.95
7. Ital Dub — Augustus Pablo	£2.95
8. Slam Dub — Greg Isaacs	£2.95
9. Dread At The Controls — Mikey Dread	£2.95
10. Rockers — Film Soundtrack	£2.95
11. Crash Trinity/Dillinger	£2.95
12. Survival — Bob Marley	£2.95

GRAND STOCK CLEARANCE SALE!
GIVEAWAY PRICES — EVERYTHING MUST GO

Penny Farthing Sounds

SEND OR PHONE NOW FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE CONTAINING OVER 3,000 ALBUMS ALL AT FANTASTIC DISCOUNT PRICES! (CATALOGUE SENT WITH EVERY ORDER).
ALL PRICES QUOTED APPLY TO MAIL ORDER ONLY.

PLEASE NOTE: All our albums are brand new and guaranteed factory fresh. Each order is professionally packed in heavy duty corrugated cardboard boxes and despatched from our warehouse by return of post. Some delays may occur if there is very heavy demand for certain items so please allow 14 days before you panic!
Rush your POs, cheques to — P.F.S., 65-67 SHENFIELD ROAD, SHENFIELD, ESSEX, CM15 8HA, ENGLAND
OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS please pay by I.M.O. or a draft drawn on a London Bank.
POST RATES — 1 LP = 59p, 2 LPs = 95p, 3 or more LPs = 1.25. Singles = 45p Any Quantity.
OVERSEAS POST RATES — 1 LP = 95p, 2 LPs = 1.75, 3 or 4 LPs = 2.40, 5 or more LPs = 65p each. Singles 1.00 Any Quantity.
Our catalogue of ROCK & POP ALBUMS & GOLDEN OLDIE SINGLES sent free with every order. For catalogue only phone now!

FOR EXPRESS SERVICE you may use your ACCESS/MASTER CHARGE OR BARCLAY/VISA CARDS — Phone Brentwood (0277) 224547 or send your card number with your order.

CALLERS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT OUR MAIL ORDER ADDRESS! ALSO WHY NOT PAY A VISIT TO OUR STORE AT 13 CRANBROOK ROAD, ILFORD, ESSEX. JUST 4 DOORS FROM ILFORD STATION? YOU WILL FIND ALL THE TOP SELLING ALBUMS AT FANTASTIC DISCOUNTS (WE SPECIALISE IN HEAVY METAL) ALSO THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS AT GIVE AWAY PRICES. SEE YOU THERE SOON!

ANY RECORD FOUND TO BE FAULTY OR DAMAGED ON ARRIVAL MAY BE RETURNED WITHIN 14 DAYS FOR A NO FUSS EXCHANGE

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFERS

KISS SOLO LP'S — ACE FREHLEY/GENE SIMMONS/PETER CRISS-/PAUL STANLEY 1.99 Each all 4 for 6.00

JEFFERSON — Surrealistic Pillow — Worst Of — Freedom At Point Zero — Red Octopus — Earth — Gold
2.49 Each Or All 6 For 12.00.

BEACH BOYS — Surfer Girl — Little Duce Coupe — 15 Big Ones — Live In London — Love You — In Concert.
1.99 Each Or All 6 For 10.00

CLASH — Sandinista (3 LP Set All New Material)
SPECIAL PRICE INCLUDING POSTAGE 6.49

CHICAGO — Chicago At Carnegie Hall 4 LP Box Set Only Limited Quantities Of This Now Deleted Set Available!
SPECIAL PRICE INCLUDING POSTAGE 6.49

SPECIAL DOUBLE PACK LP'S

RAINBOW — Rainbow Rising & Blackmores Rainbow WHD — Live At Leeds & Who Are You BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST — Time Honoured Ghosts & Octoberon END — Here Come The Warm Jets & Before And After Science JAM — In The City & This Is The Modern World KING CRIMSON — Larks Tounge & In The Court Of
5.49 Each Or 2 For 10.00

ANGEL
On Earth — White Hot — Sinful 1.00 Each Or 3 For 2.50

SLADE
Slayed — Old New Borrowed & Blue — In Flame — Nobody's Fool — Whatever Happened To
2.49 Each Or All 5 For 10.00

SALE 1.49 Each Or 4 For 5.50

CHARLIE	Fighty Dirty (Pic Disc)
LIAR	Set The World On Fire (Pic Disc)
GLAXO BABIES	Put Me On Your Guest List
ALLMAN & WOMAN	Two The Hard Way
GARY WRIGHT	Touch And Gone
BLACK OAK	Race With The Devil
VARIOUS	Stiff Live Stiffs
NEUTRONS	Tales From The Blue Cocoons
BAR-KAYS	Flying High On Your Love
SHA NA NA	Streets Of New York
SHA NA NA	R&R Is Here To Stay
BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE	Head On
GRAEME EDGE BAND	Paradise Ballroom
GREGG ALLMAN BAND	Playin' Up A Storm
DAVE CLARK	25 Thumping Greats
ALICE COOPER	Muscle Of Love
ALICE COOPER	Lace And Whisky
GORDON LIGHTFOOT	Cold On The Shoulder
FLAMIN' GROOVIES	Shake Some Action
E.L.P	Love Beach
STEVE WINWOOD	Steve Winwood
BREAD	Lost Without Your Love
THE SAINTS	I'm Stranded
ELVIS PRESLEY	The Elvis Tapes
STOMU YAMASHTA	Go Too
STRAWBS	Deep Cuts
STRAWBS	Deadlines
ALEY HARVEY	Big Hits & Close Shaves
ROGER DALTREY	One Of The Boys
MARSHALL TUCKER BAND	1st LP
GOLDEN EARRING	Grab It For A Second
PETER FRAMPTON	I'm In You
JAM HAMMER GROUP	Oh Yeah
JAN HAMMER GROUP	The First Seven Days
AMERICA	Holiday
AMERICA	Hideaway
AMERICA	Hearts
AMERICA	Harbor
GOOD RATS	From Rats To Riches
IGGY POP	Kill City
FOCUS	In & Out Of Focus
FOCUS	Hamburger Concerto
FOCUS	Ship Of Memories
ANTHONY PHILLIPS	The Geese & The Ghost
LONE STAR	Firing On All Six
JON LORD	Windows
HEART	Magazine
HORSLIPS	Aliens
HORSLIPS	The Man Who Built America
GROUNDHOGS	Crosscut Saw
GROUNDHOGS	Black Diamond
MAX WEBSTER	A Million Vacations
WINGS	London Town
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	Shine On
ERIC BURDON & J WITHERSPOON	Guilty
ERIC BURDON & THE ANIMALS	Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted
CITY BOY	Dinner At The Ritz
CITY BOY	Young Men Gone West
LEO SAYER	Thunder In My Heart
LEO SAYER	Sayer
COMMANDER CODY	Rock 'n Roll Again
PETER FRAMPTON	Frampton
JETHRO TULL	Heavy Horses
RINGO STARR	Ringo The Forth

SALE 1.99 EACH OR 4 FOR 7.00

FAUST	Faust IV
URIAH HEEP	Innocent Victim
SMALL FACES	Greatest Hits
JOE COCKER	Luxury You Can Afford
BOYS	Alternative Chartbusters
ELTON JOHN	Honky Chateau
ELTON JOHN	11-17-70
ELTON JOHN	Here & There
ELTON JOHN	Rock Of The Westies
ELTON JOHN	Empty Sky
ELTON JOHN	Captain Fantastic
ANDREW GOLD	All This & Heaven Too
ANDREW GOLD	What's Wrong With This Pic?
IGGY POP	TV Eye
RENAISSANCE	A Song For All Seasons
URIAH HEEP	Wonderworld
SANTANA	Jorge
EDGAR WINTER	The Edgar Winter Album
MAHAVISHNU	The Inner Mountain Flame
MAHAVISHNU	Visions Of The Emerald Beyond
SHAKTI	1st LP
AL KOOPER	Act Like Nothing's Wrong
IAN DURY	Do It Yourself
SANTANA	Welcome
SANTANA	Borboletta
JOURNEY	Look Into The Future
MELANIE	Ballroom Street (2LP's)
AL DIMEOLA	Casino
CREEDENCE	More Creedence Gold
CREEDENCE	Willy & The Poor Boys
SEALS & CROFT — Get Closer — Takin' It Easy	
ORLEANS — Let There Be Music — Waking & Dreaming	
AVERAGE WHITE BAND — Feel No Fret — Put It Where You Want It	
COLOSSEUM — Electric Savage — Wardance	
QUARTZ — Quartz — Camel In The City	
LEO SAYER — Thunder In My Heart — Sayer — Endless Flight	
BECKER BROTHERS — Back To Back — Heavy Metal Be-Bop	
GOLDEN EARRING — Switch — Grab It For A Second — Superstar-shine Vol 1 — To The Hilt — Mad Love	
PATRIC MORAZ	Patric Moraz
DEAF SCHOOL	2nd Honeymoon (2 LP's)
DORY PREVIN	On My Way To Where
HARRY CHAPIN	Living Room Suite
RUTLES	Rutles
TRAPEZE	Trapeze
DAVID BYRON	Baby Faced Killer
OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS	Don't Look Down
MARIA MULDAUR	Southern Winds
ROGER GLOVER	Elements
RICK DERINGER/DICK GLASS	The Glass Derringer
ERIC BURDON & J WITHERSPOON — Guilty — Black & White Blues	
ERIC BURDON & THE ANIMALS	Before We Were So Rudely Interrupted
BACK STREET CRAWLER	The Band Plays On
CORTINAS	True Romances
GRUPPO SPORTIVO	Back To '78
THIJS VAN LEER	Introspection
THIJS VAN LEER	Introspection 2.
SOFT MACHINE	Seven
STRAY	Move It
STRAY	Mudanzas
GRAHAM PARKER	Stick To Me
MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA	Inner Worlds
DR HOOK	Belly Up
GREGG ALLMAN	Laid Back
RETURN TO FOREVER	Musicmagic
RETURN TO FOREVER	Live
SUTHERLAND BROS.	Beat Of The Street
SUTHERLAND BROS.	Lifeboat
SUTHERLAND BROS.	1st LP
SUTHERLAND BROS.	Dream Kid
SUTHERLAND BROS.	Down To Earth
ELVIS COSTELLO	Get Happy
ERIC CLAPTON	Backless
ROBIN TROWER	In City Dreams
STARCASTLE	Real To Reel
GEORGE HARRISON	33 1/3
GEORGE HARRISON	Extra Texture
ALVIN LEE	Rocket Fuel
EARTH QUAKE	Rocking The World
EARTH QUAKE	Leveled
EARTH QUAKE	8.5
CROSBY & NASH	Live
COCKNEY REJECTS	Greatest Hits Vol 1
STEPHEN STILLS	The Best Of
PRETTY THINGS	Vintage Years (Doub Hits)
ALAN WHITE	Ramshackled
LOL CREME & KEVIN GODLEY (10CC)	L
SWEET	Biggest Hits
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	Stamp Album
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	Tightly Knit
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	A Lot Of Bottle
CLIMAX BLUES BAND	Gold Plated
CITY BOY	Dinner At The Ritz
CITY BOY	Young Men Gone West
COMMANDER CODY	Rock 'n Roll Again
RENAISSANCE	Novella
JOHN MILES	Zaragon
TEN CC	Deceptive Bands

SALE 2.49 EACH OR 3 FOR 7.00

ROY HARPER — One Of Those Days In England — Flat, Baroque & Berserk — Valentine — Stormcock — Lifemask
OSIBISA — Osibisa — Woyaya
SAD CAFE — Misplaced Ideal — Facades
WISHBONE ASH — Masters Of Rock — Pilgrimage — Front Page News
HUMBLE PIE — Greatest Hits
BYRDS — Further Along
STEALERS WHEEL/GERRY RAFFERTY — Stuck In The Middle With You
MEATLOAF — Meatloaf & Stoney
JANIS IAN — Present Company
PETE TOWNSHEND & RONNIE LANE — Rough Mix
NEW MUSIC — Straight Lines (10" 4 Track EP)
HAWKWIND — Quark Strangness & Charm
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER — Variations
THE NICE — Greatest Hits
BLACK SABBATH — Never Say Die
UFO — Obsession
DEREK AND CLIVE — Ad Nauseam
CAPTAIN BEEFHEART — Shiny Beast
STRANGLERS — No More Heroes
ARLO GUTHRIE — Alice's Restaurant — Arlo Guthrie
CHRIS SQUIRE — Fish Out Of Water
JEAN MICHEL JARRE — Equinoxe
JEAN MICHEL JARRE — Oxygene
RICHARD WRIGHT (PINK FLOYD) — Wet Dream
ROGER DALTREY — Daltrey
ROGER DALTREY — Ride A Rock Horse
JANIS JOPLIN — Greatest Hits
CAROLE KING — Tapestry
RENAISSANCE — Azure d'or
JOHN CALE — Paris 1919
BAD COMPANY — Desolation angels
SUZI QUATRO — Greatest Hits
PETE TOWNSHEND — Empty Glass
PRETENDERS — Pretenders
EAGLES — Hotel California — Greatest Hits
EMERSON LAKE & PALMER — Tarkus — In Concert — Emerson Lake & Palmer — Pictures At An Exhibition
VAN MORRISON — A Period Of Transition
GRAM PARSONS — GP — Grevious Angel
RAMONES — Road To Ruin — Ramones — Leave Home — End Of The Century
REZILLOS — Mission Accomplished — Can't Stand The Rezillos
TALKING HEADS — 77 — More Songs Of Buildings — Fear Of Music
YES — Yes — Yes Album — Fragile — Close To The Edge
NEIL YOUNG — Zuma — Tonights The Night — On The Beach — Neil Young — Harvest — Everybody Knows — Comes A Time — American Stars & Bars — After The Goldrush
ZAPPA & THE MOTHERS — Zoot Allures — Waka-Jawaka Hot Rats — Studio Tan — Sleep Dirt — Orchestral Favourites — One Size Fits All — Apostrophe — Weasels Ripped My Flesh — Live At Fillmore — Just Another Band From LA — Grand Wazoo — Burnt Weeny Sandwich — Overnite Sensation
RY COODER — Into Purple Valley
C.S.N&Y — Crosby Stills & Nash — So Far (Best Of) — De Ja Vu
ELVIS COSTELLO — My Aim Is True — This years model
STEVE HOWE — Steve Howe Album — Beginnings
ANGELIC UPSTARTS — We Gotta Get Out Of This Place — Teenage Warning
SAXON — Wheels Of Steel
CARS — Candy O
FOREIGNER — Foreigner — Double Vision
FACES — A Nod's As Good As A Wink
FIREFALL — — Elan — — Firefall
CARLY SIMON — No Secrets — Best Of
BREAD — The Sound Of Bread
BEACH BOYS — Holland

SALE 2.99 OR 3 FOR 8.50

ABBA — Super Trouper
JIMI HENDRIX — Experience — Rainbow Bridge
CLASH — Black Market Clash 10" LP
WHITESNAKE — Lovehunter
MADNESS — Absolutely
SKY — Sky
ALAN PARSONS — Turn Of A Friendly Card
MOODY BLUES — Seventh Sojourn
PETER BAUMANN — Romance
KATE BUSH — The Kick Inside
KATE BUSH — Lionheart
PINK FLOYD — Dark Side
STEVE HACKETT — Defector
BYRDS — Very Best Of (2 LP's)
WHO — Who By Numbers
PHIL MANZANERA/ENO Etc — 801 Live
VAN MORRISON — Into The Music
QUEEN — Jazz
CAMEL — I Can See Your House From Here
BAND — Cahoots — Moondog Matinee — Northern Lights — Stage Fright — Islands — Rock Of Ages — Rock Of Ages Vol 2 — Anthology — Anthology Vol 2
BE-BOP DELUXE — Sunburst Finish — Drastic Plastic — Futurama — Modern Music
GENTLE GIANT — Power & The Glory — Giant For A Day — Missing Piece — Interview — Free Hand — Three Friend — Octopus
STEVE MILLER — Brace New World — Saving Grace
BEACH BOYS — Surfin' Safari — All Summer — Long — California Girls — Fun, Fun, Fun — Dance, Dance, Dance
KLAATU — Klaatu — Hope — Sir Army Suit
SWEET — Give Us A Wink — Off The Record — Level Headed — Cut Above The Rest
WHO — Meaty Beaty Big & Bouncy — Live At Leeds — By Numbers — Who Are You
STEELY DAN — Can't Buy A Thrill — Countdown To Ecstacy — Pretzel Logic — Katy Lied — Royal Scam
JOE WALSH — Barnstorm — You Can't Argue With A Sick Mind — The Smoker You Drink — So What — Best Of
STEPPENWOLF — Born To Be Wild — Steppenwolf The Second — 16 Great Performances — Steppenwolf Gold — 16 Greatest Hits
POCO — Head Over Heals — Rose Of Cimarron — Indian Summer — Good Feeling To Know — Crazy Eyes — Cantomos — Live
JEFF BECK — Blow By Blow — Wired — Truth — With Jan Hammer Group Live — The Jeff Beck Group — Rough & Ready
R.E.O. SPEEDWAGON — 1stLP — Two — This Time We Mean It — Ridin' The Storm Out — Lost In A Dream
BILLY JOEL — Piano Man — Streetlife Serenade — Turnstiles
BLUE OYSTER CULT — Blue Oyster Cult — Agents Of Fortune — Some Enchanted Evening
MOTT THE HOOPLE — All The Young Dudes — Live — Greatest Hits
SIMON & GARFUNKEL — Parsley, Sage — Bookends
PATTI SMITH — Radio Ethiopia — Wave
JOURNEY — Look Into The Future — Next
LOU REED — Walk On The Wild Side (Best Of) — Rock'N'Roll Animal — Street Hassle — The Bells — Rock & Roll Heart
AL STEWART — Past, Present & Future — Modern Times
KINKS — Sleepwalker — Greatest Hits — Schoolboys In Disgrace — Soap Opera
CAMEL — Rain Dances — Breathless
SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY — The Jukes — Hearts Of Stone
GRACE SLICK — Manhole
SCORPIONS — Virgin Killer
STEVE FORBERT — Alive On Arrival
AMON DUUL — Only Human
TONY BANKS — A Curious Feeling
NINE, NINE

BONAPARTE MAIL ORDER

CHRISTMAS SPECIALS

VARIOUS — FROM BRUSSELS WITH LOVE. 80 MINUTE CASSETTE IN POUCH WITH BOOKLET Incl. JOHN FOXX, ENO, DURUTTI COLUMN, CERTAIN RATIO, RICHARD JOBSON GREAT VALUE £3.99
SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES — ISRAEL 12"in SPECIAL SLEEVE V.LTD.....£1.89
DEVO — WHIP IT V.LTD 12"in PIC COVER.....£1.89

GREAT NEW RELEASES

Sex Pistols — six singles in special presentation pack (very limited) All singles in pic covers.....Only £5.50
Bauhaus — Telegram Sam — the 12" + extra track. (pic) Only £1.89
Visage — 1st (New Futurist L.P.).....Only £3.99
The Yobs — Xmas Album 15 tracks. (Actually it's the Boys). Disgustingly Cheap.....£1.99
Bowie — Revolutionary Song (from Just A Gigolo Film). Jap. Imp. 7". Great pic, cover.....£2.50
Sham '69. The First, The Best and the Last L.P. (Incl. free unreleased 4-track single). Very limited.....Only £3.99
Bow Wow Wow — 8 track cassette pack in great package....£1.89 + 25p p&p

Skids — Women In Winter / live version of Yankee Dollar + free 12 page booklet (pic). Very limited.....£1.50
Skids — Goodbye Civilian. 7" pic disc. Very rare & collectable.....£1.50

Certain Ratio — Blow Away 12". On factory. (Pic).....£1.89
Rockpile — Wrong Way Now And Always 7" in translucent yellow vinyl. See through cover.....£1.50
Monochrome Set — Love Zombies + free poster.....£3.99
XTC — Towers of London. Double 4-track single.....Only 99p

CLASH

Clash — Sandinasta. Latest release triple album. 36 new tracks + poster. Great value.....Only £4.99
Clash — Call Up / Stop The World. Brand new U.K. single. (Pic) 99p
Clash — 9-track U.S. imp. 10" Incl. 2 unreleased tracks. Capital Radio + 6 other tracks. Great pic. cover. Very limited. Great value.....Only £3.49
Clash — London calling. Double album.....£3.99
Clash — Jap. box set of 8 singles. All in pic. covers. Very limited. In special package.....£12.50
Clash — Bank Robbers / Train In Vain / Rockers Galore. 7" imp. (Pic).....99p
Clash — all singles.....Only 99p each

MAGAZINES

Flexi-Pop Magazine Incl free Selector flexi unavailable before. In clear vinyl.....60p
Flexipop — Magazine + Jam flexi. Unavailable track.....60p
Crass — Toxi Graffiti Fanzine + Crass flexi. Very limited.....50p
FREE P&P WITH RECORDS. OTHERWISE ADD 30p. PER MAGAZINE

T-SHIRTS

Stray Cats — new logo Cat design. (Colour).....£2.99
Adam & Ants — Last Tour T-SHIRT (B&W).....£2.99
Crass — Colour T-Shirt. Great Design.....£2.99
Echo & Bunnymen — colour T-shirt.....£2.99
MEDIUM ONLY. 35p P&P for T-Shirt
B.52's — colour T-Shirt (as 1st LP).....£2.99
Modettes — new L.P. Cover design. (Colour).....£2.99

CHRISTMAS IMPORTS

The Police — U.S. imp. 7" of De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da, + Friends (unavailable on any album).....99p
Kate Bush — Live On Stage. 12" Jap Imp.Them Heavy People + 3 other tracks (great pic).....£3.49
Pretenders — imp. of Brass In Pocket / Stop Your Sobbing. (Pic) £1.60
Psychedelic Furs — 1st L.P. as Imp. + 2 extra (unreleased) tracks. Different cover. Very limited.....£4.99
The Jam — Start. Jap. 7" Imp. Different cover. Very limited.....£2.50
Squeeze — Another Nail. 5" Imp. Very limited. (pic).....£1.39
Cheap Trick — 10" U.S. Imp + free 7" (Pic). Very limited. Only £2.99
Gary Numan — Telekon L.P. Imp. Coloured Vinyl + free single — I Die You Die. Very limited.....Only £4.99
Gang of 4 — 4 track U.S. 12". Very limited. (Pic).....£2.99
Stranglers — Don't Bring Harry. (sung in French) + Bear Cage. 7" Imp. (Pic).....£1.50
Jam — Saturdays Kids / Heatwave. Jap Imp 7" (Pic).....£2.50
Damned — White Rabbit. 3-track Imp E.P. (pic).....£1.50
Stranglers — U.S. Imp. L.P. includes The Raven, 5 mins. etc + free single of White Room / Straighten Out. Very limited.....£4.99
Stranglers — Jap. Imp. 12"/L.P. Incl Sverige, Don't Bring Harry. In French + 4 other tracks (Pic).....Only £3.99
Stranglers — 7" U.S. Imp. of Duchess / Raven. (great Pic) Only £1.35
Stranglers — 5-track Imp. 12" Incl. Who Wants The World, Men In Black, Bear Cage (long version) (Pic).....£3.99

ADAM AND THE ANTS

THE SINGLES
Young Parisians / Xerox / Car Trouble / Dog Eat Dog. All with Pic.....99p each
Ant Music / Fall In (Pic).....99p
THE ALBUMS
Dirk Wears White Sox.....£3.99
Kings Of The Wild Frontier (L.P. + Pamphlet).....Only £3.49

12"

Bauhaus — Telegram Sam. 12" + extra track.....£1.89
Durutti Column — Lips That Would Kiss. 12" (Pic).....£2.20

Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic — Pope Paul and the Romans, new 12" Pic. The most offensive record ever. Available to all Glasgow Celtic supporters.....£1.99

Motorhead — 4 new unreleased tracks. 12" blue vinyl. Very limited.....£1.89
Beat — Too Nice To Talk To. 12" (pic).....£1.49
Basement 5 — Last White Xmas. 12" (pic).....£1.79
UB40 — The Earth Dies Screaming 12" (Pic).....£1.79
Bowie — Fashion. 12". Very limited. (Pic).....£1.89
Brian Brain — 4-track 12" Incl Careering. (Pic).....£1.89
Bob Marley and the Wailers — Redemption Song. (Incl. Unreleased version of I Shot The Sherriff).....£1.99
Ian Dury — I Want To Be Straight. 12". Very limited.....Only £1.99
Bollocks Brothers — The Bunker. Prod. & Incl. J Lydon. 4 Be 2 (Pic). Very Limited. 12".....£1.79
Peter Gabriel — Biko 12". Very Ltd.....£1.89
Damned — History Of The World (Pic). Very Limited. 12".....£1.79
Killing Joke — Requiem / Change. 12". (Pic) Very limited.....£1.79
Orchestral Manouvres In The Dark — Enolagay. 12". (Pic) Very limited.....£1.99
Red Beat — Excellent Mon. 12".....Only £1.89

CRASS

Crass — Stations Of The Crass. L.P. (Double).....Only £2.99
Crass — Feeding of 5000. 12". Re-issue (Pic).....£2.10
Crass — Reality Asylum.....45p
Crass / Poison Girls — Bloody Revolution.....69p
Honey Bane — Girl On The Run. 7".....69p

★ HUMAN RECORDS PRODUCT ★

Au Pairs — Diet / It's Obvious. Excellent new single. NME SINGLE OF THE WEEK. (Pic).....99p
Slits — Animal Space (Pic). Great new single.....99p
Dangerous Girls — Man In The Glass (Pic).....99p
★ ★

NEW SINGLES

Grace Jones — Love Is The Drug (Pic).....99p
Max Splodge — Bicycle Seat (Pic).....99p
Mass — You & I (New 4AD) (Pic).....99p
Specials — Do Nothing / Maggie's Farm (Pic).....99p
Dexy's Midnight Runners — Keep It Part Two (Pic).....99p
Elvis Costello (Clubland. 3-track (Pic).....99p
Cab. Voltaire — Seconds Too Late (Pic).....99p
Essential Logic — Eugene (Pic).....99p
Ultravox — Sleepwalk. Clear vinyl. Very limited. (Pic).....99p
Robert Wyatt — At Last I'm Free (Pic).....99p
David Bowie — Crystal Japan (unreleased Jap. Imp. 7"(Great Pic.).....£2.50
Theatre Of Hate — Legion (Pic).....99p
XTC — Generals & Majors. Double single. Very limited (Pic).....£1.10
League Of Gentlemen — Heptaparaparshinokh (Incl. Robert Fripp).....99p
Classix Nouveaux — Robot's Dance (Pic).....99p
Orange Juice — Simply Thrilled Honey (Pic).....99p
Joseph-K — It's Kind Of Funny (Pic).....99p
Ski Patrol — Agent Orange (Pic).....99p
Gary Numan — This Wreckage (Pic).....99p
Buzzcocks — What Do You Know (Pic).....99p
Beat — Too Nice To Talk To (Pic).....99p
Basement 5 — Last White Xmas (Pic).....99p
Police — De De Do Do Do Da / The Sermon (unissued) (Pic).....99p
Delta 5 — Try / Colour (Pic).....99p
Honey Bane — Guilty / Dub (Pic).....99p
Modern English — Gathering Dust (Pic).....99p
Discharge — Decontrol (Pic).....99p
Visage — Fade To Grey (Pic).....99p
Blondie — Little GTO (great colour pic.) Very rare (Pic).....£3.50
Blondie — Call Me. 7" Imp. Special Offer.....Only 50p
Dead Kennedys — California Uber Alles (Pic).....99p
Dangerous Girls — Dangerous Girls (Pic).....99p
Bowie — Fashion (Pic).....Only 79p
XTC — Take This Town (B-side is Ruts Babylon Burning) (Pic)...99p
Damned — Sanity Clause + 2 Unreleased Tracks (Pic).....99p
Siouxsie & Banshees — Israel / Red Over White. Special sleeve.....99p
Toyah — 3-track E.P. all live — Danced (Pic).....99p
Madness — Embarrassment / Crying Shame (Pic).....99p
Ian Dury — Supermans Big Sister (Pic).....99p
Professionals — Join the Professionals (Pic).....99p
Gary Glitter — What Your Momma Don't See (Your Momma Don't Know) (Pic).....Only 75p
Girls At Our Best — Politics (New Rough Trade) (Pic).....99p
Angelic Upstairs — England (Pic).....99p
Thomson Twins — She's In Love With Mystery (Pic).....99p
Stray Cats — Runaway Boy (Pic).....99p
Spandau Ballet — Long Story Short. Special sleeve.....99p
U2 — I Will Follow (Pic).....99p

JOY DIVISION

Joy Division — Transmission. 7" (Pic).....99p
Joy Division — Love Will Tear Us Apart. 12" diff. pic cover to the single.....£1.89
Joy Division — Unknown Pleasures. 1st L.P.....Only £3.75
Joy Division — Closer. 2nd Classic Album.....Only £3.75
Joy Division — Love Will Tear Us Apart. 7" (Pic).....99p
Joy Division — Atmosphere / She's Lost Control. 12" (Pic).....£1.79
Earcom 2 — Fast. 12" Incl. 2 non-L.P. Joy Division Tracks (Pic) £1.99

NEW ALBUMS

Echo & Bunnymen — Crocodiles + free limited edition 7".....£3.99
Pylon — Gyrate (new U.S. band).....£3.99
Hybrid Kids — Claws.....£3.99
Music From The Deaf Club — Various. (Back in stock) (Incl. Dead Kennedys, Tuxedo Moon).....£3.99
The Wall — Personel Troubles And Public Issues. (Debut).....£3.99
Lurkers — Greatest Hits.....£3.99
Linton Kwesi Johnston — L.K.J. in Dub.....£3.99
Ian Dury — Laughter.....£3.99
C. Lewis / Gilbert (ex-Wire) 3-R-4 L.P.....£3.99
Polystyrene — Translucence.....£3.99
Cravats — In Toytown (On Small Wonder).....£3.50
Undertones — Undertones.....£2.99
Undertones — Hypnotized.....£2.99
Pretenders — Pretenders.....£2.99
Berlin Blondes — 1st.....£3.99
Toyah — Toyah, Toyah, Toyah. Live L.P.....£3.75
Sector 27 — 1st L.P.....£3.99
Fall — Grotesque (4th great album).....£3.75
Magazine — Live Play.....£3.99
Various — Backstage Pass — New Punk comp. includes rare tracks from SLF, Rejects, Upstarts etc.....£3.99
Jam — Sound Effects (great new album).....£3.99
Public Image — Paris Au Printemps (live).....£3.99
U.K. Subs — Brand New Age L.P. (clear vinyl).....Only £3.99
James Blood Ulmer — Are You Glad To Be American.....£3.75
Poison Girls — Chappaquidick Bridge.....£2.99
Various — Wenna Buy A Bridge. Rough Trade comp. L.P. 14 tracks. Incl. SLF, Delta 5, Spizz, Slits.....£3.99
Gary Numan — Telekon L.P. Special Offer.....Only £1.99
Modettes — Story So Far. L.P. Incl. free sticker.....£3.99

TALKING HEADS

Talking Heads — More Songs.....Only £2.99
Talking Heads — Fear Of Music.....Only £2.99
Talking Heads — Remain In Light.....Only £3.49

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS

Send Cheques & Postal Orders to:-
BONAPARTE RECORDS
284 Pentonville Road,
London N1 9NR
Please list alternatives wherever possible
No correspondence can be entered into
Postage Rates: U.K. 7" 1=25p, 2=30p, 4=40p, 5=45p, 6=55p, 7=65p, 8=75p, 9+Max £1.00
U.K. 12". 1=55p, 2=£1.00, 3=£1.00, 4= £1.50.
Overseas: 12". 1=75p, 2= £1.00, 3=£1.50, 5=£2.00
Overseas: 7" 1-5=25p each, 5+=15p each.

EZY RIDER

14 FOREST ROAD, EDINBURGH EH1 2QN.
031 225 6601

CORKY'S PRIME CUTS

Atlanta Rhythm Section "Are You Ready" (dble).....£3
Amon Duul 2 "Hijack".....£1.80
Jimmy Buffet "A.I.A."".....£1.80
Val Carter "Wild Child".....£1.50
Mike Love "Celebration".....£1.80
Crazy Horse "Crazy Moon".....£1.80
Creedence "Willy & The Poor Boys".....£1.99
Roy Harper "Bullinamingvase".....£1.80
Bill Nelson "Sound on Sound".....£1.80
Jerry Jeff Walker "Contrary To Ordinary".....£1.80
Jim Webb "Land's End".....£1.00
Bob Welch "3 Hearts".....£1.50
Link Wray "Bullshot".....£1.80
Horslip "Aliens" "Man Who Built America".....£1.60 ea.
David Sanctous "True Stories".....£1.80
Southside Johnny "This Time It's For Real".....£2.50
Soft Machine "Seven".....£1.99

OTHER BARGAINS

The Clash "Sandinista" (3 lp set).....£4.50
The Clash "Black Market Clash" (on 12").....£3.99
Elvis Costello "Taking Liberties".....£3.50
Inmates "A Shot In The Dark".....£2.60
Pebbles: Volumes 1-3; 5-10.....£3.99 ea.
Neil Young "Hawks & Doves".....£3.80
Neil Young: All other single albums.....£2.99
Neil Young "Live Rust" £4.99 "Decade".....£7.99
Talking Heads "Remain In Light".....£3.80
All other T Heads albums (UK pressings).....£2.99 ea.
John Lennon "Double Fantasy".....£3.50
Amos Garrett "Go Cat Go".....£2.99

The Charly R&B re-issue Lp's. We still have the set of 10 for £28 postpaid. Or individually at £2.99 ea. plus postage.

Still available: Our Massive Deletion) Fanzine/Import/Auction list. Free with orders or send S.A.E.

MAGAZINES:
Classic Wax (50's/r&b/doo-wop) from the publishers of Goldmine. Issue 1.....90p p/p
Zigzag 108.....65 p/p
Omaha Rainbow 25.....65p p/p
Bam Balam 12.....65p p/p
Gorilla Beat 8.....75p p/p
Trouser Press 57 (Dec).....75p p/p
Trouser Press 49-56 inc.....50p p/p

Don't miss a bargain in 1981 — A year's supply of lists (minimum 12) for £1.50.

Postage: (goes up mid-January!) 35p an album up to 4; then 15p each thereafter, max £2. Europe: 65p on album.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OUR READERS

P.S. We still have most of the albums/mags advertsied in previous ads. Lack of space prevents us from repeating them every week. Drop us a note if there's anything you think you may have missed.

STIFF MAIL ORDER BRINGS YOU-

NEW THIS WEEK: BUY 100 "SUPERMAN'S SISTER" IAN DURY 12"...£1.40 EACH. BUY 102 "EMBARRASSMENT" MADNESS ...96p EACH. BUY 104 "STOP THE CAVALRY" JONA LEWIE...96p. SEEZ 30 "LAUGHTER" IAN DURY...£4.99 EACH. ZSEEZ 30 CASSETTE £4.99 EACH. BUY 99 "GRANMA GOT RUNOVER BY A REINDEER" ELMO AND PATSY 96p EACH. SON OF STIFF TOUR SAMPLER 5 TRACKS FOR £1.15.MIK 2 MIKEY DREAD SINGLE...96p EACH. OAK 1 "OKLAHOMA" STAGE SOUNDTRACK £4.99 EACH. Z OAK CASSETTE £4.99 EACH. DREAD 1 MIKEY DREAD 12"/BUY 93 12" MEXICANO"...ALL £1.40 EACH. BLOCKHEAD WATCHES £10.99 EACH. MADNESS ENAMEL BADGES...80p EACH. GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR REVIEW...50p.

STILL AVAILABLE STIFF BOX SETS EITHER BUYS 1-10 OR BUYS 11-20: £12.50 EACH PLUS 75p P&P. STIFF JIG SAWS FEAT ALL STIFF STARS (STAGE & SCREEN) £1.40 EACH. BUYS 1 & 4...90p EACH. BUYS 1 & 4...90p EACH. PLASMATICS...50p EACH. DJ COPIES OF BUY 69...60p EACH/BUY 71...90p EACH. PROMOS OF BUY 45.60 90p EACH. FEELIES FLEXI DISCS...30p EACH. ONE STEP BEYOND SUNG IN SPANISH...90p EACH. KIRSTY PIC DISCS...£1.00 EACH. BUY 85 JONA LEWIE...90p EACH. (PLAY 1 DJ COPY "BIG SHOT" 12"/BUY 9512 EQUATORS DJ...SON OF STIFF CARRIER BAGS...10p EACH.

IMPORTS SPECIAL OFFER EITHER SEEZ 12 (USA) FOOL AROUND LP OR USE 1. W ERIC USA COMPILATION LP...FOR £1.99 EACH. SEEZ O "HEROES AND COWARDS" ITALIAN COMPILATION £3.50 EACH. SEEZ 1 DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED LP...£3.50 EACH.

EPS LAST 1.2.4.5...£1.00 EACH. **12" SINGLES** BUY 49 ONLY 96P EACH. BUYS 38-46-50-53-62-70 (10"). 76.90.93.95.100. CROWN 1 (10"). PLA 1...ALL £1.40 EACH. DREAD 1...£1.40 EACH.

POSTERS ALL POSTERS 50p EACH EXCEPT WHERE STATED G. PARKER/J. KING CARRASCO / PLASMATICS (2 TYPES) / W. ERIC / MIKEY DREAD / D. DEKKER / FEELIES / SON OF STIFF TOUR. TWO LENE TOUR POSTERS FOR 50p OR ONE FOR 30p EACH.

LPS FREE SOUNDS 3 LP WITH EVERY ORDER. LIMITED TO ONE PER ORDER ONLY. SEEZ 3 TO 23 £4.50 EACH. GET 2 3 £3.50 EACH. SEEZ 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29 TNT1. JAH 1. ALL £3.99 EACH LIMITED. FOR OTHER LPS SEE (IMPORTS).

SPECIAL OFFER GRAHAM PARKER. THE UP ESCALATOR & SET OF 6 BADGES & REVIEW £4.60 PER ORDER.

BADGES SON OF STIFF ENAMELS 80p each. LENE LOVICH/STIFF LOGO (ROUND) STILL LOGO SQUARE...ALL £1.00 EACH. MADNESS ENAMELS...80p EACH. SET OF 7 G. PARKER BADES...70p. SET OF 8 SON OF STIFF TOUR BADGES...8p. SET OF 6 DESMOND BADGES...60p. SET OF 6 FEELIES OR LEW LEWIS BADGES...60p PER SET. TOUR BADGES FOR ALL S.O.S. BANDS...10p EACH. IF IT AIN'T/STIFF SLOGAN/MIKEY DREAD BADGES ALL 20p EACH. THE FOLLOWING ARE 15p EACH. G. PARKER/W. ERIC/I LIKE LENE/GO-GO'S/STIFF LOGO. STIFF "WE LEAD" ETC. PLASMATICS. SET OF 6 PLASMATICS BADGES. 60p THE SET.

SINGLES BUYS 1.4.22.25.26.29.30.31.33.34.36.39 TO 51.53.54.55.56.58 TO 68. 70. LOT 1. LEW 1. DEV 1. BOY 1/2. HORN 1. OFF 1.2.4. ...ALL 90p EACH. BUYS 69.71.72. TO 85.87.88.90 TO 95.89.98,101.BLO 1. CLAP 1. ALL 96p EACH. BUY 91 (Col vinyl). £1.00 EACH. BUYS 102.104. .96p EACH. BUY 5-85. .60p EACH.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO "STIFF MAIL ORDER" 9-11 WOODFIELD ROAD, LONDON W9. INC P AND P ON ALL ORDERS 20p SMALL. 60p LARGE. SEND S.A.E. FOR CATALOGUE. JOIN THE PLASMATICS FUN CLUB. IT'S FREE. JUST SEND YOUR NAME IN TO US.

VINYL SOLUTION

39 HEREFORD ROAD, W2 229 8010
OPEN 11.00 - 6.30 ALL DAY (NOT SUNDAY)

AND NOW IN THE WEST END AT **36 HANWAY ST. W.C.2.** (TOTT. CT. RD. TUBE. JUST BEHIND THE VIRGIN MEGA-STORE). TEL. 229-8010 Or 580-8898. If you get lost.

Albums
Roy Loney & Phantom Movers — Out After Dark.....£3.99
Roy Loney & Phantom Movers — Phantom Tracks.....£4.50
The Fire Escape — Psychotic Reaction.....£4.00
The Astronauts — Rockin' with.....£4.00
The Stooges — Funhouse.....£5.00
Lavern Baker — Japanese Import.....£5.50
Muddy Waters — The Best of . . (Classic Trax).....£5.00
The Cure — Boys Don't Cry (All the Singles).....£5.50
Various — Epitaph for a Legend (International Artists Sampie Double).....£9.99
Love — Da Capo.....£4.99
J. McCracklin — Rockin' Man (Sweet R'n'B).....£4.50
Various — Monkey Business (w/free Skinhead Moon-stomp).....£3.99
Various — Intensified (Vol 2).....£3.30
*The Qunitet (without Sir Douglas) — Future Tense..£3.99
Brinsley Schwartz — New Favourites.....£3.99
Jimi Hendrix — Woke up this morning and found myself dead (w/Jim Morrison).....£4.50
The Cramps — Songs the Lord Taught Us.....£3.45
The Heartbreakers — L.A.M.F.....£4.50
All Kinks Reissue L.P.s.....£3.99
Louis Jordan — Good Times Vol 1 (contain unreleased live tracks).....£4.50
Louis Jordan — Good Times Vol 2.....£4.50
Snatch and Poontangs — Same (Rude).....£4.99
Singles/E.P.s/12"s
Motorhead — Beer Drinkers 12".....£1.89
Richard Hell — Neon Boys E.P.....£2.00
Dead Kennedy's — California Uber Alles.....£0.99
Dead Kennedy's — Holiday in Cambodia.....£0.99
Dead Kennedy's — Kill the Poor.....£0.99
Cannibals — Nadine.....£0.99
Cannibals — Pick and Choose.....£0.99
Nipple Erectors — King of the Bop.....£0.99
The Nips — All the Time in the World.....£0.99
Ray Campi — Rockabilly Rebel.....£0.99
Psychedelic Unknowns — Great Double E.P. cont. excellent tracks.....£4.50
Count Bishops — Train Train.....£0.90
Traffic — Paper Sun (Orig.).....£0.90
Them — Friday's Child (Major Minor).....£2.00
Them — Story of Them (Major Minor).....£2.00
Landscape — Workers' Playtime E.P.....£1.00
(early electro jazz) — U2XME.....£1.00
More Albums
Otis Redding — Otis Blue.....£3.99
Various — This is Soul.....£2.25
The Who — My Generation.....£2.75
Joe King Carresco — Chiswick Album.....£3.99
Jonathan Richman — 1st Album.....£3.00
Sun Roots of Rock — Vol 5 (Hot Rockabilly).....£3.50
*Iggy & Stooges — T.V. Eye (Live).....£2.00
*Thirteenth Floor Elevators — Live "SF66".....£6.00
Desmond Dekker — Greatest Hits.....£3.50
*Wally Fairburn — 10".....£3.00
Sweet — Greatest Hits.....£2.00
Ace 10"'s
Pee Wee Crayton — "Blues Guitar Genius" Vol 1.....£3.99
Little Willie Littlefield — Volume 1.....£3.99
Now For Something Exactly the Same. — AUCTION TIME.
All Bids must be in by January 20th. No correspondence will be entered into.
Beatles — Butcher Cover (Beaut!) no Album
Shadows — French 10" "Out of the Shadows".....VG
Shadows — French 10" "Dance with the Shadows".....VG
Pretty Things — Dutch "Get the Picture" (Amazing Cover).....VG
Captain Beefheart — "Moonchild" A/M single.....VG++
Genesis — "Silent Sun." Decca.....VG++
Capitol Radio — Original E.P.....VG++
Postage and Packing
U.K. and EIRE. 7" 1 = 25p, 2-4 = 40p, 5 = 50p, 6 = 65p, 7 and over £1.00 (max). 12" 1 = 50p, 2 or more £1.00 (max). Overseas. 7" 1-3 = 65p, 4-7 = £1.25, 8-10 = £2.15. 12" 1 = £1.25, 2-3 = £2.15, 4-6 = £3.50, 7-10 = £5.50.
Please quantity alternatives where possible. *Denotes limited quantity, please enclose S.A.E. for return of cash.
Make all P.O.s, cheques, International Money Orders, Milk Bottle Tops, payable to
VINYL SOLUTION, 39 HEREFORD RD, LONDON W.2.
Telephone enquiries and Want Lists welcome.

Missed that hit sound while it was around get it from the dealer, with all the classics. All the singles listed below are but a small selection from over 2,000 singles, and 1,000 LP's listed at incredible prices.
Send S.A.E. for list
All the records listed below are 40p each, 4 for £1.50, 10 for £3.50, 20 for £6 (+ 30 P & P). Many others on list

2121	BEAT	Hands off — she's mine
224	DAVID BOWIE	Be my wife
325	CHIC	Everybody dance/Dance dance, dance
2640	CHI-LITES	You don't have to go
2250	IAN DURY	Reasons to be cheerful
2437	ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA	Don't bring me down
2765	LOUISA FERNANDEZ	Lay love on you
2255	FLYING LIZARDS	Money
2769	DEAN FRIEDMAN	Lydia
846	THELMA HOUSTON	Don't leave me this way
2455	ROBERT JOHN	Sad eyes
2798	CHAKA KHAN	I'm every woman
2462	LENE LOVICH	Bird song
1105	JOHNNY MATHIS & DENIECE WILLIAMS	Too much, too little, too late
2474	GARY NUMAN	Complex
1266	MIKE OLDFIELD	Portsmouth
1470	JONATHAN RICHMAN	Egyptian Reggae
2388	RUTS	Something that I said
2505	SHAWADDYWADDY	A night at Daddy Gee's
3314	SPECIALS	Rat race/Rude boys outa jail
2861	ROD STEWART	Do you think I'm sexy?
1882	TIMMY THOMAS	Why can't we live together
2985	VIOLINSKI	Clog dance
1981	WHO	Won't get fooled again
2068	YELLOW DOG	Just one more night
2083	MICHAEL SAGER BAND	Let's all chant

Also great bargains
100 HIT SINGLES £18 (+ £4 if overseas)
100 SOUL SINGLES £10 (+ £4 if overseas)
100 PICTURE COVER SINGLES £10 (+ £4 if overseas)
100 POP SINGLES £7 (+ £4 if overseas)
Oldies Unlimited
Department N Telford, Shrophsire TF2 9NQ

RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE

LPs, Tapes, Singles, Rarities Wanted

We pay 1p — £2.50 each CASH or EXCHANGE VALUE for LPs, cassettes, singles (MORE FOR RARITIES) All accepted in ANY condition — absolutely NONE refused!!

Bring ANY quantity to one of our shops at

38 NOTTING HILL GATE, LONDON, W11
28 PEMBRIDGE ROAD, NOTTING HILL GATE, W11
90 GOLDHAWK ROAD, SHEPHERDS BUSH, W12

SEND any LPs/cassettes by post with SAE for cash to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11. (Our Price must be accepted — SAE for estimates if required)

RARITIES are bought, sold and exchanged in our deletions dept **UPSTAIRS** at 38 Notting Hill Gate W11.

All shops open daily 10am-8pm for 1,000s of cheap used records/tapes — new releases deletions dealers bargains, etc.

All enquiries: **01-727 3539**

RADICAL EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC

TREVOR WISHART

...eerie, menacing...hilariously funny... TIME OUT

Is there an exorcist in the house ?
SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

BEACH SINGULARITY L.P.
environmental music event for English beach

RED BIRD L.P.
the dream of a political prisoner

DISCS £3·85p by mail order, from 83 Heslington Road, York YO1 5AX, Great Britain

ROUGH TRADE

NEW AGE STEPPERS — FADE AWAY.....80p
THE SPECTRES — STORIES.....85p
GOING RED? — SOME BOYS.....85p
FACTRIX — EMPIRE OF PASSION.....85p
ENO — BABYS ON FIRE.....£1.25
ARTERY — UNBALANCED + LIVE EP.....85p
ORANGE DISASTER — SOMETHING GOT TO GIVE.....85p
DELTA 5 — TRY/COLOUR.....80p
SLITS — ANIMAL SPACE.....85p
RESTRICTED CODE — FROM THE TOP.....85p
ANTIPASTI — 4 SORE POINTS.....85p
DEAD OR ALIVE — I'M FALLING/FLOWERS.....85p
BAY OF PIGS — ADDICTION.....85p
AUS LAUTER LIEBE — EIN HERZ UND EINE KRONE.....£1.25
BASEMENT 5 — LAST WHITE CHRISTMAS 12".....£1.75
Same thing but in Christmas paper and a 7".....£1
SUGAR MINOTT — GOOD THING GOING 12".....£2
EEK A MOUSE — NOAHS ARK 12".....£2
PAULINE OF BROWN SUGAR — ME & MY DREAD 12".....£1 50
THE FALL — GROTESQUE AFTER THE GRAMME.....£3.50
NIGGER KOJAK & LIZA — SHOWCASE L.P.....£3.75
THE SEX PISTOLS — THE HEYDAY a documentary cassette — Fact 30.....£3
FROM BRUSSELS with love — cassette with H Budd, D Column, Eno etc.....£3
NOT SENSIBLES — cassette.....£1.75
SNATCH TAPES — Nos 1 & 2 inc. Storm Bugs, Lemon Kittens, etc.....£2 each
CARDIAC ARREST cassette.....£2
METABOLIST — GOATMANAUT cassette.....£1.75
LOCAL PRODUCE inc Stern Boys, Tepid Halibut, Clive Pig, Innocent Vicars.....£1.75
CRYING OUT LOUD inc Klingons, Newmatics, Wendytunes.....£1.75
MAGNITIZDAT least worst of Deleted Instant Automatons, Managing Directors etc.....£1.75
PERFORMING FERRETS — The Ferretable thing.....£1.75
cassette postage
UK 25p, Europe & surface to USA 65p, Airmail to USA £1.50
FANZINES
ANTICLIMAX 7 Dr Mix UK Subs, Crisis.....20p
TOXIC GRAFFITI cress flexi.....20p
MENTAL MAPPING.....25p
DARK THOUGHTS spizz, Crass, Morganfisher.....20p
BEDTIME STORIES.....20p
STABMENTAL 4 Passage TG, Mark P, Eyelessin gaza.....40p
NO CURE 7 Comsat angels, U2 Jam Section 25.....20p
city fun 4 city fun 5.....15p each

POSTAGE AND PACKING
UK AND EIRE — 7" 1 25p, 2-4 40p, 5 50p, 6 65p, 7 and over (maximum); 12" 1 50p, 2 or more £1 maximum. Fanzines 1 15p, 2 25p, 4-5 35p, 6-8 50p, 9-10 60p, 11 and over £1 maximum
EUROPE — 7" 1-3 65p, 4-7 £1.25, 8-10 £2.15; 12" — £1.25, 2-3 £2.15, 4-6 £3.50, 7-10 £5.50. Fanzines 1 35p, 2-4 65p, 5-10 £1.25, 11-25 £2.15. U.S.A. airmail 7" 1 £1.25, 2 £2, 3 £2.50, 4-6 £3.30, 7-10 £4.50, 11-25 £6.30. 26-40 £8.40, 5-6 £5.50, 7-10 £7.70. Fanzines 1 35p, 2 £1.50, 3-4 £2, 5-10 £3.30. Surface mail to U.S.A. same as airmail to Europe
PLEASE PUT ALTERNATIVES WHERE POSSIBLE. SEND POSTAL ORDERS, CHEQUES, INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS TO ROUGHTRADE MAIL ORDER, 202 KENSINGTON PARK ROAD, LONDON W11.

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

LP Polythene (200G) 25 £1.70; 50 £3.00; 100 £4.15; 250 £9.20; 500 £16.75; 1000 £28.75
LP Polythene (400G) 25 £2.60; 50 £4.35; 100 £6.50; 250 £14.65; 500 £27.80; 1000 £51.95
LP Paper Polylined (inners) 30 £3.85; 100 £10.95; 250 £25.75; 500 £47.95
LP White Paper (inners) 50 £4.50; 100 £8.25.
P.V.C. Double LP 1 @ 50p; 10 £5
LP P.V.C (heavy duty) 25 £5.10; 50 £10.00; 100 £19.80
Singles Card/Poly 30 £4.10; 100 £11.00; 250 £22.30
Singles White Card 30 £3.70; 100 £8.35; 250 £17.55
Singles Paper 100 £2.90; 250 £6.75; 500 £12.70
Singles P.V.C (heavy duty) 25 £4.00; 50 £7.45; 100 £14.25
Singles Polythene (400G) 50 £2.65; 100 £3.10; 250 £7.30; 500 £14.20; 1000 £27.00
Prices include postage and packing in U.K., EIRE, CHANNEL ISLAND & BFPO. Overseas and trade customers write for list. Cheque or P.O with order please, or shoppers welcome to save postage at —
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 CHISWICK HIGH ROAD, LONDON W4 2DR (Dept NME).

RECORD CORNER

27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM SW12
Join the 1000s who get our booklet each fortnight UK £1.20 per year. Overseas £1.85 per year.

TOP SELLING IMPORT RECORDS

Blue Oyster Cult — Here's Johnny (£1.05)
Queen — Need Your Loving Tonight (£1.05)
Heart — Tell It Like It Is (£1.05)
Kinks — You Really Got Me (Live) (£1.05)
Peter Gabriel — I Don't Remember (£1.05)
Gary Numan — Remind Me To Smile/I Dream Of Wires (£1.05)
Roxy Music — In The Midnight Hour (£1.05)
Peter Criss — By Myself (£1.05)
Elvis Costello — Radio Sweetheart (£1.05)
Gary Numan — Sleep By Windows (£1.05)
Hazel O'Connor — Will You (£1.05)
Queen — Don't Try Suicide (£1.05)
Roger Daltrey — Escape (£1.05)
Alice Cooper — Dance Yourself To Death / Talk Talk (£1.05)
Devo — Mr B's Ballroom (£1.05)
Jam — Love Is Like a Heatwave/Saturdays
Kids — Ltd Edition (£1.50)
Pink Floyd — Comfortably Numb (£1.05)
Sammy Hagar — Straight To The Top (£1.05)
Blondie — 11.59 (£1.05)

NME CLASSIFIEDS

REACH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC PAPER IN THIS COUNTRY

For further details ring
KARLA FAERBER
01-261 6122
or write
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisements
25th Floor
King's Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London. S.E.1

SPECIAL NOTICES — 36p per word

IF YOU'VE got ears, you'll dig the **FLAMIN' GROOVIES** in 1981 — Finn.

JOHN LENNON we miss you terribly — Tony and Mary.

JOHN LENNON just a human being a victim of the insane. R.I.P. Tim.

THANKS SAINT Jude for favours granted.

ABORTION ADVICE VASECTOMY
Friendly NEED HELP
STERILISATION MENOPAUSAL and other Problems

Birmingham	021 643 1461
Bournemouth	02016 77720
Brighton	0273 509726
Cardiff	0222 372389
Chester	0244 27113
Coventry	0203 597344
Glasgow	041 204 1832
Leeds	0532 443861
Liverpool	051 227 3721
London Central	01 637 8341/8342
London Victoria	01 222 0985
Luton	0582 26287
Manchester	061 236 7777
Sheffield	0742 738326

BPAS Charitable Trust
for Pregnancy Testing. Abortion and Sterilisations
Operations arranged after medical consultation
at our own non-profit clinics.

LIVERPOOL
New Wave and modern clothing. All T-shirts, bondage clothes, stripe jeans, etc. Mohairs and shoes.
XSTREMES
56 STANLEY STREET
(Off Whitechapel)
LIVERPOOL 1

AGENTS REQUIRED
MOST AREAS
Who are alreading calling on the retail trade to sell the World's No 1 pin badge.
Top money for top people.
Phone 062-481 2779
and ask for Mr. Jessup

Premier T-Shirts
* Minimum quantity 12 shirts per design
* All prices fully inclusive
* Our unique money back guarantee
* Competitive prices
* World wide service
* FREE Send for your Brochure and Price List TODAY!
T-SHIRTS AND SWEATSHIRTS PRINTED TO YOUR OWN DESIGN BY PROFESSIONAL SILK SCREEN PRINTERS
PREMIER T-SHIRTS Dept. NME Freepost
BOWTHORPE NORWICH NR5 9BR TEL. (0603) 745018
MR/MRS/MISS
ADDRESS
CLUB etc
NME
CAPITAL LETTERS PLEASE
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY - WE PAY THE POSTAGE

FOR SALE — 25p per word

AKAI G X 4000 DB reel to reel tape deck. Little used. Box No. 4100.

BOWIE DIAMOND Dogs logo on left breast. T-shirts £3.50, s/shirts £5.95. Tops, 5 Cases Street, Liverpool 1.

DAVID BOWIE — CROWN t-shirts. 3 colour pic & logo. £4.00. SM. **PRIESTLEY'S** t-shirts, Dept N, 36 Bootham, York.

KILLING JOKE 'Official' t-shirts — Requiem black or white shirt. Album cover 2-colour £3.50. Malicious Damage, 11 Portland Road, London W.11.

MAGAZINE T-SHIRTS, 2 colour pic & logo. £4.00. SML. **PRIESTLEY'S** t-shirts, Dept N, 36 Bootham, York.

OFFICIAL HAWKWIND and Motorhead Merchandise. Send S.A.E. for mail order list of all designs and products to Manic Merchants Ltd, 39 Park Parade, London N.W.10. Retail enquiries welcome.

PRESS CUTTINGS. Send for details stating interests. Dept. H, 43 Hill View Road, Tunbridge Wells.

PRIESTLEY'S T-SHIRTS, PRIESTLEY'S t-shirts. **BEST COLLECTION** top quality silk-screened designs in the country. Our tips for your tops . . . **STRAY CATS** in 4 crazy colours. **ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN** . . . 3 colour Rescue . . . **ADAM ANT** – Young Parisian 3 colour photo/logo . . . **CLASSIX NOUVEAUX** 2 colour puppet/logo . . . **BOWIE** Ashes single 3 colour stamp design . . . **KILLING JOKE** Turn to Red . . . **BAUHAUS** White on black Terror Couple . . . **DAMNED** 4 colour photo-/logo design . . . **CLASH** 5 colour photo-/logo . . . **CRASS** 3 colour photo/logo combination . . . **VELVET UNDERGROUND** 4 colour Warhol lips & coke pic . . . **SPIZZ 80** white runners strip on black t-shirt . . . **PSYCHEDELIC FURS** 3 colour album pic . . . **SECTOR 27** yellow logo flash on black . . . **SIOUXSIE** 2 designs, stage photo on black . . . 2 colour photo on white . . . **PERE UBU** Modern Dance . . . **JOY DIVISION** Unknown Pleasures . . . **COCKNEY REJECTS** Greatest Hits – West Ham colours . . . **GOD SAVE THE QUEEN** 2 colour Sex Pistols single pic . . . **TOYAH TOYAH TOYAH,** 'Bird in Flight, also white logo black shirt . . . **DEAD KENNEDYS** U.S. Police badge 3 colour photo/logo design . . . **B52's** 3 colours . . . **YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA** 5 colour graph face . . . **MAGAZINE** 2 colour running figures & logo . . . **STIFF LITTLE FINGERS** 4 designs – fingers/flame/guts/heroes . . . **CURE** white logo/black shirt also 17 seconds and primary tour yellow car . . . **U2 BOY, U2 BOY, U2 BOY** – Very Special . . . **ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES** 'Electricity' white raised ink on black . . . **THE PASSIONS** photo line-layout black on white . . . **TALKING HEADS** heat-photo look . . . **ADAM AND THE ANTS** bondage pic . . . **COMSAT ANGELS** logo . . . **YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS** white logo black shirt . . . **EXPLOITED** single pic . . . **PIL** huge logo & photo strips . . . **HUMAN LEAGUE** 3 colour Travelogue . . . **BASEMENT 5** 3 colour logo. **PLUS PLUS PLUS PLUS MANY MANY MORE.** Send S.A.E. for photo catalogue and details of other offers . . . Plain sweatshirts long sleeve/short sleeve, amazing colours, American make . . . Have 'em printed with any of our designs . . . **NEW RANGE** studs – belts – wristbands – etc. All t-shirts and sweatshirts fully wahsable stay-fast colours. Printed **T-SHIRTS** £4.00 or £3.00 if you are size 26 – 28 – 30 – 32. Printed **SWEATSHIRTS** £7.50. Cheques/P.O.'s only please to **PRIESTLEY'S T-SHIRTS, 36 (N) Bootham, York.** Have a cool Yule (groan!).

SEX PISTOLS rarity. Phone Doncaster 853590.

"THE GORDIAN KNOT" fanzine. Musical, satirical, political. 45p (includes postage); 37 Royal Crescent, Coventry.

THE PASSIONS t-shirts 'Michael & Miranda' pic. £4.00. SML. **PRIESTLEY'S** t-shirts, Dept. N, 36 Bootham, York.

TOYAH NEW OFFICIAL POSTER now available. Complete reproduction full colour Dexter Brown's original triptych painting as used in part on new live album Toyah! Toyah! Toyah! Send £1.50 (includes P&P) to BELCRAIG LTD. 42 Manchester Street, London W.1.

FOR SALE — 25p per word

TOEPRINTS & CO. are back with their so **SUPERIOR** ever changing range of rock products. Sorry, we haven't kept in touch but we've been very involved with tours and other venues. So for the most superior original products about just send a large S.A.E. for **BROCHURE.** Beware doing this makes you a Toeprint addict. So get hooked on . . . Toeprints, 8 Warwick Close, Bushey Heath, Herts. Wholesale enquiries welcome.

T. REX ELECTRIC Warrior t-shirts. £3.50, s/shirts £5.95. Tops, 5 Cases Street, Liverpool 1.

T-SHIRTS EVERYTHING from Elvis to Anarchy £3.99. See below. **HEAVY METAL** cast badges Motorhead, Iron Cross, many more 85p. See below. **NEW** wall pendants, quality finish Rainbow Rising, Black Sabbath, etc. £1.35 order or S.A.E. for list to G.S. Enterprises, Four Seasons, 18 Middle Street, Brixham, South Devon.

U.K. SUBS Official Merchandising — Crash Course (New Album). T-Shirts, badges, stickers. New line up colour poster. Still in stock — Old line up photos, posters. Tomorrows Girls, Warhead, Blues T-Shirts, badges, stickers, armbands, bum-flaps etc. Send S.A.E. for free listing of up to date available merchandise and prices to: U.K. Subs Products, P.O. Box 12, Guildford, Surrey.

MUSICAL SERVICES — 22p per word

ABOUT 100 bands, groups, discotheques! Keenest prices! London's leading entertainment agency — Clayman's 01-247 5531.

ABSOLUTELY FREE "Songwriter Magazine" interviews famous songwriters, explains copyright, promotion, publishing, recording contracts, royalties, song contests, setting lyrics to music without paying etc. Samply absolutely free from International Songwriters Association (NME), Limerick City, Ireland.

BANDS/D.J.'s — Immediate bookings. N.Y.E. & Xmas. Top rates. 01-247 5534 — Clayman's.

COPYING, TRANSPOSING, etc. 01-554 3213.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W.1. (10p stamp).

LYRICS WANTED. No publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London W.4.

YOUR GROUP videod £35.00. 262 5253.

RECORDING STUDIOS — 22p per word

SURBITON 8-track. 01-390 2447.

8-TRACK STUDIO £45/day including drums, amps, tape. Betchworth 3932/01-588 8846.

The New Musical Express Advertisement and Production Departments
Wish all their clients and friends
A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

RECORDS FOR SALE — 25p per word

ALBUM HIRE. S.A.E. details. Dianne, Taw Records, Calver, Via Sheffield.

BLONDIE PROMOS etc. 0662 44322.

BLONDIE "FLESH/X-Offender" (P. Stock), "Headlines" — pic-disc, (others). Offers? Minehead 2490.

DON'T MISS the Tyneside Record Fair. December 20th: Y.M.C.A. Newcastle 11 a.m.

FIRST EVER picture album Curved Air. Offers. 01-731 6904.

POLICE BADGE autographed, Bowie M.W.S.T.W. drag. Offers. — 65 Leigh Road, Wimborne, Dorset.

POP/45s 50s/60s/70s. State interests. 3 Woodland Street, Heywood, Lancashire.

RECORD PEDDLER Christmas list. Set sale of rarities including punk, new wave, futurist, heavy rock, pop, 60's, 12", picture discs, coloured vinyls, promos, demos, etc. Send large S.A.E. or two I.R.C.s for a free copy. We operate a record finding service so send your wants lists. We also buy secondhand records so send for free estimate. We would like to hear from dealers in Europe, America, Canada, Japan, Australia and anywhere else in the world with the view to exchanging or buying foreign rarities. For more details on any of the above contact **RECORD PEDDLER, 20A SWAN STREET, MANCHESTER, M4 6JW OR PHONE 061-834 3437 BETWEEN 10 a.m. – 6 p.m.**

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE — 22p per word

ANTORIA BASS £95.00. 200W basscab £120.00. Bargains! Marlow 74752.

DRUM KIT. Pearl rock kit. 7 drums, 10, 12, 13, 14 & 16" tom tom plus 18" floor tom. Stands & cymbals. Excellent condition. £390.00. Phone 01-902 2395.

GIBSON FIREBIRD — 66 £300.00. — John 969 5000.

IBANEZ ROADSTER bass original. Good condition, £210 ono. — 07592 2991 evenings.

PRACTICE DRUM KITS: Solve your noise problems now: 5 drum fully adjustable units £70.00, Deadbeat cymbal silencers £3.60 each, Lloyd Ryan tuition records £4.50. Send stamp only for free brochure to Bill Sanders, 84 Cornwall Avenue, Southall, Middlesex. Phone 01-578 2909 evenings.

TUITION — 22p per word

ELECTRIC GUITAR tuition, London E.C.2, lead technique, rock solos. — 01-588 8846.

JOE MUDELE bass guitar and string bass. 467 1350.

SOUND ENGINEERING tuition in 8-track studio. 01-588 8846.

STUDIO ENGINEERING tuition in 8-track studio. 01-390 2447.

PERSONAL — 36p per word

ACNE — SPOTS — PIMPLES, use Yarrow Herbal Skin-toner for good results. 100ml. bottle £1.10 to "Home Herbals", Gasferry Road, Bristol 1.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introductions opposite sex with Sincerity and throughtfulness. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GJ.

JOHN — WHERE ever you are, you are here — Dave.

PENFRIENDS GALORE, all ages. Free brochure from: Leisure Times (A.25), 1-7 Wigan Lane, Chorley, Lancs.

RECORDS WANTED — 25p per word

ABSOLUTELY ALL your unwanted L.P.s, cassettes, singles bought for 1p — £2.50 each cash or exchange value (more for **RARITIES).** We guarantee **NONE** refused!! Bring **ANY** quantity in **ANY** condition to Record & Tape Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11 (01-727 3539). **SEND ANY L.P.s, CASSETTES** by post with S.A.E. for cash — (our price must be accepted — S.A.E. for estimate if required).

ALL ALBUMS, singles S.A.E. for quote or send direct. Terminal Records, "Oakfields", Crundale, Haverfordwest, Dyfed.

ALL RECORDS, cassettes accepted. £1.50, £2.00 for many. Send direct or S.A.E. for quote. Rip-Off Records, Werndrin Cottage, Lampeter, Dyfed.

EARLY ROY Wood and Wizard deleted singles and LPs wanted. Good price paid for reasonable quality. Urgent, state price wanted and P.O. will follow by return. Jenkinson, 61 The Hall, Blackheath, London S.E.3.

FRIPP BOOTLEGS. Jim Baillie, 3 Kingsborough Gardens, Glasgow G12.

YOUR LPs wanted. Send S.A.E. for offer to Pandemonium, 127a Oxford Road, Manchester.

WANTED — 22p per word

BOOK THE David Story by George Tremlett. Phone Alan – Blackpool 404120.

TWO OMD front stall tickets in exchange front circle plus money. 0332 701058.

FAN CLUBS — 22p per word

GENESIS OFFICIAL Fan Club — Send S.A.E. to **GENESIS INFORMATION,** P.O. Box 107, Southwood Lane, London N6 5RU.

OFFICIAL PIRANHAS Fan Club. S.A.E. Sue Horne, 24 Dyke Road, Brighton.

OFFICIAL U.K. Subs Fan Club. Send S.A.E. to P.O. Box 12, Guildford, Surrey.

PRAYING MANTIS official fan club. Send S.A.E. to 24 Beauchamp Place, London S.W.3.

SAMSON FAN Club. S.A.E. for details. P.O. Box 82, Guildford, Surrey, GU2 6PF.

THE WHO Official Club — Send S.A.E. to The Who Club, P.O. Box 107A, Southwood Lane, London N6 5RU.

SITUATIONS VACANT — 22p per word

ALTERNATIVE EMPLOYMENT with record companies, radio stations etc. Full-time, part-time. Experience unnecessary. "Music Employment Guide"; "Radio Employment Guide" and "British Music Index" (includes 800 helpful addresses). Continuously updated by computer. £1.20 each; all three £2.50. Hamilton House Productions, Staverton, Devon.

DISCOTHEQUES — 22p per word

DAVE BOLTON — 208's top national discotheque D.J., 1980 booking enquiries. Tel. Bedford (0234) 49945.

DAVE JANSEN. 01-699 4010.

METAL ONE Roadshow. From £45.00 a night. 677 6242 / 654 2366.

STEVE DAY. 01-524 4976.

FREE RADIO — 22p per word

RADIO CAROLINE articles, offshore news, landbased pirates, competition and more in Soundwaves Magazine, Issue 12, 35p from Soundwaves, Orpington, Kent.

PUBLICATIONS — 22p per word

CHRISTMAS PRESENT! Superfast guitar booklet, rock lead/rhythm technique, solos, speed theory. £1.80. Rockbiz, 5 Postern, Wood Street, London EC2Y 9BJ.

MUSICIANS WANTED — 22p per word

BASSIST SEEKS new wave band. Influences Killing Joke, PIL. Phone Kidderminster 61286.

MIXER WANTED by new wave rock band. Birmingham based. Phone 021-744 3622.

MUSIC COMPOSER wanted with synth keyboards to help lyric writer into Foxx, Japan, etc, for partnership in Manchester area. Tracey, 56 Cloughfield, Ordsall, Salford. Send details.

YOUNG MODERNIST to play bass, vocals. 997 1254 or 247 3186.

NAME
CHART BAND
With major recording contract require experienced (recording + performing)
LEAD SINGER/ RHYTHM GUITARIST
(19-24 years, preferably London-based)
Ring 01-449 8686, Ext.45
12 noon-4.30 pm.

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?

IT'S ONLY
25p PER WORD
IN N.M.E.
CLASSIFIEDS

N.M.E. —
YOUR PAPER,
USE IT.

ALOI RECORDS
IS A NEW INDEPENDENT LABEL.
We believe second best isn't good enough — in anything. Perhaps you feel the same way about your music?
If so drop us a line
c/o Label Manager, Aloi Records, 3 Bucks Cross Cottages, Bucks Cross Road, Chelsfield, Kent BR6 7RW.

NME Classifieds
are seen by over
HALF A MILLION
more people than our nearest selling rival.

DEMO TAPES
MOTORHEAD — CHIC
THE JAM — JOY DIVISION
SPANDAU BALLET
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH US BUT YOU COULD!
Send tapes to:
ENERGY RECORDS,
63A Kings Road, SW3 4NT
SAE for return

NME CLASSIFIEDS ORDER FORM

RATES

22p per word
Artistes Wanted, Bands, Discotheques, Employment Agency Licence, Engagements Wanted, Fan Clubs, Free Radio, Groups Wanted, Instruments For Sale, Instruments Wanted, Insurance, Musical Services, Musicians Wanted, Publications, Recording Studios, Situations Vacant, Situations Wanted, Sound Equipment, Transport, Travel, Tuition, Wanted.

25p per word
For Sale, Records For Sale, Records Wanted.

36p per word
Personal, Printing, Public Notices, Special Notices, Traders Announcements.

Box No. fee £1.80 per insertion
Heavy block capitals after the first two words are charged at double rate.

Write your ad here in block capitals. One word per box.

HEADING:				

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
.....
.....
DAYTIME PHONE NO .....

If you wish your name and address in your ad it must be included in the cost. If you have a box number it must be counted as three words.

All advertisements must be pre-paid.

I enclose P.O./Cheque value £.....

Post to: NME CLASSIFIEDS, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, SE1 9LS

SLITS

★ YOU'RE THERE

itself as it goes along.

The two men-with-feminist-insight contribute a lot. Steve gives avant-garde / pop / Soul / reggae playing experience. Bruce is one of that sophisticated drumming school for whom rhythm is more important than volume, who understands that a silent beat can be powerful as the loudest thrash. He's learned a lot from Dennis Bovell. When Bruce and Tessa play together, the rhythm is something you live along side, as opposed to being raped by. As Viv puts it, "We're all so *fair!*"

You can't lump all The Slits together into one entity. Ari's devotion to a mystic, spiritual, Rasta world-view tends to cloud the other identities, if only because her visual impact is so unusual. With little formal education, and her early days of shuttling between Germany and England, her vocabulary can't express her thoughts. She offers to draw a picture instead, but here are her (slightly manicured) words.

"Music comes automatically to everyone, and if you start playing music on stage or record it's to share what's coming from your own heart and root with other people. They're sharing your heart in a way, so you mustn't just jam along. If you're doing it like we're doing it and making a tribe, it's a very serious thing."

Aha! Here's this making a tribe business again! The most irritating element of The Slits; their assumption that it's open for everyone, you can all join in, oblivious of the traps of circumstance.

Meanwhile the nomadic Slits caravan has the luxury of being able to take off and leave the tedium of one town behind. They're not even nomads, though they describe themselves that way — somewhere in the world, these people have a base, even if it's a slightly insecure squat.

Steve doesn't want to get involved in the discussion. I push him.

"Oh well," he says, "I never use that word 'tribal'. There's a resonance to it I don't like. It's got too many overtones."

Viv Albertine says, "That's just because the whole ethnic thing became a trend, though."

Steve: "It's to do with ethnic chic. David Toop's writing a piece about it, about oppressed minorities . . ."

Viv: "But Ari doesn't think like that."

Steve: "Yeah, I know, but I do, and that's why I don't use that word."

Ari: "I don't get it, I don't even know what that means!"

Steve (sounding beleaguered) snaps back: "Fuck it, Ari, I've got my own point of view!"

NME: "Calm down, she's not criticising you."

Steve: "But every time I open my mouth you tell me you don't understand me."

Viv: "You're educated at university, this girl left school early."

Steve: "Yeah. OK. But every time I start a sentence I'm stopped."

Ari: "That's rubbish. I just didn't understand one word. I want to learn. I am learning from you."

Steve: "Yeah, alright. There's a way of making people into parodies in order to run them into gods, dehumanising them till they're more than people, but less than people as well. Rather than seeing them as people, i.e. not noble savages, with their own contradictions . . ."

Ari: "I don't think we're talking about us, we're talking about the guys that write the books on them . . . what do you call it? Groups of people, family, gang, team . . . I'm not one of them. I want to build a family. Human beings are just in a circle together, within that circle, each individual has their own circle. I'll draw a picture instead . . . Every human has the right to live the way they want their temple to be set up, every tribe of the human race. I can hardly talk about it, it's so simple, but it's worth repeating yourself like a machine, you must never give up spreading the message . . ."

NME: "Ari, do you feel comfortable in any society?"

Ari: "No, I don't think I feel comfortable in any society at all. Whatever society is."

OK — now piss off. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Pic Peter Anderson

ANTSTORY

From page 33

He looks up as a round faced youth, dripping chains from his leather and with a biker's hat crammed over his Mohican haircut ambles over to the table.

"It's not the same, is it?" complains the youth, wiping his nose with the back of his hand. "I mean, it's all those kids. I can't get in tonight. It's not the money," he produces a fistful of notes from an inner pocket. "It's sold out though."

"I'll get you in mate," says Kevin gruffly. "You can go on the guest list."

The youth nods his thanks and shambles away while Kevin explains that the Ants are "escapist, really. But then any kind of pleasure's escapist. Going out to a club is escapist.

"I despise groups like The Fall and Crass. They're the new puritans. Everything's doom all around us, so we might as well enjoy ourselves, even if it's only for a couple of weeks. Living in excess is no sin. Well, it ain't to me anyway."

BEHIND THE safety curtain at the Lewisham Odeon, it's suddenly very still in the heartstopping few seconds before the start of the concert. The Ants are standing in position on the dim, dusty stage.

"Innit quiet?" says someone softly. "You'd never guess there were 3,000 out there."

The heavy curtain starts to slide up. After it's cleared the first few inches the sound of the '1812 Overture' crashes over the PA, mingled with a hard, excited chanting of *Ants! Ants! Ants!*

The rising curtain reveals the layers of faces, one row after another, from the packed photographer's pit to the pudding-faced Mohican who was in the cafe, to the kids clutching posters at the back of the balcony.

"It hits you in the stomach and you breathe in and you can't breathe out again. You stand there gasping," Adam says later.

The lighting pours onto the stage, the drumming starts to swing in a heavy, slapping tide, and the Ants opening number rolls into motion.

Like any decent development in rock, Antmusic is an original slant on an old tradition, at once revolutionary and deeply conservative. Where it differs from the HM that it resembles much more on stage than it does on record is in its pervasive sense of humour and its lack of condescension. It has a tongue-in-cheek charm that's a long way from the deadly seriousness and consequent castration of much of what has come to pass for hard rock music.

Visually — with Adam's energy balanced by Marco's solid bulk on one side, and on the other by Kevin's arrogance and street-kid sneer, the Ants now slot as cleverly into rock's mythology as The Clash's early urban guerrilla chic.

Adam himself describes the traditional rock world as "very squalid, impersonal and degrading; an egocentric circus full of people who aren't really human beings at the end of it all.

"There's a new generation of groups who won't take part in it, and we're all basing ourselves on something very early. I think music has got to get more realistic. There's a lot of things yet to be done to improve the state of things live. And it's bad that kids are paying £4 for a record that hasn't any kind of effort from either the band or the company.

"With 'Kings' it was an experiment that involved a lot of work from both myself and the band in designing the catalogue. It paid off not just in the fact that it went silver and sold so many, but that it actually set a standard."

It's care and attention to detail that Adam feels are crucial, and he plans to use the resources that CBS can offer to try other projects, such as releasing a signed limited edition of old material through the Ants fan club, and organising the first national press conference exclusively for fanzines, with seven to eight hours of interviews held in the CBS offices.

"It's very dangerous to profess that I've done anything for the fans other than make every effort to make each aspect of the Ants of the highest quality. I've put a lot of thought into the product they receive rather than profess to be on a street level, go down the pub with the lads sort of thing. I've never been into that at all.

"But in a lot of rock 'n' roll, an audience comes just to observe. And if a kid comes to an Ant concert he's taking part for an hour. The audience may even come just to see each other. I think an interviewer could get just as good a report from either side of the stage."

Which I do. During the Cardiff concert I go out and ask some of the audience why they like Adam And The Ants.

"Why?" gasps a stout boy in a T-shirt somewhat surprised. "Because I *love* 'em, that's why." He stops dancing for a second to point at the stage. "They're warriors, they are."

"I like the clothes and I like the beat," explains a girl. "It's different. Punk has got *so boring* now. Well, I think so anyway."

"I don't know anything about them," says a tall, demure girl with a singsong Welsh accent. "It's their energy I like. That's why I think they're good."

"It's original," declares a small Antperson in a leather jacket. "I've always been a fan. I'm addicted to it. I think I preferred the first album, but they're great on stage."

"I dunno," confesses a boy in suede boots with a cool sweep of blonde fringe. "I mean, why do you like anything. Why d'you like sex?"

Sexmusic for Antpeople in truth.

And sex, says Adam, is central to rock 'n' roll. It's a sense of dash and daring, of physical fun encapsulated for him in the photo of Bryan Ferry's frozen sexual sneer, eyes almost closed under his exaggerated quiff and with his knowing smile, half a snarl, on the cover of the first Roxy Music album.

"Even the word rock 'n' roll is black slang for fucking. In a way it's a very direct, male, macho sort of thing. It hasn't got much sensuality.

"But why not bring it out into the open? A lot of kids who come to our concerts are just beginning to find out what it's all about. There's a sense of danger and excitement in it. If you say the word onstage, you look at the audience and you see a girl look at her boyfriend and they giggle, and that's great."

IT'S DURING one of the four encores after the Lewisham concert that Adam tells the audience he's proud of them. I ask him afterwards what he meant.

"All the kids on the tour so far have proved something very important if people were only willing to look. They're not fighting; there are all sorts of kids from skinheads, to punks, to Mohicans to soul boys. They forget what they're supposed to represent. They're proving all the sociologists and the big spreads on hooliganism wrong.

"Lewisham itself has a reputation as heavy, and I was very nervous beforehand, as you know. But if you looked at the audience, there was singing, howling, chanting. And it's not provoked, they just do it. If you watch their lips they're singing the words. 'Kings' *is* their song, and it's great that they can do it without reducing it to a football terrace, hooligan thing. You look at their faces, there's no anger, it's pride.

"If you don't think you're special, if you don't have personal pride and integrity and self-respect, then spiritually you're dead. Pessimism is unforgivable. And when things are down you've *got* to get up, there's no point in giving in. Kids need something to tide them over, something they can have fun with.

"All they need is hope."

NME CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A HAMSTER CHRISTMAS — Luv Tufty.

ALI McMORDIE. Happy Christmas. Lust and love. — V.

ANDY BLACKHURST — love you, Lynn.

ANGELA O'CONNOR — Street credibility at last; Love Mike (Merry Xmas).

ASIN BO — Peanuts! Piles? Cuei Happy Christmas Pal — Sana Bown.

BLANCMANGE NEVER TASTED SO GOOD — CHRISTMAS ME.

BRYAN HAPPY Xmas Darls, all my love Lins.

BUBY BOO, I love you, Happy Xmas. Sweetness.

CAROLINE I love you — Mike.

CAROLINE ROBERTS. Merry Christmas Caroline, love Ian. XXXXXXXX

CHAKA, ALL my love, Snow Goose.

CHARMAIN HAVE a good trip home, send us a postcard. See you soon, all the best, Pete.

CHRIS BURNS, I LOVE YOU. HAPPY CHRISTMAS. REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS DAY? CHRISSY.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC for Ant People!

CONTACT CHARLIE for wet beds and bald heads. Merry Christmas Roy.

DAVID NORMAL perverted seasonal greetings. Smeggy Xmas. Bum Passage.

DEAR SANTA Martin loves Carol even more at Christmas so please bring her gift-wrapped.

DOMINO MERRY Xmas, Gorgeous. I.L.Y. Andy.

FRANKIE MILLER wishing you happiness at Xmas and always Linda.

FRUITBAT LOVES Snugglepuss. Happy Christmas.

GILLIAN MY ENGLISH ROSE — LOVE BRYAN.

GILLIAN, HAPPY Christmas. All my love, Ken.

GOD JUL, Kytte! Bengt.

HAPPI CRISMUS to Sue, Matthew, Marcus, Tess, Mum. Luv Jiouxleigh.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS all hip kids who know Pavani Anna Gina.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS MR RAM FROM YOUR CHRISTMAS PUDDING! AND REMEMBER . . . THINK BAD . . . THINK GOOD . . . THINK PUD!!!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Elizabeth, I love you. Bryan.XXX

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Spark.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS to Gretta, Betty, Ghulzhar, Maggie, Agha, Rosemary, Jackie, Pauline, Ann Marie, Elaine, Claire, and to Tanya, love Tigger (Tahir).

HAPPY CHRISTMAS to U-2! Thanks for Tuesday 2nd — love Maura.

HAPPY XMAS John, War is over!

HELEN STOP — you've found it. Happy Xmas **IMHOGBOG** Andy.

JAN NIP that one in the bud Toot Sweet Xmas love Pete/Kirsty.

JAN & BRANDY — Happy Xmas from Lesley & Copper.

JOE COCKER you are so beautiful. Merry Xmas Carolyn.

JOHN MERRY Christmas. I hope this is the first of many for us. Love Bar. ×××

JULIA. ONLY a kiss between us. Love David.

KEVIN, HAVE a lovely less-myopic Xmas without me — **SEE** you on the 30th — love Chris. XX

KRIS HAPPY times love Pogo.

LESLEY — HAPPY Xmas! Love David.

LISE HAPPY Christmas, love you always Tony.

LITTLE SMELL, merry Christmas darling, love husband.

LIZZIE FOXY Lady you've got me floating. Merry Xmas, always yours love Tony XXXXXXXX.

LOBBY MONTER WISHES HIS MUM AND DAD A MONTER TYPE CHRISTMAS.

LOVE ON ya little Ziggy from your Aladdin Sane. Have a great Christmas. Gag the lad from Tad.

MERRY CHRISTMAS Del Amitri; D.B.

MERRY CHRISTMAS Ina, love Keith.

MERRY XMAS Freebird Puddle Jumper, love ya, Frap.

MERRY XMAS Patricia, I love you, Alan Four Meanlour ××××.

MERRY XMAS to all the **MUFC HARLOW** Reds. Jaffa.

MILES THE Wreck Happy Christmas.

MISS CARTER — Have a Stray Cat Xmas and a Polecat New Year. Luv Nick & Tufty.

NINA HOLT Merry Xmas love Martin. P.S. Roll on May.

NORTON HILL NODDIES RING YOUR BELLS FOR XMAS. PC PLODDING PETE, SALCOMBE.

RICHARD O'B. Thanks for your shock treatment. Love and kisses G3.

SALLY. MERRY Xmas, love Dean.

SANDRA LOTS of love to you this Christmas — Paul ×××.

SARAH THORNTON, Merry Christmas, I love you very much — Martin.

STEVE LAY, Happy Christmas, I love you, Jackie.

SUE ALL my love for Christmas and the New Year and for many more years to come, Brian. ×××

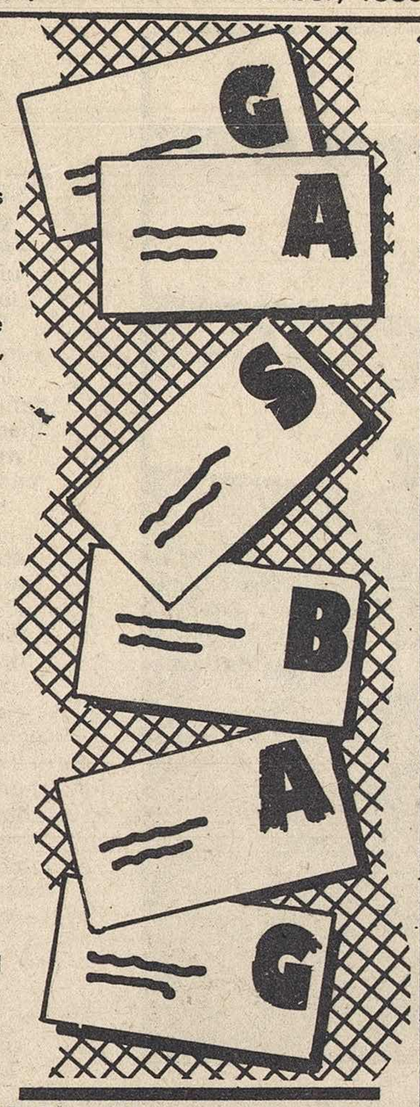
SUE HAPPY Christmas love Ken.

TAROT FANS of West Yorkshire Merry Xmas Mum, Dad, Martin, Stephen, Fiona and all the gang. Have a great time, love John.

THAT'S ALL you ever think about Gonga — love from Bert.

VERA MERRY Xmas love Steven.

W.E.V. SMILE Amantium Irae Amoris Intergratio Est. Happy Christmas.



1980: Year Of The Missive. Ducking: Monty Smith

A fan writes

Hello Mum!
HRH QE2 (16.8.80)

Where is Beatles band? I am being surprised that the Beatles band — and sometimes I used to call them The Hot Spot Band — are not appearing in the scene of big sounds recently. I am wondering of not seeing the Liverpool boys Paul McCarthny, George Harrison, John Lennon and their stylish drummer Ringo Starr. One could ask that 'Where are they now?' The Liverpool boys known as Beatles band were formally providing more sounds. Really they were good on stage and to anybody, especially the teenagers all over the world. Factually, songs Beatles band recorded are still fresh in teens' minds. Most of their records are still on hit parade in broadcasting houses all over the world. Beatles band songs like 'I Want To Hold Your Hand', 'I See Through You', 'Day Tripper', 'Darling I Love You' and 'Fed Up' still attract all teens to an extend that papas and our mamas also love Beatles songs. It was reported to me recently that Beatles band had a prophesied that if they did not put stop of playing band they would be getting a plane crash elsewhere and all of them would die.

Please, music fans, was it true? Well, nobody knows unless almighty God — who can tell? However, through this prophecy Beatles band were very popular throughout the whole world. Their performances were then very attractive and pleased to all music fans. During their USA tour the boys caught a big crowd in the Chicago's International Amphitheatre on Friday night. Even police used their hands to cover their various ears because of the cheers, which were very great. That means Beatles were so good to music fans all over the world. To my notion, former Beatles band were good, likewise their songs.
Samuel K. B. Ampong, Nungua-Accra, Ghana.
'Fed Up'?? — Mr McCarthny *(5.4.80)*

I am writing to Samuel K. B. Ampong "Where Is Beatles Band?" I, too wonder where is Beatles Band. When they play gigs at Cavern concerts thousands come to cheer but surprising to know they play no more after Saturday nights 1968. Where do they go, I ask? I require information from my writing correspondent in Australia. Here is what I find. Mr Rutles wrong! Beatles Band not get air crash! Paul McCartney drive take away girl into Atlantic ocean in America in car and she drowns. He loses memory and is now photographing. John Lennon get laid in bed with Yoko Ono to make peace all over world. He fail, catch green signpost and live in America too. Strange but true, Yoko Ono named after town in Germany you may call in "Thirty Years War" or also "Hundred Years War" which get boomed and built again many times. This explains lines "nothing I think is in my tree / I mean it must be high or low" in Beatles Band song 'Fed Up'. Other Liverpool boys in Beatles Band get air crash as then prophesies. Beatles Band songs 'Fed Up', 'Is That You?', 'You Are Me' and 'I See Through You' are still big hits with pop pickers all over the world. Goodbye.
John K. B. Ampong, Khe Sanh (26.4.80)

Your music paper is often pretentious, biased, sexist, condescending, malevolent, derisory, facetious and sarcastic. Unfortunately, there are one or two things I don't like about it. Keep up the good work.
Mr David Walsh, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales (29.3.80)

It's said that a chimpanzee given a typewriter on which to peck at random will eventually (say, in a billion years) produce Shakespeare. This may not be a work of literary genius, but as a typing chimp, I notice that my efforts today seem to be making a lot of sense. Neither I nor any of the chimps I know expect to live long enough to see our efforts published in serious circles, but believe me, nine out of ten of us could write a *Gasbag* letter the first or second time we were strapped to our typewriters. In fact, I have it on authority that 86.3% of the *Bag* letters are actually written by monkeys, and a majority of the rest are done by *NME* staffers (which is nearly the same thing, I'm told). Only the long letters are done by genuine human beings. Chimps can't write long letters because sooner or later one's luck is bound to run out and toward the end of the letter the words would degenerate to gibber6i-;skl-uis.
Likhf;oqcxm, -lsmn-9398-23we-v?
I'm pretty damn sure this is another of Bell's childish pranks. He went to Cambridge you know. Saw Shrewsbury lose 2—1. — M.S. *(21.6.80)*

Following your correspondence from a monkey the other week regarding this species' supposed ability to type intelligible letters may I suggest that Mr I. Penman is, in fact, a chimpanzee suffering a run of bad luck. This is quite apparent from the tendency of his articles to degenerate into gibberish after the first few words.
Tony Morris, Wigan, Lancs (12.7.80)

Am I the only person who can't understand Ian Penman's editorial comments?
Signing On, Slough
You certainly are. Bet you're embarrassed to be publicly numbered as the thickest person in the world. — CSM *(9.2.80)*

Dear Sir, I'm a fish!
A. Guppy, Cods Row, Fishbourne (8.3.80)

Dear A. Guppy, I was shocked to find out you were a fish. I thought I was the only one that could write. I have been a fish for a year now and was getting very lonely.
A. H. Fish, Stoke Goldfishbowl, Emetick (22.3.80)

Who is the Citizen? Did I miss that issue?
Richard Norris, St Albans, Herts (26.4.80)

Music

It was a real thrill to see my lyrics quoted in Tom Robinson's refreshingly human(e) Singles page. However, the lyric in question — from 'Fallout' by the Monochrome Set — should actually read: "I used to roll my own but now I've a fag." Not as Tom Robinson — in true Adolf Hitler / Lester Bangs tradition — misquoted: "I used to roll my own but now I'm a fag." Perhaps the new interpretation is as, or more, meaningful than the original.
Andy Warren, The Monochrome Set.
Getting a bit het up, aren't we? Maybe you lot should sing clearer. — M.S.

Yeah, and I got £5 that says the bass player wears a dress. — Tom Robinson *(19.1.80)*

Jerry Dammers is *not* gay.
C.B., Plymouth
And I'll drink to *that*. — Bryan Ferry *(9.8.80)*

You guys at *NME* are real wags. In the April 12 issue there's an ad for 'hair replacement' and a picture of Earl 'Fatha' Hines on the same pages resplendent in his Johnny Restivo Crown Topper — great. Best laugh I've had since you printed the pic of Nick Kent. This is what we want. This is what we pay 25p for.
Rompin' Russ, Cardiff, S Glamorgan (26.4.80)

I'm still waiting for Nick Kent to appear on Arthur C. Clarke's programme. Why this man thinks he's a journalist is a mystery to me.
Lou Grant, London Evening News, Standard, Herald, Sketch and Gazette (25.10.80)

We think Pink Floyd are a bunch of bricks. And we can't spell — we don't need no education.
The Class of '79
And we think Roger Waters is a bit of a cult. — M.S. *(5.1.80)*

I've just heard on the radio a very deep Kevin "No press interviews" Rowland of Dexy's. I'd say he needs all the misquoting he can get.
Alan Charles, Leamington (9.8.80)

Burchill

Every time Burchill slags an album you morons still write in. Go and read Jools and Tone's book *The Boy Looked At Jonny*. The Jam, Clash, etc. got slagged and prospered, Tom Robinson, Joan Jett, etc. were fawned over and flopped. Need I say more?
Lloyd, Leamington
You couldn't really have said much less. — MS. *(8.11.80)*

Re: Julie Burchill. Up here in Lancashire, we call "adopting an extreme posture from which to question other people's attitudes" being bloody awkward just for the sake of it.
The Ayatollah Ska-face, Southport (29.11.80)

Do you remember when you were at school and you used to have a satchel? Remember how great it was to write the names of your favourite bands all over it? Didn't it feel great if you wrote down a group that nobody else had heard of, even better if later they had a hit record, all the kids thinking "Hey, he was going on about them ages ago"? I can laugh at it now but it was a sad day when I finally threw my satchel away. When are your writers going to throw away theirs?
Steve, Worcester (1.3.80)

TV

So *Tiswas* is fantastic, eh? I always thought 'Tiswas' stood for "This is Shit, Watch Another Station".
Terry, Downside (15.3.80)

Each week on *Fun Factory* they show a clip from an old Three Stooges movie. I'd like to know which one is Iggy — is it the one with the funny hairstyle?
Edward Bernds, Gillingham, Dorset
No, he's the one with the stupid face. — M.S. *(2.8.80)*

Hasn't *Whistle Test* gotten better since the Musicians Union strike?
Bob Harris, New Barnet
Bitch. — Anne Nightingale *(21.6.80)*

After watching *Arena* last night, I can't help feeling that The Specials are a bunch of infantile twats and that Pauline Black is a stuck up old boot. Adrian Thrills seems like a nice bloke though.
Matthew Astrop, London N8
He's been known to stand his round. — M.S. *(29.3.80)*

If any skins cause trouble when The Specials play for CND — NUKE 'EM!
Irrelevant Tatty Vagabonds, London W2 (25.10.80)

After watching Jonathan Dimbleby's programme *The Bomb* I have decided that you lot at *NME* aren't such a bunch of paranoid scaremongers as I thought.
M. Thatcher, Westminster
Paranoid? Us? Ha ha hahahaha! — CSM *(15.11.80)*

Politics (huh!)

Forward thinking hipsters everywhere are talking about it — first punk, then mod and now WW3! You chaps are getting slow, where is the article on avoiding the dreaded conscription? Chelsea traders have already bought up ex-government stocks of radiation suits. Did you know that Britain's fourth most popular pastime is digging bomb shelters? MPs are already concerned about the situation (hard to swallow, that last one). And you can't buy a Russian phrase book anywhere. So come on, let's enjoy 1980 while it lasts. The good thing about WW3 is that there won't be a backlash — just a singed smell.
Stick, Carlisle, Cumbria
Well, what do you think? Write to 'Phew What A Scorcher!' WW3 Comp, the *Sun*, Street Of Shame etc. — M.S. *(1.3.80)*

The Third World War broke out today but you are asked to remain calm. And to save a lot of unnecessary mucking about, don't order any milk tomorrow.
John 'Porky' Haylock, Stapleford, Nottingham (20.9.80)

No fall out, eh? Maggie plans to burn the unemployed in the power stations.
Mole at Con Party HQ (20.9.80)

I've discovered you! You lot *are* part of the 'Final Solution'. By getting your 'surfeit of unemployable' to feel suicidal with this indescribably depressing literature *(1984)*, you may get enough of them to bump themselves off now, thus insuring your jobs and portion of the 'limited' food supply for a few more years. You clever bastards!
12.5.5B Lee, Sector 9. Zone 2,Exeter (27.9.80)

Instead of spending millions on atomic weapons, increase our dole money and we'll fight them with our bare hands.
Dave Unknown, Poole, Dorset
Who said this nation lacked spunk? — M.S. *(6.9.80)*

Should anyone decide to write to *Gasbag* bleating "Let's keep to musical issues" in reference to Angus MacKinnon's Trident piece, can I be the first to say "Piss off"?
A. Station, 'Gone Fission', Dungeness (16.8.80)

At least Trident can reach Washington DC.
John Smith, Wakefield, West Yorkshire (6.9.80)

If Ronald Reagan becomes President, then who's going to be around to hand out the Oscars?
Shteinbeck, North Allerton, Yorkshire (19.7.80)

Just think — if we were taken over by the Mormons, we would have a tee-totalitarian government. Sod that for a game of soldiers.
P.G. Tips, Ceylon (27.9.80)

Mrs Thatcher wanted a return to the old values — well done, Clash!
Zeno Sparklet, Walsworth, N. Herts (5.1.80)

Perhaps all those in favour of the troops coming out of Northern Ireland could bribe the Government by threatening to fast unto death.
Gwynfor ("I can't help it") Evans (4.10.80)

Illustrated by JILL MUMFORD

T-Zers as the light shines through the page from my window. Would it be possible to make the back page thicker?
Neil Contents, Grays, Essex.
Unfortunately not, but we've got this great scheme for free curtains in our first March issue. Reserve your copy now. — CSM.
Whimsy is no substitute for rigour of thought. Must try harder — Prof A.J. Bartlett-Pear. ***(9.2.80)***

Isn't it about time for a Creedence Clearwater revival?
P. Doelman, Delft ***(6.9.80)***

Bjorn Borg is Jah Wobble with a wig. I think this explains PiL's current problems.
Barry Beach, South Wales ***(2.8.80)***

I am perhaps only an idiot. But please, would you tell me: are Charles Shaar Murray and Blast Furnace the same person?
Marie-Axelle Loustalot-Foust, Paris, France
We're not sure. But we think the editor should be told. — M.S. ***(15.3.80)***

So Charles Shaar Murray thinks Bowie's got problems! Ever tried to ride a Manchester bus on a Saturday night with Day-glo hair and one earring?
Nick Villiers, Manchester
Serves you right, you big jessie. — M.S. ***(11.10.80)***

Thank you so much for putting in the highly informative and even more useful New York Gig Guide. Many's the time I've been able to check through, find a group I've been dying to see for yonks, and simply catch the next available plane out there, a mere snip at a hundred odd quid. Thanks again, then.
Chris of Denham ***(12.1.80)***

If Mr Weller rewrites 'Taxman' a third time will he be changing his name to Jeff Lynne?
Michael Sandy, Luton ***(11.10.80)***

Heard the one about the chap who kept birds of prey and vacuumed without any lights on: or, Kestrel man Hoovers in the dark.
Kevin Wilson (silly name!), Steel Pulse land ***(13.9.80)***

The British have been trying to take over Ireland for hundreds of years. They've only managed six counties. I think that's what the fuss is about.
Terry Nicholl, Rainham, Essex ***(25.10.80)***

Gee guys, when I see all this political stuff flying to and fro in your letters column and elsewhere, I sure am glad I live here in America where it's every man for himself and no one gives two shits in a high wind about anything except what they're doing on the weekend.
Dee Vyce, Brooklyn NY.
Stupidism recognises no national boundaries. — I.P. ***(2.2.80)***

Am I too late to point out that there are 113 swastikas on the cover of The Residents' 'Third Reich'n'Roll' album?
Android Keate, London N4. ***(19.1.80)***

Mods (ha!)

Won't it be funny to see all the mods wearing plastic aprons? (Can sheep wear aprons?)
Sarcastic bastard, Belfast ***(12.4.80)***

Had all the current mods gone to see *The Towering Inferno* instead of *Quadrophenia* would they all have burned themselves to death?
A.S.C., Stewarton
Choc ice and Kiaora voucher winner. — M.S. ***(16.2.80)***

I went to see *Towering Inferno*, but I became a fireman.
Larry the Lambretta, Hull ***(1.3.80)***

Now that Who Films have released *McVicar* will all the plastic mods become hardened criminals and go to jail for 23 years? I hope so.
Sid, Kensington ***(20.9.80)***

Good stuff

I find I always have to fold *NME* double when I come to read

This letter is a special edition. It has 25 minutes of new bits put in and some of the boring bits have been cut out.
Reg Smeeton, Rochester, Kent ***(22.11.80)***

The *Daily Telegraph* prints, as a matter of course, all letters received from the so-called 'nobility'.
Lord Denwood, Kingston, Surrey ***(16.8.80)***

Is one compelled to write utter bullshit in order to get a letter printed in *Gasbag?*
John Nemes, Newport, Gwent
In your case, it would appear so. — M.S. ***(2.8.80)***

I hope this letter takes up six pages — so there!
Strange Person, Watford
Good try. — M.S. ***(16.8.80)***

I am writing this so that any inferior individual who has not been privileged enough to have had a letter printed in *NME* can go up to their friends, show off and say, "Look, I wrote that!"
Me (8.3.80)

I weighed last week's issue of *NME* and it weighed ½lb. It cost 25p and took me half a morning and an afternoon to read. At 50p a pound, I'd say it was almost worth buying.
Harry Himpsimp, Ashford, Kent ***(26.4.80)***

I have nothing to say and, at 25p nor, I believe, do you.
Stolen Lithograph 111, London W1 ***(11.10.80)***

If I cancel my *NME* subscription and save the 25p I'll be able to afford George Harrison's autobiography in eleven years and twenty weeks.
D.G. Rossetti, Birchington, Kent ***(2.8.80)***

You will all be bloody sorry.
Professor Fate, Washington, Newcastle-upon-Tune ***(19.1.80)***

LENNON

The land of the rising mushroom shaped cloud and the electric chair. Imagine there's no America and the world seems that little bit cleaner.
A. O'Hare, Worcester.

Why, four days on, does my head feel as if the bullets hit here and not a thousand miles away? Why, even though I'd never been near the man — never even seen him — was my feeling so deep? Why now can't I accept what's happened? Yes of course I was a Beatles fan — I've got all the albums and all the singles and most of the solo stuff. It didn't matter that I never listened to things like 'Mind Games' so much. I wanted to find out how John was getting on. I still bought 'Double Fantasy' when it came out. I was pleased that he was happy. I spent all Tuesday night switching channels on TV and radio not in the naive hope of learning anything new from peripheral egoists but because I knew I couldn't do anything else. In the same way, the knowledge that other stories would start to take back the front pages hurt not because I enjoyed the coverage but because it somehow signified his final confinement to the past.

The idea that Chapman may have achieved everlasting notoriety makes me sick. Forget him (but not the fucking idiot gun laws which produced him). John would have lived forever anyway. That's real immortality. While he was around he seemed to react always with honesty, humanity and humour in a way you could recognise. I listened to him and I loved him and I'll pay my respects on Sunday. Somehow death seems more real now.
Julian Taylor, London NW3.

Thank you, Charles Shaar Murray, for your unhysterical article on the tragic death of John Lennon. I admired the man for 'putting his balls on the line and hoping the train would stop out of sheer respect'. As you quite rightly said, it was a stupid pointless way to die — a scrappy, crummy end to his life. It's hard to write about his death without sounding corny and contrived, but I'll miss the man terribly and I'll never forget the 8th December 1980 as long as I live. Goodbye John Lennon. I wish I could change history, I really do.
Paul, Sheffield.

John Lennon is dead.
He should have been allowed to see his child grow: it should have been safe for him. Now he has been rubbed out like a president or a gangster.
He represented, discovered, mocked and provoked. He went to the edge and, whether he liked it or not, it was for us. He earned his retreat, his selfishness — the world owed Yoko and him peace, not violence.
I could never be called a fan of The Beatles. They just formed a background to my childhood — from grinding out 'She Loves You' on the gramophone to the easiest jokes made about the Amsterdam Hilton lie-in.
A short while ago I was trying to remember the names of four 'heroes' I had decided to have. Leonardo, Orwell, Milligan . . . and Lennon.
Andrew Jackson, Kilburn.

Merry Christmas John. For you war is over.
A small but tiny tribute from a large but huge fan.
Alan H, Yorkshire.

John Lennon, through words and music, touched more young people's emotions than any other man. He woke a sleeping generation, inspiring ordinary folk and the famous alike, filling our lives with more joy, excitement and purpose than any other man. John offered to the entire human race something jaded politicians and religious men fail to do. We've lost a giant. A great human being whose influence will remain insurmountable. Rest in peace John.
Matt, Margate.

The bastard who cold bloodedly murdered John Lennon ought to be let off and allowed to live with the fact that he has killed one of the beautiful people of the world.
Penny.

There is no hope for the world now. First today's music dies with Ian Curtis and now the father of rock music dies . . .
And at my school they won't even play Beatles records because, well, to cut a long story short, they prefer Spandau Ballet. Aren't they trendy? What's it all mean? Is this the beginning of the end? Who would become a rock star anyway? So many questions. It seems to me that U2 are the only answer.
The Optimist, E Yorks.

I personally was pretty cut up on hearing of John Lennon's death. I too shed tears for John and his family, as I suppose did many. But his death did project further his ideas, and hopefully impressed them indelibly in people's minds. It seems a horribly blunt and somehow ridiculous way of getting the point across.
Anny, South Shields.

I have not been a great fan of John Lennon's more recent music but have always been a fan of his ideas and exploits, as outrageous and radical as The Sex Pistols in his time. How can one not have an enormous respect for a person whose opinions of mankind's disregard and injustice to his fellow man have more relevance today than ever before. Now, more than ever, for God's sake GIVE PEACE A CHANCE . . .
S. Fownes.

It may seem too late to say any more about John Lennon but we'd like to say we're going to miss him out here too.
Beatles fans, Sofia, Bulgaria.

I expect you'll be sifting through mountains of Lennon tributes, memorabilia etc, but I just wanted to say how much I appreciated your treatment and assessment of the killing and its effects, in particular the 'personal reaction' by Charles Shaar Murray. What he said was precisely how I felt, but I hadn't been able to put it into words or write it down. Thank God for a rational and credible view of the event after all the sensationalised, undignified shit in the tabloid dailies. John Lennon was the sort of person the world needs more of — if anything good is to come out of his death, let's hope it pulls people out of apathy and into a state of mind where they bloody well make it clear that they will not tolerate injustice, violence and war.
Sarah Scrobie, Sheffield.

May I be the 4,000,562,176th person to express my gratitude to Dr. Winston O'Boogie.
The Mad Hydrologist.

If you *dare* print an article by Burchill or Parsons saying they don't give a shit about John Lennon, and that in their day people like him were made to have their hair cut or sent to Northampton, I will *kill* you. That is all.
Love, a sensible person.

John Lennon wrote songs often about luv'n'peace, *but I'd still like to rip the heart out of the bastard that killed him.* How can it be that such a guy with such vision and with so much truth to give can just be blown away like that? How can I advertise my sorrow? How can you sleep?
An Angry Person.

There's money to be made out of his death. Don't make it you or yours.
Jimbo, Devon.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

EDITORIAL
3rd Floor
5-7 Carnaby Street
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR
Neil Spencer

Deputy Editor
Phil McNeill
Features Editor
Tony Stewart
News Editor
Derek Johnson
Associate Editors
Charles Shaar Murray
Monty Smith
Production Editor
Stuart Johnston
Special Projects Editor
Roy Carr

Staff
Paul Rambali
Max Bell
Danny Baker
Paul Morley
Adrian Thrills
Chris Bohn
Paul Du Noyer

Design
Caramel Crunch

Photography
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn

Contributors
Nick Kent
Fred Dellar
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Angus MacKinnon
Paul Rambali
Chris Salewicz
Bob Edmands
Lester Bangs
John May
Penny Reel
Andrew Tyler
Ian Penman
Andy Gill
Graham Lock
Gavin Martin
Cynthia Rose
Vivien Goldman
Lynn Hanna

Cartoons
Tony Benyon
Ray Lowry

Research
Fiona Foulgar

New York
Joe Stevens
(212) 674 5024
Mick Farren
Richard Grabel

ADVERTISEMENT DEPT.
Room 2529
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London SE1 9LS.

Ad Director
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080
Ad Manager
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251
Classified Ads
(01) 261 6122
Live Ads
(01) 261 6153
Ad Production
Brian Gorman
Pete Christopher
Lee McDonald
(01) 261 6207

Publisher: Eric Jackson
IPC Magazines Ltd.
Production of any material without permission strictly forbidden.

BETTER BADGES

This List Week

1. (1) CND 20p
2. (2) Ant Music 20p
3. (4) Jam — Start 20p
4. (–) Ants — Invasion 20p
5. (–) Jam — Tube Station 20p
6. (–) Ants — Physical 20p
7. (3) Echo & The Bunnymen 20p
8. (8) Ants — No 1 ..... 20p
9. (7) Dead Kennedy's — Cambodia 20p
10. (–) Ants — No 2 ..... 20p

New Releases (20p)
Passions — The Swimmer, Vision Collision, The Dogs, Little Bob Story, Selecter — Too Much Pressure, UB40, Bowie — Ashes To Ashes, Adicts, New Slits, Siouxsie — Kaleidoscope, Ski Patrol, Carpettes, Au-Pairs, Meteors, Black Slate, Royal Rasses, Mo-Dettes — Story So Far, This Heat, Health & Efficiency, Studio 1, Girls At Our Best, Brian Brain, The Demons, The Petticoats, New Cabaret Voltaire, New Essential Logic, Scientists
FANZINE — Toxic Graffiti with Crass Flexidisc 65p (inc P&P)

ADD 10p P&P FREE LIST
286 PORTOBELLO RD
LONDON W10 OK

YOU'RE TRYING LIKE MAD TO THINK OF THE IDEAL GIFT AND YOU DRAW A BLANK.

GREAT IDEA!

TDK The great name in tape cassettes.